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THE WIT & HUMOR OF AMERICA

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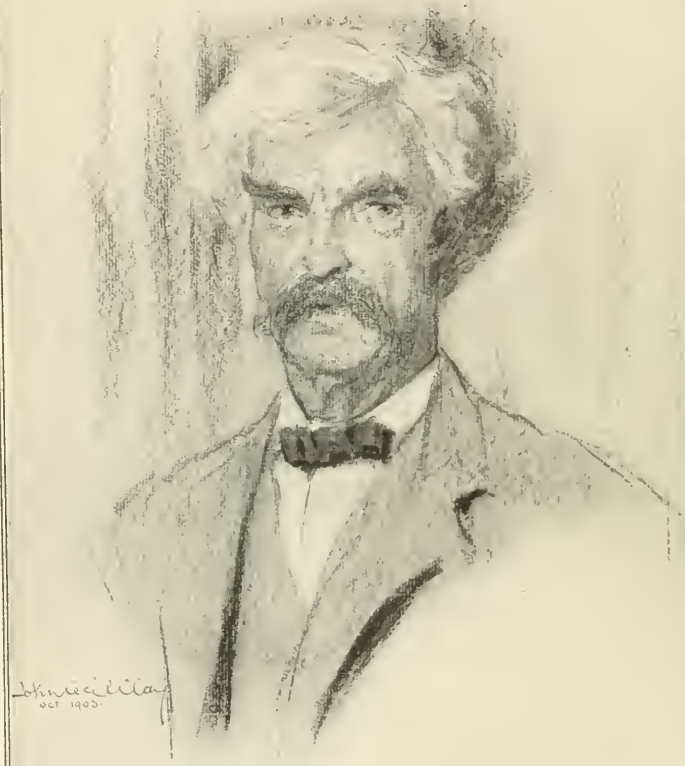

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

THE WIT AND HUMOR *of* AMERICA

Edited by

KATE MILNER RABB

VOLUME V

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THE NINE LITTLE GOBLINS

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

They all climbed up on a high board-fence—
  Nine little Goblins, with green-glass eyes—
Nine little Goblins that had no sense,
  And couldn't tell coppers from cold mince pies;
    And they all climbed up on the fence, and sat—
    And I asked them what they were staring at.

And the first one said, as he scratched his head
  With a queer little arm that reached out of his ear
And rasped its claws in his hair so red—
  "This is what this little arm is fer!"
    And he scratched and stared, and the next one said
    "How on earth do *you* scratch your head?"

And he laughed like the screech of a rusty hinge—
  Laughed and laughed till his face grew black;
And when he choked, with a final twinge
  Of his stifling laughter, he thumped his back
    With a fist that grew on the end of his tail
    Till the breath came back to his lips so pale.

And the third little Goblin leered round at me—
  And there were no lids on his eyes at all—
And he clucked one eye, and he says, says he,
  "What is the style of your socks this fall?"
    And he clapped his heels—and I sighed to see
    That he had hands where his feet should be.

Then a bald-faced Goblin, gray and grim,
  Bowed his head, and I saw him slip
His eyebrows off, as I looked at him,
  And paste them over his upper lip;
    And then he moaned in remorseful pain—
  "Would—Ah, would I'd me brows again!"

And then the whole of the Goblin band
  Rocked on the fence-top to and fro,
And clung, in a long row, hand in hand,
  Singing the songs that they used to know—
    Singing the songs that their grandsires sung
    In the goo-goo days of the Goblin-tongue.

And ever they kept their green-glass eyes
  Fixed on me with a stony stare—
Till my own grew glazed with a dread surmise,
  And my hat whooped up on my lifted hair,
    And I felt the heart in my breast snap to
    As you've heard the lid of a snuff-box do.

And they sang, "You're asleep! There is no board-
    fence,
  And never a Goblin with green-glass eyes!—
'Tis only a vision the mind invents
  After a supper of cold mince-pies,—
And you're doomed to dream this way," they said,—
"And you sha'n't wake up till you're clean plum dead!"

OUR VERY WISHES

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

It was natural that it should be quiet for Mrs. Cairnes in her empty house. Once there had been such a family of brothers and sisters there! But one by one they had married, or died, and at any rate had drifted out of the house, so that she was quite alone with her work, and her memories, and the echoes in her vacant rooms. She hadn't a great deal of work; her memories were not pleasant; and the echoes were no pleasanter. Her house was as comfortable otherwise as one could wish; in the very centre of the village it was, too, so that no one could go to church, or to shop, or to call, unless Mrs. Cairnes was aware of the fact, if she chose; and the only thing that protected the neighbors from this supervision was Mrs. Cairnes's mortal dread of the sun on her carpet; for the sun lay in that bay-windowed corner nearly all the day, and even though she filled the window full of geraniums and vines and calla-lilies she could not quite shut it out, till she resorted to sweeping inner curtains.

Mrs. Cairnes did her own work, because, as she said, then she knew it was done. She had refused the company of various individuals, because, as she said again, she wouldn't give them house-room. Perhaps it was for the same reason that she had refused several offers of marriage; although the only reason that she gave was that one was quite enough, and she didn't want any boots bringing in mud for her to wipe up. But the fact was that Captain Cairnes had been a mistake; and his relict

never allowed herself to dwell upon the fact of her loss, but she felt herself obliged to say with too much feeling that all was for the best; and she dared not risk the experiment again.

Mrs. Cairnes, however, might have been lonelier if she had been very much at home; but she was President of the First Charitable, and Secretary of the Second, and belonged to a reading-club, and a sewing-circle, and a bible-class, and had every case of illness in town more or less to oversee, and the circulation of the news to attend to, and so she was away from home a good deal, and took many teas out. Some people thought that if she hadn't to feed her cat she never would go home. But the cat was all she had, she used to say, and nobody knew the comfort it was to her. Yet, for all this, there were hours and seasons when, obliged to stay in the house, it was intolerably dreary there, and she longed for companionship. "Some one with an interest," she said. "Some one who loves the same things that I do, who cares for me, and for my pursuits. Some one like Sophia Maybury. Oh! how I should have liked to spend my last days with Sophia! What keeps Dr. Maybury alive so, I can't imagine. If he had only—gone to his rest"—said the good woman, "Sophia and I could join our forces and live together in clover. And how we should enjoy it! We could talk together, read together, sew together. No more long, dull evenings and lonely nights listening to the mice. But a friend, a dear sister, constantly at hand! Sophia was the gentlest young woman, the prettiest,—oh, how I loved her in those days! She was a part of my youth. I love her just as much now. I wish she could come and live here. She might, if there weren't any Dr. Maybury. I can't stand this solitude. Why did fate make me such a social old body, and then set me here all alone?"

If Sophia was the prettiest young woman in those days, she was an exceedingly pretty old woman in these, with her fresh face and her bright eyes, and if her hair was not all her own, she had companions in bangs. Dr. Maybury made a darling of her all his lifetime, and when he died he left her what he had; not much,—the rent of the Webster House,—but enough.

But there had always been a pea-hen in Mrs. Maybury's lot. It was all very well to have an adoring husband,—but to have no home! The Doctor had insisted for years upon living in the tavern, which he owned, and if there was one thing that his wife detested more than another, it was life in a tavern. The strange faces, the strange voices, the going and coming, the dreary halls, the soiled table-cloths, the thick crockery, the damp napkins, the flies, the tiresome *menu*—every roast tasting of every other, no gravy to any,—the all out-doors feeling of the whole business, your affairs in everybody's mouth, the banging doors, the restless feet, the stamping of horses in the not distant stable, the pandemonium of it all! She tried to make a little home in the corner of it; but it was useless. And when one day Dr. Maybury suddenly died, missing him and mourning him, and half distracted as she was, a thrill shot across the darkness for half a thought,—now at any rate she could have a home of her own! But presently she saw the folly of the thought,—a home without a husband! She staid on at the tavern, and took no pleasure in life.

But with Dr. Maybury's departure, the thought recurred again and again to Mrs. Cairnes of her and Sophia's old dream of living together. "We used to say, when we were girls, that we should keep house together, for neither of us would ever marry. And it's a great, great pity we did! I dare say, though, she's been very

happy. I know she has, in fact. But then if she hadn't been so happy with him, she wouldn't be so unhappy without him. So it evens up. Well, it's half a century gone; but perhaps she'll remember it. I should like to have her come here. I never could bear Dr. Maybury, it's true; but then I could avoid the subject with her. I mean to try. What a sweet, comfortable, peaceful time we should have of it!"

A sweet, comfortable, peaceful time! Well; you shall see. For Mrs. Maybury came; of course she came. Her dear, old friend Julia! Oh, if anything could make up for Dr. Maybury's loss, it would be living with Julia! What castles they used to build about living together and working with the heathen around home. And Julia always went to the old East Church, too; and they had believed just the same things, the same election, and predestination and damnation and all; at one time they had thought of going out missionaries together to the Popynesian Island, but that had been before Julia took Captain Cairnes for better or worse, principally worse, and before she herself undertook all she could in converting Dr. Maybury,—a perfect Penelope's web of a work; for Dr. Maybury died as he had lived, holding her fondest beliefs to be old wives' fables, but not quarreling with her fidelity to them, any more than with her finger-rings or her false bangs, her ribbons, and what she considered her folderols in general. And how kind, she went on in her thoughts, it was of Julia to want her now! what comfort they would be to each other! Go,—of course she would!

She took Allida with her; Allida who had been her maid so long that she was a part of herself; and who, for the sake of still being with her mistress, agreed to do the cooking at Mrs. Cairnes's and help in the house-work. The house was warm and light on the night she arrived;

other friends had dropped in to receive her, too; there were flowers on the table in the cosy red dining-room, delicate slices of ham that had been stuffed with olives and sweet herbs, a cold queen's pudding rich with frosting, a mold of coffee jelly in a basin of whipped cream, and little thin bread-and-butter sandwiches.

"Oh, how delightful, how homelike!" cried Mrs. Maybury. How unlike the great barn of a dining-room at the Webster House! What delicious bread and butter! Julia had always been such a famous cook! "Oh, this is home indeed, Julia!" she cried.

Alas! The queen's pudding appeared in one shape or another till it lost all resemblance to itself, and that ham after a fortnight became too familiar for respect.

Mrs. Cairnes, when all was reëstablished and at rights, Sophia in the best bedroom, Allida in the kitchen, Sophia's board paying Allida's wages and all extra expense, Sophia's bird singing like a little fountain of melody in the distance, Mrs. Cairnes then felt that after a long life of nothingness, fate was smiling on her; here was friendship, interest, comfort, company, content. No more lonesomeness now. Here was a motive for coming home; here was somebody to come home to! And she straightway put the thing to touch, by coming home from her prayer-meeting, her bible-class, her Ladies' Circle, her First Charitable, and taking in a whole world of pleasure in Sophia's waiting presence, her welcoming smile, her voice asking for the news. And if Sophia were asking for the news, news there must be to give Sophia! And she went about with fresh eagerness, and dropped in here, there, and everywhere, and picked up items at every corner to retail to Sophia. She found it a little difficult to please Sophia about the table. Used to all the variety of a public-house, Mrs. Maybury did not take very kindly

to the simple fare, did not quite understand why three people must be a whole week getting through with a roast,—a roast that, served underdone, served overdone, served cold, served warmed up with herbs, served in a pie, made five dinners; she didn't quite see why one must have salt fish on every Saturday, and baked beans on Sunday; she hankered after the flesh-pots that, when she had them, she had found tiresome, and than which she had frequently remarked she would rather have the simplest home-made bread and butter. Apples, too. Mrs. Cairnes's three apple-trees had been turned to great account in her larder always; but now,—Mrs. Maybury never touched apple-sauce, disliked apple-jelly, thought apple-pie unfit for human digestion, apple-pudding worse; would have nothing with apples in it, except the very little in mince-pie which she liked as rich as brandy and sherry and costly spices could make it.

"No profit in this sort of boarder," thought the thrifty Mrs. Cairnes. But then she didn't have Sophia for profit, only for friendliness and companionship; and of course there must be some little drawbacks. Sophia was not at all slow in expressing her likes and dislikes. Well, Mrs. Cairnes meant she should have no more dislikes to express than need be Nevertheless, it made Mrs. Cairnes quite nervous with apprehension concerning Mrs. Maybury's face on coming to the dinner-table; she left off having roasts, and had a slice of steak; chops and tomato-sauce; a young chicken. But even that chicken had to make its reappearance till it might have been an old hen. "I declare," said Mrs. Cairnes, in the privacy of her own emotions, "when I lived by myself I had only one person to please! If Sophia had ever been any sort of a housekeeper herself—it's easy to see why Dr. Maybury chose to live at a hotel!" Still the gentle face opposite her at the

table, the lively warmth of a greeting when she opened the door, the delight of some one with whom to talk things over, the source of life and movement in the house; all this far outweighed the necessity of having to plan for variety in the little dinners.

"I really shall starve to death if this thing does on," Mrs. Maybury had meanwhile said to herself. "It isn't that I care so much for what I have to eat; but I really can't eat enough here to keep me alive. If I went out as Julia does, walking and talking all over town, I daresay I could get up the same sort of appetite for sole-leather. But I haven't the heart for it. I can't do it. I have to sit at home and haven't any relish for anything. I really will see if Allida can't start something different." But Allida could not make bricks without straw; she could only prepare what Mrs. Cairnes provided, and as Mrs. Cairnes had never had a servant before, she looked on the whole tribe of them as marauders and natural enemies, and doled out everything from a locked store-room at so much a head. "Well," sighed Mrs. Maybury, "perhaps I shall get used to it." From which it will be seen that Julia's efforts after all were not particularly successful. But if Mrs. Cairnes had been lonely before Mrs. Maybury came, Mrs. Maybury was intolerably lonely, having come; the greater part of the time, Allida being in the kitchen, or out herself, and no one in the house but the sunshine, the cat, and the bird; and she detested cats, and had a shudder if one touched her. However, this was Julia's cat, this great black and white evil spirit, looking like an imp of darkness; she would be kind to it if it didn't touch her. But if it touched her—she shivered at the thought—she couldn't answer for the consequences. Julia was so good in taking her into her house, and listening to her woes, and trying to make her comfortable,—only if

this monster tried to kill her bird,—Mrs. Maybury, sitting by herself, wept at the thought. How early it was dark now, too! She didn't see what kept Julia so,—really she was doing too much at her age. She hinted that gently to Julia when Mrs. Cairnes did return. And Mrs. Cairnes could not quite have told what it was that was so unpleasant in the remark. "My age," she said, laughing. "Why, I am as young as ever I was, and as full of life. I could start on an exploring expedition to Africa, to-morrow!" But she began to experience a novel sense of bondage,—she who had all her life been responsible to no one. And presently, whenever she went out, she had a dim consciousness in her mental background of Sophia's eyes following her, of Sophia's thoughts upon her trail, of Sophia's face peering from the bay-window as she went from one door to another. She begged some slips, and put a half dozen new flower-pots on a bracket-shelf in the window, in order to obscure the casual view, and left the inner curtain drawn.

She came in one day, and there was that inner curtain strung wide open, and the sun pouring through the plants in a broad radiance. Before she took off her bonnet she stepped to the window and drew the curtain.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Maybury, "what made you do that? The sunshine is so pleasant."

"I can't have the sun streaming in here and taking all the color out of my carpet, Sophia!" said Julia, with some asperity.

"But the sun is so very healthy," urged Mrs. Maybury.

"Oh, well! I can't be getting a new carpet every day."

"You feel," said Mrs. Maybury, turning away wrath, "as you did when you were a little girl, and the teacher told you to lay your wet slate in your lap: 'It'll take the fade out of my gown,' said you. How long ago is it! Does it seem as if it were you and I?"

"I don't know," said Julia tartly. "I don't bother myself much with abstractions. I know it is you and I." And she put her things on the hall-rack, as she was going out again in the afternoon to bible-class.

She had no sooner gone out than Mrs. Maybury went and strung up every curtain in the house where the sun was shining, and sat down triumphantly and rocked contentedly for five minutes in the glow, when her conscience overcame her, and she put them all down again, and went out into the kitchen for a little comfort from Allida. But Allida had gone out, too; so she came back to the sitting-room, and longed for the stir and bustle and frequent faces of the tavern, and welcomed a book-canvasser presently as if she had been a dear friend.

Perhaps Julia's conscience stirred a little, too; for she came home earlier than usual, put away her wraps, lighted an extra lamp, and said, "Now we'll have a long, cosy evening to ourselves."

"We might have a little game of cards," said Sophia, timidly. "I know a capital double solitaire—"

"Cards!" cried Julia.

"Why—why not?"

"Cards! And I just came from bible-class!"

"What in the world has that got to do with it?"

"Everything!"

"Why, the Doctor and I used—"

"That doesn't make it any better."

"Why, Julia, you can't possibly mean that there's any harm,—that,—that it's wicked—"

"I think we'd better drop the subject, Sophia," said Julia loftily.

"But I don't want to drop the subject!" exclaimed Mrs. Maybury. "I don't want you to think that the Doctor would—"

"I can't help what the Doctor did. I think cards are wicked! And that's enough for me!"

"Well!" cried Mrs. Maybury, then in great dudgeon. "I'm not a member of the old East Church in good and regular standing for forty years to be told what's right and what's wrong by any one now!"

"If you're in good and regular standing, then the church is very lax in its discipline, Sophia; that's all I've got to say."

"But, Julia, things have been very much liberalized of late years. The minister's own daughter has been to dancing-school." The toss of Julia's head, and her snort of contempt only said, "So much the worse for the minister's daughter!"

"Nobody believes in infant damnation now," continued Mrs. Maybury.

"I do."

"O Julia!" cried Mrs. Maybury, for the moment quite faint, "that is because," she said, as soon as she had rallied, and breaking the dreadful silence, "you never had any little babies of your own, Julia." This was adding insult to injury, and still there was silence. "I don't believe it of you, Julia," she continued, "your kind heart—"

"I don't know what a kind heart has to do with the immutable decrees of an offended deity!" cried the exasperated Julia. "And this only goes to show what forty years' association with a free-thinking—"

"You were right in the beginning, Julia; we had better drop the subject," said Mrs. Maybury; and she gathered up her Afghan wools gently, and went to her room.

Mrs. Maybury came down, however, when tea was ready, and all was serene again, especially as Susan Peyster came in to tell the news about Dean Hampton's defalcation at the village bank, and had a seat at the table.

"But I don't understand what on earth he has done with the money," said Mrs. Maybury.

"Gambled," said Susan.

"Cards," said Mrs. Cairnes. "You see!"

"Not that sort of gambling!" cried Susan. "But stocks and that."

"It's the same thing," said Mrs. Cairnes.

"And that's the least part of it! They do say"—said Susan, balancing her teaspoon as if in doubt about speaking.

"They say what?" cried Mrs. Cairnes.

But for our part, as we don't know Mr. Dean Hampton, and, therefore, can not relish his misdoings with the same zest as if we did, we will not waste time on what was said. Only when Susan had gone, Mrs. Maybury rose, too, and said, "I must say, Julia, that I think this dreadful conversation is infinitely worse and more wicked than any game of cards could be!"

"What are you talking about?" said Julia, jocosely, and quite good-humored again.

"And the amount of shocking gossip of this description that I've heard since I've been in your house is already more than I've heard in the whole course of my life! Dr. Maybury would never allow a word of gossip in our rooms." And she went to bed.

"You shall never have another word in mine!" said the thunderstricken Julia to herself. And if she had heard that the North Pole had tipped all its ice off into space, she wouldn't have told her a syllable about it all that week.

But in the course of a fortnight, a particularly choice bit of news having turned up, and the edge of her resentment having worn away, Mrs. Cairnes could not keep it to herself. And poor Mrs. Maybury, famishing now for some object of interest, received it so kindly that

things returned to their former footing. Perhaps not quite to their former footing, for Julia had now a feeling of restraint about her news, and didn't tell the most piquant, and winked to her visitors if the details trenched too much on what had better be unspoken. "Not that it was really so very—so very—but then Mrs. Maybury, you know," she said afterward. But she had never been accustomed to this restraint, and she didn't like it.

In fact Mrs. Cairnes found herself under restraints that were amounting to a mild bondage. She must be at home for meals, of course; she had been in the habit of being at home or not as she chose, and often of taking the bite and sup at other houses, which precluded the necessity of preparing anything at home. She must have the meals to suit another and very different palate, which was irksome and troublesome. She must exercise a carefulness concerning her conversation, and that of her gossips, too, which destroyed both zest and freedom. She strongly suspected that in her absence the curtains were up and the sun was allowed to play havoc with her carpets. She was remonstrated with on her goings and comings, she who had had the largest liberty for two score years. And then, when the minister came to see her, she never had the least good of the call, so much of it was absorbed by Mrs. Maybury. And Mrs. Maybury's health was delicate, she fussed and complained and whined; she cared for the things that Mrs. Cairnes didn't care for, and didn't care for the things that Mrs. Cairnes did care for; Mrs. Cairnes was conscious of her unspoken surprise at much that she said and did, and resented the somewhat superior gentleness and refinement of her old friend as much as the old friend resented her superior strength and liveliness.

"What has changed Sophia so? It isn't Sophia at all!

And I thought so much of her, and I looked forward to spending my old age with her so happily!" murmured Julia. "But perhaps it will come right," she reasoned cheerily. "I may get used to it. I didn't suppose there'd be any rubbing of corners. But as there is, the sooner they're rubbed off the better, and we shall settle down into comfort again, at last instead of at first, as I had hoped in the beginning."

Alas! "I really can't stand these plants of yours, Julia, dear," said Mrs. Maybury, soon afterward. "I've tried to. I've said nothing. I've waited, to be very sure. But I never have been able to have plants about me. They act like poison to me. They always make me sneeze so. And you see I'm all stuffed up—"

Her plants! Almost as dear to her as children might have been! The chief ornament of her parlors! And just ready to bloom! This was really asking too much. "I don't believe it's the plants at all," said Julia. "That's sheer nonsense. Anybody living on this green and vegetating earth to be poisoned by plants in a window! I don't suppose they trouble you any more than your lamp all night does me; but I've never said anything about that. I can't bear lamplight at night; I want it perfectly dark, and the light streams out of your room—"

"Why don't you shut the door, then?"

"Because I never shut my door. I want to hear if anything disturbs the house. Why don't you shut yours?"

"I never do, either. I've always had several rooms, and kept the doors open between. It isn't healthy to sleep with closed doors."

"Healthy! Healthy! I don't hear anything else from morning till night when I'm in the house."

"You can't hear very much of it, then."

"I should think, Sophia Maybury, you wanted to live forever!"

"Goodness knows I don't!" cried Mrs. Maybury, bursting into tears. And that night she shut her bedroom door and opened the window, and sneezed worse than ever all day afterward, in spite of the fact that Mrs. Cairnes had put all her cherished plants into the dining-room alcove.

"I can't imagine what has changed Julia so," sighed Mrs. Maybury. "She used to be so bright and sweet and good-tempered. And now I really don't know what sort of an answer I'm to have to anything I say. It keeps my nerves stretched on the *qui vive* all day. I am so disappointed. I am sure the Doctor would be very unhappy if he knew how I felt."

But Mrs. Maybury had need to pity herself; Julia didn't pity her. "She's been made a baby of so long," said Julia, "that now she really can't go alone." And perhaps she was a little bitterer about it than she would have been had Captain Cairnes ever made a baby of her in the least, at any time.

They were sitting together one afternoon, a thunderstorm of unusual severity having detained Mrs. Cairnes at home, and the conversation had been more or less acrimonious, as often of late. Just before dusk there came a great burst of sun, and the whole heavens were suffused with splendor.

"O Julia! Come here, come quick, and see this sunset!" cried Mrs. Maybury. But Julia did not come. "Oh! I can't bear to have you lose it," urged the philanthropic lover of nature again. "There! It's streaming up the very zenith. I never saw such color—do come."

"Mercy, Sophia! You're always wanting people to leave what they're about and see something! My lap's full of worsteds."

"Well," said Sophia. "It's for your own sake. I don't

know that it will do me any good. Only if one enjoys beautiful sights."

"Dear me! Well, there! Is that all? I don't see anything remarkable. The idea of making one get up to see that!" And as she took her seat, up jumped the great black and white cat to look out in his turn. Mrs. Maybury would have been more than human if she had not said "Scat! scat! scat!" and she did say it, shaking herself in horror.

It was the last straw. Mrs. Cairnes took her cat in her arms and moved majestically out of the room, put on her rubbers, and went out to tea, and did not come home till the light up stairs told her that Mrs. Maybury had gone to her room.

Where was it all going to end? Mrs. Cairnes could not send Sophia away after all the protestations she had made. Mrs. Maybury could never put such a slight on Julia as to go away without more overt cause for displeasure. It seemed as though they would have to fight it out in the union.

But that night a glare lit the sky which quite outdid the sunset; the fire-bells and clattering engines called attention to it much more loudly than Sophia had announced the larger conflagration. And in the morning it was found that the Webster House was in ashes. All of Mrs. Maybury's property was in the building. The insurance had run out the week before, and meaning to attend to it every day she had let it go, and here she was penniless.

But no one need commiserate with her. Instead of any terror at her situation a wild joy sprang up within her. Relief and freedom clapped their wings above her.

It was Mrs. Cairnes who felt that she herself needed pity. A lamp at nights, oceans of fresh air careering round the house, the everlasting canary-bird's singing to

bear, her plants exiled, her table revolutionized, her movements watched, her conversation restrained, her cat abused, the board of two people and the wages of one to come out of her narrow hoard. But she rose to the emergency. Sophia was penniless. Sophia was homeless. The things which it was the ashes of bitterness to allow her as a right, she could well give her as a benefactress. Sophia was welcome to all she had. She went into the room, meaning to overwhelm the weeping, helpless Sophia with her benevolence. Sophia was not there.

Mrs. Maybury came in some hours later, a carriage and a job-wagon presently following her to the door. "You are very good, Julia," said she, when Julia received her with the rapid sentences of welcome and assurance that she had been accumulating. "And you mustn't think I'm not sensible of all your kindness. I am. But my husband gave the institution advice for nothing for forty years, and I think I have rights there now without feeling under obligations to any. I've visited the directors, and I've had a meeting called and attended,—I've had all your energy, Julia, and have hurried things along in quite your own fashion. And as I had just one hundred dollars in my purse after I sold my watch this morning, I've paid it over for the entrance-fee, and I've been admitted and am going to spend the rest of my days in the Old Ladies' Home. I've the upper corner front room, and I hope you will come and see me there."

"Sophia!"

"Don't speak! Don't say one word! My mind was made up irrevocably when I went out. Nothing you, nothing any one, can say, will change it. I'm one of the old ladies now."

Mrs. Cairnes brought all her plants back into the parlor, pulled down the shades, drew the inside curtain, had

the cat's cushion again in its familiar corner, and gave Allida warning, within half an hour. She looked about a little while and luxuriated in her freedom,—no one to supervise her conversation, her movements, her opinions, her food. Never mind the empty rooms, or the echoes there! She read an angry psalm or two, looked over some texts denouncing pharisees and hypocrites, thought indignantly of the ingratitude there was in the world, felt that any way, and on the whole, she was where she was before Sophia came, and went out to spend the evening, and came in at the nine-o'clock bell-ringing with such a sense of freedom, that she sat up till midnight to enjoy it.

And Sophia spent the day putting her multitudinous belongings into place, hanging up her bird-cage, arranging her books and her bureau-drawers, setting up a stocking, and making the acquaintance of the old ladies next her. She taught one of them to play double solitaire that very evening. And then she talked a little while concerning Dr. Maybury, about whom Julia had never seemed willing to hear a word; and then she read, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," and went to bed perfectly happy.

Julia came to see her the next day, and Sophia received her with open arms. Every one knew that Julia had begged her to stay and live with her always, and share what she had. Julia goes now to see her every day of her life, rain or snow, storm or shine; and the whole village says that the friendship between those two old women is something ideal.

THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL

BY JOHN HAY

The darkest, strangest mystery
I ever read, or heern, or see
Is 'long of a drink at Taggart's Hall—
  Tom Taggart's of Gilgal.

I've heern the tale a thousand ways,
But never could git through the maze
That hangs around that queer day's doin's;
  But I'll tell the yarn to youans.

Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,
The time was fall, the skies was fa'r,
The neighbors round the counter drawed,
  And ca'mly drinked and jawed.

At last come Colonel Blood of Pike,
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus-like,
And each, as he meandered in,
  Remarked, "A whisky-skin."

Tom mixed the beverage full and fa'r,
And slammed it, smoking, on the bar.
Some says three fingers, some says two,—
  I'll leave the choice to you.

Phinn to the drink put forth his hand;
Blood drawed his knife, with accent bland,
"I ax yer parding, Mister Phinn—
  Jest drap that whisky-skin."

No man high-toneder could be found
Than old Jedge Phinn the country round.
Says he, "Young man, the tribe of Phinns
  Knows their own whisky-skins!"

He went for his 'leven-inch bowie-knife:—
"I tries to foller a Christian life;
But I'll drap a slice of liver or two,
  My bloomin' shrub, with you."

They carved in a way that all admired,
Tell Blood drawed iron at last, and fired.
It took Seth Bludso 'twixt the eyes,
  Which caused him great surprise.

Then coats went off, and all went in;
Shots and bad language swelled the din;
The short, sharp bark of Derringers,
  Like bull-pups, cheered the furse.

They piled the stiffs outside the door;
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
  Alone to spellin'-school.

I've sarched in vain, from Dan to Beer-
Sheba, to make this mystery clear;
But I end with hit as I did begin,—
  Who got the whisky-skin?

THE GUSHER

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Of course an afternoon tea is not to be taken seriously, and I hold that any kind of conversation goes, as long as it is properly vacuous and irrelevant.

One meets many kinds of afternoon teas—the bored, the bashful, the intense, and once in a while the interesting, but for pure delight there is nothing quite equals the gusher. She is generally very pretty. Nature insists upon compensations.

When you meet a real gusher—one born to gush—you can just throw all bounds of probability aside and say the first thing that comes into your head, sure that it will meet with an appreciative burst of enthusiasm, for your true gusher is nothing if she is not enthusiastic. There are those who listen to everything you say and punctuate it with "Yes-s-s, yes-s-s, yes-s-s," until the sibilance gets on your nerves; but the attention of the Simon-pure gusher is purely subconscious. She could not repeat a thing of what you have told her a half minute after hearing it. Her real attention is on something else all the while—perhaps on the gowns of her neighbors, perhaps on the reflection of her pretty face—but never on the conversation. And why should it be? Is a tea a place for the exercise of concentration? Perish the thought.

You are presented to her as "Mr. Mmmm," and she is "delighted," and smiles so ravishingly that you wish you were twenty years younger. You do not yet know that

she is a gusher. But her first remark labels her. Just to test her, for there is something in the animation of her face and the farawayness of the eye that makes you suspect her sincerity, you say:

"I happen to have six children—"

"Oh, how perfectly dee-ar! How old are they?"

She scans the gown of a woman who has just entered the room and, being quite sure that she is engaged in a mental valuation of it, you say:

"They're all of them six."

"Oh, how lovely!" Her unseeing eyes look you in the face. "Just the right age to be companions."

"Yes, all but one."

The eye has wandered to another gown, but the sympathetic voice says:

"Oh, what a pi-i-ty!"

"Yes, isn't it? But he's quite healthy."

It's a game now—fair game—and you're glad you came to the tea!

"Healthy, you say? How nice. It's perfectly lovely to be healthy. Do you live in the country?"

"Not exactly the country. We live in Madison Square, under the trees."

"Oh, how perfectly idyllic!"

"Yes; we have all the advantages of the city and the delights of the country. I got a permit from the Board of Education to put up a little bungalow alongside the Worth monument, and the children bathe in the fountain every morning when the weather is cold enough."

"Oh, how charming! How many children have you?"

"Only seven. The oldest is five and the youngest is six."

"Just the interesting age. Don't you think children fascinating?"

Again the roaming eye and the vivacious smile.

"Yes, indeed. My oldest—he's fourteen and quite original. He says that when he grows up he doesn't know what he'll be."

"Really? How cute!"

"Yes, he says it every morning, a half-hour before breakfast."

"Fancy! How old did you say he was?"

"Just seventeen, but perfectly girllike and masculine."

She nods her head, bows to an acquaintance in a distant part of the room, and murmurs in musical, sympathetic tones:

"That's an adorable age."

"What, thirteen?"

"Yes. Did you say it was a girl?"

"Yes, his name's Ethel. He's a great help to her mother."

"Little darling."

"Yes; I tell them there may be city advantages, but I think they're much better off where they are."

"Where did you say you were?"

"On the Connecticut shore. You see, having only the one child, Mrs. Smith is very anxious that it should grow up healthy" (absent-minded nods indicative of full attention), "and so little Ronald never comes to the city at all. He plays with the fisherman's child and gets great drafts of fresh air."

"Oh, how perfectly entrancing! You're quite a poet."

"No; I'm a painter."

Now she is really attentive. She thought you were just an ordinary beast, and she finds that you may be a lion. Smith? Perhaps you're Hopkinson Smith.

"Oh, do you paint? How perfectly adorable! What do you paint—landscapes or portraits?"

Again the eye wanders and she inventories a dress, and you say:—

"Oils."

"Do you ever allow visitors come to your studio?"

"Why, I never prevent them, but I'm so afraid it will bore them that I never ask them."

"Oh, how could anybody be bored at anything?"

"But every one hasn't your enthusiasm. My studio is in the top of the Madison Square tower, and I never see a soul from week's end to week's end."

"Oh, then you're not married."

"Dear, no; a man who is wedded to his art mustn't commit bigamy."

"Oh, how clever. So you're a bachelor?"

"Yes, but I have my wife for a chaperon and I'd be delighted to have you come and take tea with us some Saturday from six until three."

"Perfectly delighted!" Her eye now catches sight of an acquaintance just coming in, and as you prepare to leave her you say:—

"Hope you don't mind a little artistic unconventionality. We always have beer at our teas served with sugar and lemons, the Russian fashion."

"Oh, I think it's much better than cream. I adore unconventionality."

"You're very glad you met me, I'm sure."

"Awfully good of you to say so."

Anything goes at an afternoon tea. But it's better not to go.

THE WIDOW BEDOTT'S VISITOR

BY FRANCES M. WHICHER

Jest in time, Mr. Crane: we've jist this minit sot down to tea. Draw up a cheer and set by. Now, don't say a word: I shan't take *no* for an answer. Should a had things ruther different, to be sure, if I'd suspected *you,* Mr. Crane; but I won't appolligize,—appolligies don't never make nothin' no better, you know. Why, Melissy, you hain't half sot the table: where's the plum-sass? thought you was a-gwine to git some on't for tea? I don't see no cake, nother. What a keerless gal you be! Dew bring 'em on quick; and, Melissy, dear, fetch out one o' them are punkin pies and put it warmin'. How do you take your tea, Mr. Crane? clear, hey? How much that makes me think o' husband! he always drunk hisen clear. Now, dew make yerself to hum, Mr. Crane: help yerself to things. Do you eat johnny-cake? 'cause if you don't I'll cut some white bread. Dew, hey? We're all great hands for injin bread here, 'specially Kier. If I don't make a johnny-cake every few days he says to me, says he, "Mar, why don't you make some injin bread? it seems as if we hadn't never had none." Melissy, pass the cheese. Kier, see't Mr. Crane has butter. This 'ere butter's a leetle grain frouzy. I don't want you to think it's my make, for't ain't. Sam Pendergrass's wife (she 'twas Sally Smith) she borrowed butter o' me t'other day, and

this 'ere's what she sent back. I wouldn't 'a' had it on if I'd suspected company. How do you feel to-day, Mr. Crane? Didn't take no cold last night! Well, I'm glad on't. I was raly afeard you would, the lectur'-room was so turrible hot. I was eny-most roasted, and I wa'n't dressed wonderful warm nother,—had on my green silk mankiller, and that ain't very thick. Take a pickle, Mr. Crane. I'm glad you're a favorite o' pickles. I think pickels a delightful beveridge,—don't feel as if I could make out a meal without 'em. Once in a while I go visitin' where they don't have none on the table, and when I git home the fust thing I dew's to dive for the butt'ry and git a pickle. But husband couldn't eat 'em: they was like pizen tew him. Melissy never eats 'em nother: she ain't no pickle hand. Some gals eat pickles to make 'em grow poor, but Melissy hain't no such foolish notions. I've brung her up so she shouldn't have. Why, I've heered of gals drinkin' vinegar to thin 'em off and make their skin delekit. They say Kesier Winkle— Why, Kier, what be you pokin' the sass at Mr. Crane for? Melissy jest helped him. I heered Carline Gallup say how't Kesier Winkle— Why, Kier, what do you mean by offerin' the cold pork to Mr. Crane? jest as if he wanted pork for his tea! You see, Kier's been over to the Holler to-day on bizness with old Uncle Dawson, and he come hum with quite an appertite: says to me, says he, "Mar, dew set on some cold pork and 'taters, for I'm as hungry as a bear." Lemme fill up your cup, Mr. Crane. Melissy, bring on that are pie: I guess it's warm by this time. There, I don't think anybody'd say that punkin was burnt a-stewin! Take another pickle, Mr. Crane. Oh, I was a-gwine to tell what Carline Gallup said about Kesier Winkle. Carline Gallup was a manty-maker— What, Kier? ruther apt to talk? well, I know she was; but then she used to be sewin' 't old Win-

kle's about half the time, and she know'd purty well what went on there: yes, I know sewin'-gals is ginerally tattlers. . . . But I was gwine to tell what Carline Gallup said. Carline was a very stiddy gal: she was married about a year ago,—married Joe Bennet,—Philander Bennet's son: you remember Phil Bennet, don't you, Mr. Crane?—he 'twas killed so sudding over to Ganderfield? Though, come to think, it must 'a' ben arter you went away from here. He'd moved over to Ganderfield the spring afore he was killed. Well, one day in hayin'-time he was to work in the hay-field—take another piece o' pie, Mr. Crane: oh, dew! I insist on't—well, he was to work in the hay-field, and he fell off the hay-stack. I s'pose 'twouldn't 'a' killed him if it hadn't 'a' ben for his comin' kermash onto a jug that was a-settin' on the ground aside o' the stack. The spine of his back went right onto the jug and broke it,—broke his back, I mean,—not the jug: that wa'n't even cracked. Cur'us, wa'n't it? 'Twas quite a comfort to Miss Bennet in her affliction: 'twas a jug she valleyed,—one 'twas her mother's. . . .

Take another cup o' tea, Mr. Crane. Why, you don't mean to say you've got done supper! ain't you gwine to take nothin' more? no more o' the pie? nor the sass? Well, won't you have another pickle? Oh, that reminds me: I was a-gwine to tell what Carline Gallup said about Kesier Winkle. Why, Kier, seems to me you ain't very perlite to leave the table afore anybody else does. Oh, yes, I remember now; it's singin'-school night: I s'pose it's time you was off. Melissy, you want to go tew, don't you? Well, I guess Mr. Crane'll excuse you. We'll jest set back the table ag'in' the wall. I won't dew the dishes jest now. Me and Melissy does the work ourselves, Mr. Crane. I hain't kept no gal sense Melissy was big enough t' aid and assist me. I think help's more plague than

profit. No woman that has growed-up darters needn't keep help if she's brung up her gals as she'd ought tew. Melissy, dear, put on your cloak: it's a purty tejus evenin'. Kier, you tie up your throat: you know you was complainin' of a soreness in't to-day; and you must be keerful to tie it up when you cum hum: it's dangerous t' egspose yerself arter singin'—apt to give a body the brown-critters,—and that's turrible. You couldn't sing any more if you should git that, you know. You'd better call for Mirandy and Seliny, hadn't you? Don't be out late.

Now, Mr. Crane, draw up to the stove: you must be chilly off there. You gwine to the party to Major Coon's day arter to-morrow? S'pose they'll give out ther invatations to-morrow. Do go, Mr. Crane: it'll chirk you up and dew you good to go out into society ag'in. They say it's to be quite numerous. But I guess ther won't be no dancin' nor highty-tighty dewin's. If I thought ther would be I shouldn't go myself; for I don't approve on 'em, and couldn't countenance 'em. What do you think Sam Pendergrass's wife told me? She said how't the widder Jinkins (she 'twas Poll Bingham) is a-havin' a new gownd made a purpose to wear to the party,—one of these 'ere flambergasted, blazin' plaid consarns, with tew awful wide kaiterin' flounces around the skirt. Did you ever! How reedickilous for a woman o' her age, ain't it? I s'pose she expects t' astonish the natyves, and make her market tew, like enough. Well, she's to be pitied. Oh, Mr. Crane, I thought I *should go off* last night when I see that old critter squeeze up and hook onto you. How turrible imperdent, wa'n't it! But seems to me I shouldn't 'a' felt as if I was obleeged to went hum with her if I'd 'a' ben in your place, Mr. Crane. She made a purty speech about me to the lectur': I'm 'most ashamed to tell you on't, Mr. Crane, but it shows what the critter is. Kier

says he heered her stretch her neck acrost and whisper to old Green, "Mr. Green, don't you think the widder Bedott seems to be wonderfully took up with *crainiology?*" She's the brazin'-facedest critter 't ever lived; it does beat all; I never *did* see her equill. But it takes all sorts o' folks to make up the world, you know. What did I understand you to say, Mr. Crane?—a few minnits' conversation with me? Deary me! Is it anything pertickler, Mr. Crane? Oh, dear suz! how you *dew* flustrate me! Not that it's anything oncommon fer the gentlemen to ax to have private conversations with me, you know; but then—but then—bein' you, it's different: circumstances alter cases, you know. What was you a-gwine to say, Mr. Crane?

Oh, no, Mr. Crane, by no manner o' means; 'tain't a minute tew soon for you to begin to talk about gittin' married ag'in. I am amazed you should be afeerd I'd think so. See—how long's Miss Crane been dead? Six months!—land o' Goshen!—why, I've know'd a number of individdiwals get married in less time than that. There's Phil Bennet's widder 't I was a-talkin' about jest now,—she 'twas Louisy Perce: her husband hadn't been dead but *three* months, you know. I don't think it looks well for a *woman* to be in such a hurry; but for a *man* it's a different thing: circumstances alter cases, you know. And then, sittiwated as you be, Mr. Crane, it's a turrible thing for your family to be without a head to superintend the domestic consarns and 'tend to the children,—to say nothin' o' yerself, Mr. Crane. You dew need a companion, and no mistake. Six months! Good grevious! Why, Squire Titus didn't wait but six *weeks* after he buried his fust wife afore he married his second. I thought ther' wa'n't no pertickler need o' his hurryin' so, seein' his family was all growed up. Such a critter as he pickt out, tew! 'Twas very onsuitable; but every man to his taste,—

I hain't no dispersition to meddle with nobody's consarns. There's old farmer Dawson, tew,—his pardner hain't ben dead but ten months. To be sure, he ain't married yet; but he would 'a' ben long enough ago, if somebody I know on 'd gin him any incurridgement. But 'tain't for me to speak o' that matter. He's a clever old critter, and as rich as a Jew; but—lawful sakes!—he's old enough to be my father. And there's Mr. Smith,—Jubiter Smith: you know him, Mr. Crane,—his wife, (she 't was Aurory Pike) she died last summer, and he's ben squintin' round among the wimmin ever since, and he *may* squint for all the good it'll dew him so far as I'm consarned,—though Mr. Smith's a respectable man,—quite young and hain't no family,—very well off, tew, and quite intellectible,—but I'm purty partickler. Oh, Mr. Crane, it's ten years come Jinniwary sense I witnessed the expiration o' my belovid companion!—an uncommon long time to wait, to be sure; but 'tain't easy to find anybody to fill the place o' Hezekier Bedott. I think *you're* the most like husband of ary individdiwal I ever see, Mr. Crane. Six months! murderation! cur'us you should be afeard I'd think 'twas too soon. Why, I've knowed—

Mr. Crane—Well, widder, I've been thinking about taking another companion, and I thought I'd ask you—

Widow—Oh, Mr. Crane, egscuse my commotion; it's so onexpected. Jest hand me that are bottle of camfire off the mantletry shelf: I'm ruther faint. Dew put a little mite on my handkercher and hold it to my nuz. There, that'll dew: I'm obleeged tew ye. Now I'm ruther more composed: you may perceed, Mr. Crane.

Mr. C.—Well, widder, I was a-going to ask you whether—whether—

Widow—Continner, Mr. Crane,—dew. I know it's turrible embarrassin'. I remember when my dezeased hus-

band made his suppositions to me he stammered and stuttered, and was so awfully flustered it did seem as if he'd never git it out in the world; and I suppose it's ginerally the case,—at least it has been with all them that's made suppositions to me: you see they're generally oncerting about what kind of an answer they're a-gwine to git, and it kind o' makes 'em narvous. But when an individdiwal has reason to s'pose his attachment's reciperated, I don't see what need there is o' his bein' flustrated,—though I must say it's quite embarrassin' to me. Pray continner.

Mr. C.—Well, then, I want to know if you're willing I should have Melissy.

Widow—The dragon!

Mr. C.—I hain't said anything to her about it yet,—thought the proper way was to get your consent first. I remember when I courted Trypheny we were engaged some time before mother Kenipe knew anything about it, and when she found it out she was quite put out because I didn't go to her first. So when I made up my mind about Melissy, thinks me, I'll do it right this time, and speak to the old woman first—

Widow—Old woman, hey! That's a purty name to call me!—amazin' perlite, tew! Want Melissy, hey! Tribbleation! gracious sakes alive! Well, I'll give it up now! I always knowed you was a simpleton, Tim Crane, but, I *must* confess, I didn't think you was *quite* so big a fool. Want Melissy, dew ye? If that don't beat all! What an everlastin' old calf you must be, to s'pose she'd *look* at *you!* Why, you're old enough to be her father, and more, tew; Melissy ain't only in her twenty-oneth year. What a reedickilous idee for a man o' your age! As gray as a rat, tew! I wonder what this world *is* a-comin' tew: 'tis astonishin' what fools old widdiwers will make o' themselves! Have Melissy! Melissy!

Mr. C.—Why, widder, you surprise me. I'd no idee of being treated in this way, after you'd ben so polite to me, and made such a fuss over me and the girls.

Widow—Shet yer head, Tim Crane; nun o' yer sass to me. *There's* your hat on that are table, and *here's* the door; and the sooner you put on *one* and march out o' t'other the better it will be for you. And I advise you, afore you try to git married ag'in, to go out West and see 'f yer wife's cold; and arter yer satisfied on that p'int, jest put a little lampblack on yer hair,—'twould add to yer appearance, undoubtedly, and be of sarvice tew you when you want to flourish round among the gals; and when ye've got yer hair fixt, jest splinter the spine o' your back,—'twouldn't hurt your looks a mite: you'd be intirely unresistible if you was a *leetle* grain straiter.

Mr. C.—Well, I never!

Widow—Hold your tongue, you consarned old coot you! I tell you *there's* your hat, and *there's* the door: be off with yerself, quick metre, or I'll give ye a h'ist with the broomstick.

Mr. C.—Gimmeni!

Widow (rising)—Git out, I say! I ain't a-gwine to stan' here and be insulted under my own ruff; and so git along; and if ever you darken my door ag'in, or say a word to Melissy, it'll be the wuss for you,—that's all.

Mr. C.—Treemenjous! What a buster!

Widow—Go 'long,—go 'long,—go long, you everlastin' old gum! I won't hear another word (stops her ears). I won't. I won't. I won't. (Exit Mr. Crane.)

(Enter Melissy, accompanied by Captain Canoot.)

Good-evenin', cappen! Well, Melissy, hum at last, hey? Why didn't you stay till mornin'? Purty business keepin' me up here so late waitin' for you, when I'm eny-most

tired to death iornin' and workin' like a slave all day,—ought to ben abed an hour ago. Thought ye left me with agreeable company, hey? I should like to know what arthly reason you had to s'pose old Crane's was agreeable to me? I always despised the critter; always thought he was a turrible fool, and now I'm convinced on't. I'm completely dizgusted with him; and I let him know it to-night. I gin him a piece o' my mind't I guess he'll be apt to remember for a spell. I ruther think he went off with a flea in his ear. Why, cappen, did ye ever hear of such a piece of audacity in all yer born days? for him—*Tim Crane*—to durst to expire to my hand,—the widder o' Deacon Bedott! Jest as if *I'd* condescen' to look at *him*,—the old numskull! He don't know B from a broomstick; but if he'd 'a' stayed much longer I'd 'a' teached him the difference, I guess. He's got his *walkin'-ticket* now. I hope he'll lemme alone in futur'. And where's Kier? Gun home with the Cranes, hey! Well, I guess it's the last time. And now, Melissy Bedott, you ain't to have nothin' more to dew with them gals,—d'ye hear? You ain't to 'sociate with 'em at all arter this: 'twould only be incurridgin' the old man to come a-pesterin' me ag'in; and I won't have him round,—d'ye hear? Don't be in a hurry, cappen, and don't be alarmed at my gettin' in such a passion about old Crane's persumption. Mebby you think 'twas onfeelin' in me to use him so,—and I don't say but what 'twas, *ruther;* but then he's so awful dizagreeable tew me, you know: 'tain't *everybody* I'd treat in such a way. Well, if you *must* go, good-evenin'! Give my love to Hanner when you write ag'in: dew call frequently, Captain Canoot,—dew.

THE LUGUBRIOUS WHING WHANG

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The rhyme o' The Raggedy Man's 'at's best
  Is Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs,—
'Cause that-un's the strangest of all o' the rest,
An' the worst to learn, an' the last one guessed,
An' the funniest one, an' the foolishest.—
  Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

I don't know what in the world it means—
  Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!—
An' nen when I *tell* him I don't, he leans
Like he was a-grindin' on some machines
An' says: Ef I *don't,* w'y, I don't know *beans!*
  Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

Out on the margin of Moonshine Land,
  Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!
Out where the Whing-Whang loves to stand,
Writing his name with his tail in the sand,
And swiping it out with his oogerish hand;
  Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

Is it the gibber of Gungs or Keeks?
  Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!
Or what *is* the sound that the Whing-Whang seeks?
Crouching low by the winding creeks
And holding his breath for weeks and weeks!
  Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!

Anoint him, the wraithest of wraithly things!
  Tickle me, Love, in these Lonesome Ribs!
'Tis a fair Whing-Whangess, with phosphor rings,
And bridal-jewels of fangs and stings;
And she sits and as sadly and softly sings
As the mildewed whir of her own dead wings,—
  Tickle me, Dear,
    Tickle me here,
  Tickle me, Love, in me Lonesome Ribs!

THE RUNAWAY TOYS

BY FRANK L. STANTON

The Hobby Horse was so tired that day,
With never a bite to eat,
That he whispered the Doll: "I shall run away!"
And he galloped out to the street
With the curly-headed Doll Baby on his back;
And hard at his heels went the Jumping Jack!
And the little boy—he never knew,
Though the little Steam Engine blew and blew!

Then the Humming Top went round and round,
And crashed through the window-pane,
And the scared Tin Monkey made a bound
For the little red Railroad Train.
The painted Duck went "Quack! quack! quack!"
But the Railroad Train just whistled back!
Till the Elephant saw what the racket meant
And packed his trunk and—away he went!

The little Toy Sheep in the corner there
Was bleating long and loud;
But the Parrot said "Hush!" and pulled his hair,
And he galloped off with the crowd!
And the Tin Horn blew and the Toy Drum beat,
But away they went down the frightened street,
Till they all caught up with the Railroad Train,
And they never went back to their homes again!

The blue policeman and all the boys
  Went racing away—away!
For a big reward for the runaway Toys
  Was cried in the streets that day.
But they kept right on round the world so wide,
While the Little Boy stood on the steps and cried.
Where did they go to, and what did they do?
Bored a hole to China and—dropped through!

TIM FLANAGAN'S MISTAKE

BY WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY

Dat Irishman named Flanagan,
He's often joke wid me,
He leeve here now mos' twanty year,
Ver' close to Kankakee;
I always look for chance to gat
An' even op wid heem,
But he's too smart, exception wance,
Dis Irishman named Tim.

Wan Sunday tam' I'm walking out
I meet Tim on de knoll,
We bot' are hav' a promenade
An' mak' a leddle stroll;
We look down from de top of hill,
An' on de reevere's edge
Is w'at you call a heifer calf,—
He stan' dere by de hedge.

Dat calf stan' still an' wag hees tail
On eas' an' den wes' side,
An' den he wag it to de sout'
For whip flies off hees hide;
I say to Tim dat heifer calf
Dat stan' so quiet still,
You can not push him on de stream;
He say, "By gosh, I will."

An' den he grin an' smile out loud,
He fall opon de groun',
An' den he laugh wance mor' again
An' roll de place aroun':
He say, 'twill be a ver' good joke
Opon dat heifer calf,
An' wance mor' he start op h'right quick
An' mak' de beeg horse laugh.

Says Tim, "You watch me now, ma frien',
I'll geeve dat calf wan scare,
I will rone down an' push him quick
On Kankakee Reevere."
An' he laugh out a beeg lot mor',
Den he t'row off hees hat,
An' start down hill two-forty gait,
He fly as swif' as bat.

Dat calf he stan' an' wag hees tail
For 'bout two t'ree tam' mor';
W'en Tim com' ronnin' down de hill
She move two yard down shore;
But Tim now com' lak' cannon ball,
He can't turn right nor lef',
He miss de calf an' den, by gosh!
Fall on reevere himse'f.

Dose Sunday close dat Tim had on
He wet dem t'roo an' t'roo,
An' w'en he pick himse'f op slow
An' walk heem out de sloo,
He say, "Dat's good I mak' a laugh
Before I tak' dat fall;
I laugh not den, I hav' no fone
Out of dis t'ing at all."

THE MILLIONAIRES

BY MAX ADELER

It had always been one of the luxuries of the Grimeses to consider what they would do if they were rich. Many a time George and his wife, sitting together of a summer evening upon the porch of their own pretty house in Susanville, had looked at the long unoccupied country-seat of General Jenkins, just across the way, and wished they had money enough to buy the place and give it to the village for a park.

Mrs. Grimes often said that if she had a million dollars, the very first thing she would do would be to purchase the Jenkins place. George's idea was to tear down the fences, throwing everything open, and to dedicate the grounds to the public. Mrs. Grimes wanted to put a great free library in the house and to have a club for poor working-women in the second-floor rooms. George estimated that one hundred thousand dollars would be enough to carry out their plans. Say fifty thousand dollars for purchase money, and then fifty more invested at six per cent. to maintain the place.

"But if we had a million," said George, "I think I should give one hundred and fifty thousand to the enterprise and do the thing right. There would always be repairs and new books to buy and matters of that kind."

But this was not the only benevolent dream of these kind-hearted people. They liked to think of the joy that would fill the heart of that poor struggling pastor, Mr. Borrow, if they could tell him that they would pay the

whole debt of the Presbyterian Church, six thousand dollars.

"And I would have his salary increased, George," said Mrs. Grimes. "It is shameful to compel that poor man to live on a thousand dollars."

"Outrageous," said George. "I would guarantee him another thousand, and maybe more; but we should have to do it quietly, for fear of wounding him."

"That mortgage on the Methodist Church," said Mrs. Grimes. "Imagine the happiness of those poor people in having it lifted! And so easy to do, too, if we had a million dollars."

"Certainly, and I would give the Baptists a handsome pipe-organ instead of that wheezing melodeon. Dreadful, isn't it?"

"You can get a fine organ for $2,000," said Mrs. Grimes.

"Yes, of course, but I wouldn't be mean about it; not mean on a million dollars. Let them have a really good organ, say for $3,000 or $3,500; and then build them a parsonage, too."

"The fact is," said Mrs. Grimes, "that people like us really ought to have large wealth, for we know how to use it rightly."

"I often think of that," answered George. "If I know my own soul I long to do good. It makes my heart bleed to see the misery about us, misery I am absolutely unable to relieve. I am sure that if I really had a million dollars I should not want to squander it on mere selfish pleasure, nor would you. The greatest happiness any one can have is in making others happy; and it is a wonder to me that our rich people don't see this. Think of old General Jenkins and his twenty million dollars, and what we would do for our neighbors with a mere fraction of that!"

"For we really want nothing much for ourselves," said Mrs. Grimes. "We are entirely satisfied with what we have in this lovely little home and with your $2,000 salary from the bank."

"Almost entirely," said George. "There are some few little things we might add in—just a few; but with a million we could easily get them and more and have such enormous amounts of money left."

"Almost the first thing I would do," said Mrs. Grimes, "would be to settle a comfortable living for life on poor Isaac Wickersham. That man, George, crippled as he is, lives on next to nothing. I don't believe he has two hundred dollars a year."

"Well, we could give him twelve hundred and not miss it and then give the same sum to Widow Clausen. She can barely keep alive."

"And there's another thing I'd do," said Mrs. Grimes. "If we kept a carriage I would never ride up alone from the station or for pleasure. I would always find some poor or infirm person to go with me. How people can be so mean about their horses and carriages as some rich people are is beyond my comprehension."

It is delightful pastime, expending in imagination large sums of money that you haven't got. You need not regard considerations of prudence. You can give free rein to your feelings and bestow your bounty with reckless profusion. You obtain almost all the pleasure of large giving without any cost. You feel nearly as happy as if you were actually doing the good deeds which are the children of your fancy.

George Grimes and his wife had considered so often the benevolences they would like to undertake if they had a million dollars that they could have named them all at a moment's notice without referring to a memorandum.

Nearly everybody has engaged in this pastime, but the Grimeses were to have the singular experience of the power to make their dream a reality placed in their hands.

For one day George came flying home from the bank with a letter from the executors of General Jenkins (who died suddenly in Mexico a week or two before) announcing that the General had left a million dollars and the country-seat in Susanville to George Grimes.

"And to think, Mary Jane," said George when the first delirium of their joy had passed, "the dear old man was kind enough to say—here, let me read it to you again from the quotation from the will in the letter: 'I make this bequest because, from repeated conversations with the said George Grimes, I know that he will use it aright.' So you see, dear, it was worth while, wasn't it, to express our benevolent wishes sometimes when we spoke of the needs of those who are around us?"

"Yes, and the General's kind remark makes this a sacred trust, which we are to administer for him."

"We are only his stewards."

"Stewards for his bounty."

"So that we must try to do exactly what we think he would have liked us to do," said George.

"Nothing else, dear?"

"Why, of course we are to have some discretion, some margin; and besides, nobody possibly could guess precisely what he would have us do."

"But now, at any rate, George, we can realize fully one of our longing desires and give to the people the lovely park and library?"

George seemed thoughtful. "I think, Mary Jane," he said, "I would not act precipitately about that. Let us reflect upon the matter. It might seem unkind to the memory of the General just to give away his gift almost before we get it."

They looked at each other, and Mrs. Grimes said:

"Of course there is no hurry. And we are really a little cramped in this house. The nursery is much too small for the children and there is not a decent fruit tree in our garden."

"The thing can just stay open until we have time to consider."

"But I am so glad for dear old Isaac. We can take care of him, anyhow, and of Mrs. Clausen, too."

"To be sure," said George. "The obligation is sacred. Let me see, how much was it we thought Isaac ought to have?"

"Twelve hundred a year."

"H-m-m," murmured George, "and he has two hundred now; an increase of five hundred per cent. I'm afraid it will turn the old man's head. However, I wouldn't exactly promise anything for a few days yet."

"Many a man in his station in life is happy upon a thousand."

"A thousand! Why, my dear, there is not a man of his class in town that makes six hundred."

"George?"

"Well?"

"We must keep horses, and there is no room to build a stable on this place."

"No."

"Could we live here and keep the horses in the General's stables across the way, even if the place were turned into a park?"

"That is worth thinking of."

"And George?"

"Well, dear?"

"It's a horrid thing to confess, but do you know, George, I've felt myself getting meaner and meaner, and

stingier and stingier ever since you brought the good news."

George tried to smile, but the effort was unsuccessful; he looked half-vexed and half-ashamed.

"Oh, I wouldn't put it just that way," he said. "The news is so exciting that we hardly know at once how to adjust ourselves to it. We are simply prudent. It would be folly to plunge ahead without any caution at all. How much did you say the debt of the Presbyterian Church is?"

"Six thousand, I think."

"A good deal for a little church like that to owe."

"Yes, but—"

"You didn't promise anything, Mary Jane, did you, to Mrs. Borrow?"

"No, for I had nothing to promise, but I did tell her on Sunday that I would help them liberally if I could."

"They will base large expectations on that, sure. I wish you hadn't said it just that way. Of course, we are bound to help them, but I should like to have a perfectly free hand in doing it."

There was silence for a moment, while both looked through the window at the General's place over the way.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Grimes.

"Lovely. That little annex on the side would make a snug den for me; and imagine the prospect from that south bedroom window! You would enjoy every look at it."

"George?"

"What?"

"George, dear, tell me frankly, do you really feel in your heart as generous as you did yesterday?"

"Now, my dear, why press that matter? Call it meaner or narrower or what you will; maybe I am a little more so than I was; but there is nothing to be ashamed of. It

is the conservative instinct asserting itself; the very same faculty in man that holds society together. I will be liberal enough when the time comes, never fear. I am not going to disregard what one may call the pledges of a lifetime. We will treat everybody right, the Presbyterian Church and Mr. Borrow included. His salary is a thousand, I think you said?"

"Yes."

"Well, I am willing to make it fifteen hundred right now, if you are."

"We said, you remember, it ought to be two thousand."

"Who said so?"

"You did, on the porch here the other evening."

"I never said so. There isn't a preacher around here gets that much. The Episcopalians with their rich people only give eighteen hundred."

"And a house."

"Very well, the Presbyterians can build a house if they want to."

"You consent then to pledge five hundred more to the minister's salary?"

"I said I would if you would, but my advice is just to let the matter go over until to-morrow or next day, when the whole thing can be considered."

"Very well, but, George, sixty thousand dollars is a great deal of money, and we certainly can afford to be liberal with it, for the General's sake as well as for our own!"

"Everything depends upon how you look at it. In one way the sum is large. In another way it isn't. General Jenkins had just twenty times sixty thousand. Tremendous, isn't it? He might just as well have left us another million. He is in Heaven and wouldn't miss it. Then we could have some of our plans more fully carried out."

"I hate to be thought covetous," answered Mrs. Grimes, "but I do wish he had put on that other million."

The next day Mr. Grimes, while sitting with his wife after supper, took a memorandum from his pocket and said:

"I've been jotting down some figures, Mary Jane, just to see how we will come out with our income of sixty thousand dollars."

"Well?"

"If we give the place across the street for a park and a library and a hundred thousand dollars with which to run it, we shall have just nine hundred thousand left."

"Yes."

"We shall want horses, say a carriage pair, and a horse for the station wagon. Then I must have a saddle horse and there must be a pony for the children. I thought also you might as well have a gentle pair for your own driving. That makes six. Then there will have to be, say, three stable men. Now, my notion is that we shall put up a larger house farther up town with all the necessary stabling. Count the cost of the house and suitable appointments, and add in the four months' trip to Europe which we decided yesterday to take next summer, and how much of that fifty-four thousand do you think we shall have left at the end of the year?"

"But why build the house from our income?"

"Mary Jane, I want to start out with the fixed idea that we will not cut into our principal."

"Well, how much will we have over?"

"Not a dollar! The outlay for the year will approximate fifty-six thousand dollars."

"Large, isn't it?"

"And yet I don't see how we can reduce it if we are to

live as people in our circumstances might reasonably be expected to live."

"We must cut off something."

"That is what I think. If we give the park and the library building to the town why not let the town pay the cost of caring for them?"

"Then we could save the interest on that other hundred thousand."

"Exactly, and nobody will suffer. The gift of the property alone is magnificent. Who is going to complain of us? We will decide now to give the real estate and then stop."

Two days later Mr. Grimes came home early from the bank with a letter in his hand. He looked white and for a moment after entering his wife's room he could hardly command utterance.

"I have some bad news for you, dear—terrible news," he said, almost falling into a chair.

The thought flashed through Mrs. Grimes' mind that the General had made a later will which had been found and which revoked the bequest to George. She could hardly whisper:

"What is it?"

"The executors write to me that the million dollars left to me by the General draws only about four per cent. interest."

"George!"

"Four per cent! Forty thousand dollars instead of sixty thousand! What a frightful loss! Twenty thousand dollars a year gone at one breath!"

"Are you sure, George?"

"Sure? Here is the letter. Read it yourself. One-third of our fortune swept away before we have a chance to touch it!"

"I think it was very unkind of the General to turn the four per cents. over to us while somebody else gets the six per cents. How *could* he do such a thing? And you such an old friend, too!"

"Mary Jane, that man always had a mean streak in him. I've said so to myself many a time. But, anyhow, this frightful loss settles one thing; we can't afford to give that property across the street to the town. We must move over there to live, and even then, with the huge expense of keeping such a place in order, we shall have to watch things narrowly to make ends meet."

"And you never were good at retrenching, George."

"But we've *got* to retrench. Every superfluous expenditure must be cut off. As for the park and free library, that seems wild now, doesn't it? I don't regret abandoning the scheme. The people of this town never did appreciate public spirit or generosity, did they?"

"Never."

"I'm very sorry you spoke to Mrs. Borrow about helping their church. Do you think she remembers it?"

"She met me to-day and said they were expecting something handsome."

Mr. Grimes laughed bitterly.

"That's always the way with those people. They are the worst beggars! When a lot of folks get together and start a church it is almost indecent for them to come running around to ask other folks to support it. I have half a notion not to give them a cent."

"Not even for Mr. Borrow's salary?"

"Certainly not! Half the clergymen in the United States get less than a thousand dollars a year; why can't he do as the rest do? Am I to be called upon to support a lot of poor preachers? A good deal of nerve is required, I think, to ask such a thing of me."

Two weeks afterward Mr. Grimes and his wife sat together again on the porch in the cool of the evening.

"Now," said Grimes, "let us together go over these charities we were talking about and be done with them. Let us start with the tough fact staring us in the face that, with only one million dollars at four per cent. and all our new and necessary expenses, we shall have to look sharp or I'll be borrowing money to live on in less than eight months."

"Well," said Mrs. Grimes, "what shall we cut out? Would you give up the Baptist organ that we used to talk about?"

"Mary Jane, it is really surprising how you let such things as that stay in your mind. I considered that organ scheme abandoned long ago."

"Is it worth while, do you think, to do anything with the Methodist Church mortgage?"

"How much is it?"

"Three thousand dollars, I think."

"Yes, three thousand from forty thousand leaves us only thirty-seven thousand. Then, if we do it for the Methodists we shall have to do it for the Lutherans and the Presbyterians and swarms of churches all around the country. We can't make flesh of one and fowl of another. It will be safer to treat them all alike; and more just, too. I think we ought to try to be just with them, don't you, Mary Jane?"

"And Mr. Borrow's salary?"

"Ha! Yes! That is a thousand dollars, isn't it? It does seem but a trifle. But they have no children and they have themselves completely adjusted to it. And suppose we should raise it one year and die next year? He would feel worse than if he just went along in the old way.

When a man is fully adjusted to a thing it is the part of prudence, it seems to me, just to let him alone."

"I wish we could—"

"Oh, well, if you want to; but I propose that we don't make them the offer until next year or the year after. We shall have our matters arranged better by that time."

"And now about Isaac Wickersham?"

"Have you seen him lately?"

"Two or three days ago."

"Did he seem discontented or unhappy?"

"No."

"You promised to help him?"

"What I said was, 'We are going to do something for you, Isaac.' "

"Something! That commits us to nothing in particular. Was it your idea, Mary Jane, to make him an allowance?"

"Yes."

"There you cut into our insufficient income again. I don't see how we can afford it with all these expenses heaping up on us; really I don't."

"But we must give him something; I promised it."

George thought a moment and then said:

"This is the end of September and I sha'nt want this straw hat that I have been wearing all summer. Suppose you give him that. A good straw hat is 'something.' "

"You remember Mrs. Clausen, George?"

"Have we got to load up with her, too?"

"Let me explain. You recall that I told her I would try to make her comfortable, and when I found that our circumstances were going to be really straitened, I sent her my red flannel petticoat with my love, for I know she can be comfortable in that."

"Of course she can."

"So this afternoon when I came up from the city she

got out of the train with me and I felt so half-ashamed of the gift that I pretended not to see her and hurried out to the carriage and drove quickly up the hill. She is afraid of horses, anyhow."

"Always was," said George.

"But, George, I don't feel quite right about it yet; the gift of a petticoat is rather stingy, isn't it?"

"No, I don't think so."

"And, George, to be perfectly honest with ourselves now, don't you think we are a little bit meaner than we were, say, last June?"

George cleared his throat and hesitated, and then he said:

"I admit nothing, excepting that the only people who are fit to have money are the people who know how to take care of it."

OUR POLITE PARENTS

BY CAROLYN WELLS

Sedate Mamma

When guests were present, dear little Mabel
Climbed right up on the dinner-table
And naughtily stood upon her head!
"I wouldn't do that, dear," Mamma said.

Merry Moses

Merry, funny little Moses
Burnt off both his brothers' noses;
And it made them look so queer
Mamma said, "Why, Moses, dear!"

Johnny's Fun

Johnny climbed up on the bed,
And hammered nails in Mamma's head.
Though the child was much elated,
Mamma felt quite irritated.

A Merry Game

Betty and Belinda Ames
Had the pleasantest of games;
'Twas to hide from one another
Marmaduke, their baby brother.

Once Belinda, little love,
Hid the baby in the stove;
Such a joke! for little Bet
Hasn't found the baby yet.

Tom and Grandpa

From his toes up to his shins
Tom stuck Grandpa full of pins;
Although Tom the fun enjoyed,
Grandpapa was quite annoyed.

Baby's Looks

Bobby with the nursery shears
Cut off both the baby's ears;
At the baby, so unsightly,
Mamma raised her eyebrows slightly.

Jeanette's Pranks

One night, Jeanette, a roguish little lass,
Sneaked in the guest room and turned on the gas;
When morning dawned the guest was dead in bed,
But "Children will be children," Mamma said.

A BALLADE OF PING-PONG

BY ALDEN CHARLES NOBLE

She wears a rosebud in her hair
  To mock me as it tosses free;
Were I more wise and she less fair
  I fear that I should never be
  A victim to such witchery;
For at her wiles and lovely arts
  I'm fain to laugh with her, while she
Plays ping-pong with my heart of hearts.

The play's the thing; I wonder where,
  What courtier with what courtesy
First played it, with what lady fair,
  To music of what minstrelsy?
  I wonder did he seem to see
Such eyes wherein a sunbeam starts,
  And did he love (as I) while she
Played ping-pong with his heart of hearts?

For battledore they called it, there
  In courts of gilded chivalry;
No gallant ever lived to dare
  To doubt its airy potency;
  But now, that all the pageantry
Of those dead emperors departs,
  I dream that she in memory
Plays ping-pong with my heart of hearts.

L'ENVOI

Ah, maiden, I must sail a sea
  Whereof there are no maps or charts;
Wilt thou sail too, and there with me
  Play ping-pong with my heart of hearts?

BUDGE AND TODDIE

BY JOHN HABBERTON

My Sunday dinner was unexceptional in point of quantity and quality, and a bottle of my brother-in-law's claret proved to be most excellent; yet a certain uneasiness of mind prevented my enjoying the meal as thoroughly as under other circumstances I might have done. My uneasiness came of a mingled sense of responsibility and ignorance. I felt that it was the proper thing for me to see that my nephews spent the day with some sense of the requirements and duties of the Sabbath; but how I was to bring it about, I hardly knew. The boys were too small to have Bible-lessons administered to them, and they were too lively to be kept quiet by any ordinary means. After a great deal of thought, I determined to consult the children themselves, and try to learn what their parents' custom had been.

"Budge," said I, "what do you do Sundays when your papa and mama are home? What do they read to you,—what do they talk about?"

"Oh, they swing us—lots!" said Budge, with brightening eyes.

"An' zey takes us to get jacks," observed Toddie.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Budge; "jacks-in-the-pulpit—don't you know?"

"Hum—ye—es; I do remember some such thing in my

youthful days. They grow where there's plenty of mud, don't they?"

"Yes, an' there's a brook there, an' ferns, an' birch-bark, an' if you don't look out you'll tumble into the brook when you go to get birch."

"An' we goes to Hawksnest Rock," piped Toddie, "an' papa carries us up on his back when we gets tired."

"An' he makes us whistles," said Budge.

"Budge," said I, rather hastily, "enough. In the language of the poet

"'These earthly pleasures I resign,'

and I'm rather astonished that your papa hasn't taught you to do likewise. Don't he ever read to you?"

"Oh, yes," cried Budge, clapping his hands, as a happy thought struck him. "He gets down the Bible—the great *big* Bible, you know—an' we all lay on the floor, an' he reads us stories out of it. There's David, an' Noah, an' when Christ was a little boy, an' Joseph, an' turnback-Pharo'sarmyhallelujah—"

"And what?"

"TurnbackPharo'sarmyhallelujah," repeated Budge. "Don't you know how Moses held out his cane over the Red Sea, an' the water went way up one side, an' way up the other side, and all the Isrulites went across? It's just the same thing as *drown*oldPharo'sarmyhallelujah—don't you know?"

"Budge," said I, "I suspect you of having heard the Jubilee Singers."

"Oh, and papa and mama sings us all those Jubilee songs—there's 'Swing Low,' an' 'Roll Jordan,' an' 'Steal Away,' an' 'My Way's Cloudy,' an' 'Get on Board, Childuns,' an' lots. An' you can sing us every one of 'em."

"An' papa takes us in the woods, an' makesh us canes," said Toddie.

"Yes," said Budge, "and where there's new houses buildin', he takes us up ladders."

"Has he any way of putting an extension on the afternoon?" I asked.

"I don't know what that is," said Budge, "but he puts an India-rubber blanket on the grass, and then we all lie down an' make b'lieve we're soldiers asleep. Only sometimes when we wake up papa stays asleep, an' mama won't let us wake him. I don't think that's a very nice play."

"Well, I think Bible stories are nicer than anything else, don't you?"

Budge seemed somewhat in doubt. "I think swingin' is nicer," said he—"oh, no;—let's get some jacks—*I'll* tell you what!—make us whistles, an' we can blow on 'em while we're goin' to get the jacks. Toddie, dear, wouldn't *you* like jacks and whistles?"

"Yesh—an' swingin'—an' birch—an' wantsh to go to Hawksnesh Rock," answered Toddie.

"Let's have Bible stories first," said I. "The Lord mightn't like it if you didn't learn anything good to-day."

"Well," said Budge, with the regulation religious-matter-of-duty face, "let's. I guess I like 'bout Joseph best."

"Tell us 'bout Bliaff," suggested Toddie.

"Oh, no, Tod," remonstrated Budge; "Joseph's coat was just as bloody as Goliath's head was." Then Budge turned to me and explained that "all Tod likes Goliath for is 'cause when his head was cut off it was all bloody." And then Toddie—the airy sprite whom his mother described as being irresistibly drawn to whatever was beautiful—Toddie glared upon me as a butcher's apprentice might stare at a doomed lamb, and remarked:

"Bliaff's head was all bluggy, an' David's sword was all bluggy—bluggy as everyfing."

I hastily breathed a small prayer, opened the Bible, turned to the story of Joseph, and audibly condensed it as I read:

"Joseph was a good little boy whose papa loved him very dearly. But his brothers didn't like him. And they sold him, to go to Egypt. And he was very smart, and told the people what their dreams meant, and he got to be a great man. And his brothers went to Egypt to buy corn, and Joseph sold them some, and then he let them know who he was. And he sent them home to bring their papa to Egypt, and then they all lived there together."

"That's ain't it," remarked Toddie, with the air of a man who felt himself to be unjustly treated. "Is it, Budge?"

"Oh, no," said Budge, "you didn't read it good a bit; *I'll* tell you how it is. Once there was a little boy named Joseph, an' he had eleven budders—they was *awful* eleven budders. An' his papa gave him a new coat, an' his budders hadn't nothin' but their old jackets to wear. An' one day he was carryin' 'em their dinner, an' they put him in a deep, dark hole, but they didn't put his nice new coat in—they killed a kid, an' dipped the coat—just think of doin' that to a nice new coat—they dipped it in the kid's blood, an' made it all bloody."

"All bluggy," echoed Toddy, with ferocious emphasis. Budge continued:

"But there were some Ishmalites comin' along that way, and the awful eleven budders took him out of the deep, dark hole, an' sold him to the Ishmalites, and they sold him away down in Egypt. An' his poor old papa cried, an' cried, 'cause he thought a big lion ate Joseph up; but he wasn't ate up a bit; but there wasn't no post-

office nor choo-choos,* nor stages in Egypt, an' there wasn't any telegraphs, so Joseph couldn't let his papa know where he was; an' he got so smart an' so good that the king of Egypt let him sell all the corn an' take care of the money; an' one day some men came to buy some corn, an' Joseph looked at 'em an' there they was his own budders! An' he scared 'em like everything; *I'd* have *slapped* 'em all if *I'd* been Joseph, but he just scared 'em, an' then he let 'em know who he was, an' he kissed 'em an' he didn't whip 'em, or make 'em go without their breakfast, or stand in a corner, nor none of them things; an' then he sent 'em back for their papa, an' when he saw his papa comin', he ran like everything, and gave him a great big hug and a kiss. Joseph was too big to ask his papa if he'd brought him any candy, but he was awful glad to see him. An' the king gave Joseph's papa a nice farm, an' they all had real good times after that."

"And they dipped the coat in the blood, an' made it all bluggy," reiterated Toddie.

"Uncle Harry," said Budge, "what do you think *my* papa would do if he thought I was all ate up by a lion? I guess he'd cry *awful,* don't you? Now tell us another story—oh, *I'll* tell you—read us 'bout—"

" 'Bout Bliaff," interrupted Toddie.

"*You* tell *me* about him, Toddie," said I.

"Why," said Toddie, "Bliaff was a brate bid man, an' Dave was brate little man, an' Bliaff said, 'Come over here'n an' I'll eat you up,' an' Dave said, '*I* ain't fyaid of you.' So Dave put five little stones in a sling an' asked de Lord to help him, an' let ze sling go bang into bequeen Bliaff's eyes an' knocked him down dead, an' Dave took Bliaff's sword an' sworded Bliaff's head off, an' made it

*Railway cars.

all bluggy, an' Bliaff runned away." This short narration was accompanied by more spirited and unexpected gestures than Mr. Gough ever puts into a long lecture.

"I don't like 'bout Goliath at all," remarked Budge. "*I'd* like to hear 'bout Ferus."

"Who?"

"Ferus; don't you know?"

"Never heard of him, Budge."

"Why—y—y—!" exclaimed Budge; "didn't you have no papa when you was a little boy?"

"Yes, but he never told me about any one named Ferus; there's no such person named in Anthon's Classical Dictionary, either. What sort of a man was he?"

"Why, once there was a man, an' his name was Ferus—*Of*ferus, an' he went about fightin' for kings, but when any king got afraid of anybody, he wouldn't fight for him no more. An' one day he couldn't find no kings that wasn't afraid of nobody. An' the people told him the Lord was the biggest king in the world, an' he wasn't afraid of nobody or nothing. An' he asked 'em where he could find the Lord, an' they said he was way up in heaven so nobody couldn't see him but the angels, but he liked folks to *work* for him instead of fight. So Ferus wanted to know what kind of work he could do, an' the people said there was a river not far off, where there wasn't no ferry-boats, cos the water run so fast, an' they guessed if he'd carry folks across, the Lord would like it. So Ferus went there, an' he cut him a good, strong cane, an' whenever anybody wanted to go across the river he'd carry 'em on his back.

"One night he was sittin' in his little house by the fire, an' smokin' his pipe an' readin' the paper, an' 'twas rainin' an' blowin' an' hailin' an' stormin', an' he was so glad there wasn't anybody wantin' to go 'cross the river, when

he heard somebody call one 'Ferus!' An' he looked out the window, but he couldn't see nobody, so he sat down again. Then somebody called 'Ferus!' again, and he opened the door again, an' there was a little bit of a boy, 'bout as big as Toddie. An' Ferus said, 'Hello, young fellow, does your mother know you're out?' An' the little boy said, 'I want to go 'cross the river.'—'Well,' says Ferus, 'you're a mighty little fellow to be travelin' alone, but hop up.' So the little boy jumped up on Ferus's back, and Ferus walked into the water. Oh, my—*wasn't* it cold? An' every step he took that little boy got heavier, so Ferus nearly tumbled down an' they liked to both got drownded. An' when they got across the river Ferus said, 'Well, you *are* the heaviest small fry I ever carried,' and he turned around to look at him, an' 'twasn't no little boy at all—'twas a big man—'twas Christ. An' Christ said, 'Ferus, I heard you was tryin' to work for me, so I thought I'd come down an' see you, an' not let you know who I was. An' now you shall have a new name; you shall be called *Christ*offerus, cos that means Christ-carrier.' An' everybody called him Christofferus after that, an' when he died they called him *Saint* Christopher, cos Saint is what they called good people when they're dead."

Budge himself had the face of a rapt saint as he told this story, but my contemplation of his countenance was suddenly arrested by Toddie, who, disapproving of the unexciting nature of his brother's recital, had strayed into the garden, investigated a hornet's nest, been stung, and set up a piercing shriek. He ran in to me, and as I hastily picked him up, he sobbed:

"Want to be wocked.* Want 'Toddie one boy day.' "

I rocked him violently, and petted him tenderly, but again he sobbed:

*Rocked.

"Want 'Toddie one boy day.' "

"What *does* the child mean?" I exclaimed.

"He wants you to sing to him about 'Charley boy one day,' " said Budge. "He always wants mama to sing that when he's hurt, an' then he stops crying."

"I don't know it," said I. "Won't 'Roll, Jordan,' do, Toddie?"

"*I'll* tell you how it goes," said Budge, and forthwith the youth sang the following song, a line at a time, I following him in words and air:

"Where is my little bastik* gone?"
Said Charley boy one day;
"I guess some little boy or girl
Has taken it away.

"An' kittie, too—where *ish* she gone?
Oh, dear, what I shall do?
I wish I could my bastik find,
An' little kittie, too.

"I'll go to mamma's room an' look;
Perhaps she may be there;
For kittie likes to take a nap
In mamma's easy chair.

"O mamma, mamma, come an' look?
See what a little heap!
Here's kittie in the bastik here,
All cuddled down to sleep."

Where the applicability of this poem to my nephew's peculiar trouble appeared, I could not see, but as I finished it, his sobs gave place to a sigh of relief.

"Toddie," said I, "do you love your Uncle Harry?"

"Esh, I *do* love you."

"Then tell me how that ridiculous song comforts you?"

"Makes me feel good, an' all nicey," replied Toddie.

* Basket.

"Wouldn't you feel just as good if I sang, 'Plunged in a gulf of dark despair?' "

"No, don't like dokdishpairs; if a dokdishpair done anyfing to me, I'd knock it right down dead."

With this extremely lucid remark, our conversation on this particular subject ended; but I wondered, during a few uneasy moments, whether the temporary mental aberration which had once afflicted Helen's grandfather and mine was not reappearing in this, his youngest descendant. My wondering was cut short by Budge, who remarked, in a confident tone:

"Now, Uncle Harry, we'll have the whistles, I guess."

I acted upon the suggestion, and led the way to the woods. I had not had occasion to seek a hickory sapling before for years; not since the war, in fact, when I learned how hot a fire small hickory sticks would make. I had not sought wood for whistles since—gracious, nearly a quarter of a century ago! The dissimilar associations called up by these recollections threatened to put me in a frame of mind which might have resulted in a bad poem, had not my nephews kept up a lively succession of questions such as no one but children can ask. The whistles completed, I was marched, with music, to the place where the "Jacks" grew. It was just such a place as boys instinctively delight in—low, damp, and boggy, with a brook hiding treacherously away under overhanging ferns and grasses. The children knew by sight the plant which bore the "Jacks," and every discovery was announced by a piercing shriek of delight. At first I looked hurriedly toward the brook as each yell clove the air; but, as I became accustomed to it, my attention was diverted by some exquisite ferns. Suddenly, however, a succession of shrieks announced that something was wrong, and across a large fern I saw a small face

in a great deal of agony. Budge was hurrying to the relief of his brother, and was soon as deeply imbedded as Toddie was in the rich black mud, at the bottom of the brook. I dashed to the rescue, stood astride the brook, and offered a hand to each boy, when a treacherous tuft of grass gave way, and, with a glorious splash, I went in myself. This accident turned Toddie's sorrow to laughter, but I can't say I made light of my misfortune on that account. To fall into *clean* water is not pleasant, even when one is trout-fishing; but to be clad in white pants, and suddenly drop nearly knee-deep in the lap of mother Earth is quite a different thing. I hastily picked up the children, and threw them upon the bank, and then wrathfully strode out myself, and tried to shake myself as I have seen a Newfoundland dog do. The shake was not a success—it caused my trouser-leg to flap dismally about my ankles, and sent the streams of loathsome ooze trickling down into my shoes. My hat, of drab felt, had fallen off by the brookside, and been plentifully spattered as I got out. I looked at my youngest nephew with speechless indignation.

"Uncle Harry," said Budge, "'twas real good of the Lord to let you be with us, else Toddie might have been drownded."

"Yes," said I, "and I shouldn't have much—"

"Ocken Hawwy," cried Toddie, running impetuously toward me, pulling me down, and patting my cheek with his muddy black hand, "I *loves* you for takin' me out de water."

"I accept your apology," said I, "but let's hurry home." There was but one residence to pass, and that, thank fortune, was so densely screened by shrubbery that the inmates could not see the road. To be sure, we were on a favorite driving road, but we could reach home in five

minutes, and we might dodge into the woods if we heard a carriage coming. Ha! There came a carriage already, and we—was there ever a sorrier-looking group? There were ladies in the carriage, too—could it be—of course it was—did the evil spirit, which guided those children always, send an attendant for Miss Mayton before he began operations? There she was, anyway—cool, neat, dainty, trying to look collected, but severely flushed by the attempt. It was of no use to drop my eyes, for she had already recognized me; so I turned to her a face which I think must have been just the one—unless more defiant—that I carried into two or three cavalry charges.

"You seem to have been having a real good time together," said she, with a conventional smile, as the carriage passed. "Remember, you're all going to call on me to-morrow afternoon."

A REFLECTIVE RETROSPECT

BY JOHN G. SAXE

'Tis twenty years, and something more,
  Since, all athirst for useful knowledge,
I took some draughts of classic lore,
  Drawn very mild, at ——rd College;
Yet I remember all that one
  Could wish to hold in recollection;
The boys, the joys, the noise, the fun;
  But not a single Conic Section.

I recollect those harsh affairs,
  The morning bells that gave us panics;
I recollect the formal prayers,
  That seemed like lessons in Mechanics;
I recollect the drowsy way
  In which the students listened to them,
As clearly, in my wig, to-day,
  As when, a boy, I slumbered through them.

I recollect the tutors all
  As freshly now, if I may say so,
As any chapter I recall
  In Homer or Ovidius Naso.
I recollect, extremely well,
  "Old Hugh," the mildest of fanatics;
I well remember Matthew Bell,
  But very faintly, Mathematics.

I recollect the prizes paid
  For lessons fathomed to the bottom;
(Alas that pencil-marks should fade!)
  I recollect the chaps who got 'em,—
The light equestrians who soared
  O'er every passage reckoned stony;
And took the chalks,—but never scored
  A single honor to the pony!

Ah me! what changes Time has wrought,
  And how predictions have miscarried!
A few have reached the goal they sought,
  And some are dead, and some are married!
And some in city journals war;
  And some as politicians bicker;
And some are pleading at the bar—
  For jury-verdicts, or for liquor!

And some on Trade and Commerce wait;
  And some in schools with dunces battle;
And some the Gospel propagate;
  And some the choicest breeds of cattle;
And some are living at their ease;
  And some were wrecked in "the revulsion;"
Some served the State for handsome fees,
  And one, I hear, upon compulsion!

LAMONT, who, in his college days,
  Thought e'en a cross a moral scandal,
Has left his Puritanic ways,
  And worships now with bell and candle;
And MANN, who mourned the negro's fate,
  And held the slave as most unlucky,
Now holds him, at the market rate,
  On a plantation in Kentucky!

Tom Knox—who swore in such a tone
  It fairly might be doubted whether
It really was himself alone,
  Or *Knox* and Erebus together—
Has grown a very altered man,
  And, changing oaths for mild entreaty,
Now recommends the Christian plan
  To savages in Otaheite!

Alas for young ambition's vow!
  How envious Fate may overthrow it!—
Poor Harvey is in Congress now,
  Who struggled long to be a poet;
Smith carves (quite well) memorial stones,
  Who tried in vain to make the law go;
Hall deals in hides; and "Pious Jones"
  Is dealing faro in Chicago!

And, sadder still, the brilliant Hays,
  Once honest, manly, and ambitious,
Has taken latterly to ways
  Extremely profligate and vicious;
By slow degrees—I can't tell how—
  He's reached at last the very groundsel,
And in New York he figures now,
  A member of the Common Council!

"HULLO!"

BY SAM WALTER FOSS

W'en you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do!"
"How's the world a usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up an' say "hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "how d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up an' say "hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea;
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let your speakin' trumpet blow,
Lift your horn an' cry "hullo!"

Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en you leave your house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, an' say "hullo!"

THE WARRIOR

BY EUGENE FIELD

Under the window is a man,
  Playing an organ all the day,
Grinding as only a cripple can,
  In a moody, vague, uncertain way.

His coat is blue and upon his face
  Is a look of highborn, restless pride,
There is somewhat about him of martial grace
  And an empty sleeve hangs at his side.

"Tell me, warrior bold and true,
  In what carnage, night or day,
Came the merciless shot to you,
  Bearing your good, right arm away?"

Fire dies out in the patriot's eye,
  Changed my warrior's tone and mien,
Choked by emotion he makes reply,
  "Kansas—harvest—threshing machine!"

THE TALE OF THE TANGLED TELEGRAM

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

James Trottingham Minton had a cousin who lived in St. Louis. "Cousin Mary," Lucy Putnam discovered by a process of elimination, was the one topic on which the reticent Mr. Minton could become talkative. Mary was his ideal, almost. Let a girl broach the weather, he grew halt of speech; should she bring up literature, his replies were almost inane; let her seek to show that she kept abreast of the times, and talk of politics—then Jimmy seemed to harbor a great fear in his own soul. But give him the chance to make a few remarks about his cousin Mary and he approached eloquence. For this reason Lucy Putnam was wise enough to ask him something about Mary every so often.

Now, the question arises: Why should Lucy Putnam, or any other girl, take any interest in a man who was so thoroughly bashful that his trembling efforts to converse made the light quivering aspen look like a ten-ton obelisk for calmness? The reason was, and is, that woman has the same eye for babies and men. The more helpless these objects, the more interested are the women. The man who makes the highest appeal to a woman is he whose tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth and who does not know what to do with his hands in her presence. She must be a princess, he a slave. Each knows this premise is unsupported by facts, yet it is a joyous fiction while it lasts. James Trottingham Minton was not a whit bashful when

with men. No. He called on Mr. Putnam at his office, and with the calmness of an agent collecting rent, asked him for the hand of his daughter.

"Why, Jimmy," Mr. Putnam said good-naturedly, "of course I haven't any objections to make. Seems to me that's a matter to be settled between you and Lucy."

Jimmy smiled confidentially.

"I suppose you're right, Mr. Putnam. But, you see, I've never had the nerve to say anything about it to her."

"Tut, tut. Nothing to be scared of. Nothing at all. What's the matter with you, young man? In my day, if a fellow wanted to marry a girl he wouldn't go and tell her father. He'd marry her first and then ask the old man where they should live."

Mr. Putnam chuckled heavily. Mr. Putnam was possessed of a striking fund of reminiscences of how young men used to do.

"Of course, Mr. Putnam," Jimmy said. "But the girls nowadays are different, and a fel—"

"Not a bit of it. No, sir. Women haven't changed since Eve's time. You mustn't get woman mixed up with dry goods stores, Jimmy. Don't you know there's lots of fellows nowadays that fall in love with the fall styles? Ha, ha!"

It was not all clear to Minton, but he laughed dutifully. His was a diplomatic errand, and the half of diplomacy is making the victim think you are in agreement with him.

"Yes, sir," Putnam chuckled on, "I'll bet that silk and ruffles and pink shades over the lamp have caused more proposals than all the dimples and bright eyes in the world. Eh, Jimmy? But you haven't proposed yet?"

"I did. You gave your consent."

"But you're not going to marry me. You want Lucy. You'll have to speak to her about it."

"Now look, Mr. Putnam, I can come to you and ask you for her, and it's the same thing."

"Not by a hundred miles, my boy. If I told Lucy you had said that, she wouldn't be at home next time you called. The trouble with you is that you don't understand women. You've got to talk direct to them."

Jimmy looked hopelessly out of the window.

"No; what you say to me and what I say to you hasn't any more to do with you and Lucy than if you were selling me a bill of goods. I like you, Jimmy, and I've watched your career so far with interest, and I look for great things from you in the future, and that's why I say to you to go ahead and get Lucy, and good luck to you both."

Mr. Putnam took up some papers from his desk and pretended to be studying them, but from the tail of his eye he gathered the gloom that was settling over Jimmy's face. The elder man enjoyed the situation.

"Well, Mr. Putnam," Jimmy asked, "why can't you just tell Lucy for me that I have asked you, and that you say it's all right? Then when I go to see her next time, it'll all be arranged and understood."

"Le' me see. Didn't I read a poem or something at school about some one who hadn't sand enough to propose to a girl and who got another man to ask her? But it wasn't her own father. Why, Jimmy, if you haven't courage enough to propose to a girl, what do you suppose will be your finish if she marries you? A married man has to have spunk."

"I've got the spunk all right, but you understand how I feel."

"Sure! Let me give you some advice. When you propose to a girl, you don't have to come right out and ask her to marry you."

Jimmy caught at the straw.

"You don't?" he asked.

"Certainly not. There's half a dozen ways of letting her know that you want her. Usually—always, I may say—she knows it anyway, and unless she wants you she'll not let you tell her so. But if I wanted a short, sharp 'No' from a girl, I'd get her father to ask her to marry me."

"Then you mean that I've got to ask her myself?"

"To be sure."

"I can't do it, Mr. Putnam; I can't."

"Write it."

"Why, I'd feel as if the postman and everybody else knew it."

"Telephone."

"Worse yet."

"Jim Minton, I'm disgusted with you. I thought you were a young man with some enterprise, but if you lose your courage over such an every-day affair as proposing to a girl—"

"But men don't propose every day."

"Somebody is proposing to somebody every day. It goes on all the time. No, sir; I wash my hands of it. I'll not withdraw my consent, and you have my moral support and encouragement, but getting married is the same as getting into trouble—you have to handle your own case."

"But, Mr. Putnam—"

"You'll only go over the same ground again. Good morning. I don't want to hear any more of this until it is settled one way or the other. I'll not help and I'll not hinder. It—It's up to you."

With this colloquial farewell Mr. Putnam waved his hand and turned to his papers. Jimmy accumulated his hat and stick, and left, barren of hope.

That night he took Lucy to see "Romeo and Juliet."

The confidence and enthusiasm of *Romeo* merely threw him into a deeper despair of his own ability as a suitor, and made him even more taciturn and stumbling of speech than ever. His silence grew heavier and heavier, until at last Lucy threw out her never-failing life-line. She asked him about his cousin Mary.

"By the way," he said, brightening up, "Cousin Mary is going through here one day next week."

"Is she? How I should like to know her. If she is anything like you she must be very agreeable."

"She isn't like me, but she is agreeable. Won't you let me try to bring you two together—at lunch down-town, or something like that?"

"It would be fine."

"I'll do it. I'll arrange it just as soon as I see her."

Then silence, pall-like, fell again upon them. Jimmy thought of *Romeo,* and Lucy thought of—*Romeo,* let us say. When a young man and a young woman, who are the least bit inclined one to another, witness Shakespeare's great educative effort, the young woman can not help imagining herself leaning over the balcony watching the attempts of the young man to clamber up the rope ladder.

After he had gone that night, Lucy sat down for a soul communion with herself. Pity the woman who does not have soul communions. She who can sit side by side with herself and make herself believe that she is perfectly right and proper in thinking and believing as she does, is happy. The first question Lucy Putnam put to her subliminal self was: "Do I love Jimmy?" Subliminal self, true to sex, equivocated. It said: "I am not sure." Whereupon Lucy asked: "Why do I love him?" Then ensued the debate. Subliminal self said it was because he was a clean, good-hearted, manly fellow. Lucy responded that he was too bashful. "He is handsome," retorted sub-

liminal self. "But there are times when he grows so abashed that he is awkward." Subliminal self said he would outgrow that. "But there are other men who are just as nice, just as handsome, and just as clever, who are not so overwhelmingly shy," argued Lucy. Whereat subliminal self drew itself up proudly and demanded: "Name one!" And Lucy was like the person who can remember faces, but has no memory at all for names.

II

Cousin Mary came to town as she had promised, and she made Cousin Jimmy drop his work and follow her through the shops half the morning. Cousin Mary was all that Cousin Jimmy had ever said of her. She was pretty and she was genial. When these attributes are combined in a cousin they invite confidences.

The two were standing on a corner, waiting for a swirl of foot passengers, carriages and street-cars, to be untangled, when Mary heard Jimmy making some remark about "Miss Putnam."

"So, she's the one, is she, Jimmy?"

"Well—er—I—I don't know. You see—"

"Certainly I see. Who wouldn't? Is she pretty, Jimmy?"

Jimmy saw a pathway through the crowd and led his cousin to the farther curb before answering:

"Yes, she is very pretty."

"Tell me all about her. How long have you known her? How did you meet her? Is she tall or short? Is she dark or fair? Is she musical? Oh, I am just dying to know all about her!"

All the way down State Street Jimmy talked. All the way down State Street he was urged on and aided and

abetted by the questions and comments of Cousin Mary, and when they had buffeted their way over Jackson to Michigan Avenue and found breathing room, she turned to him and asked pointedly:

"When is it to be?"

"When is what to be?"

"The wedding."

"Whose wedding?" Jimmy's tone was utterly innocent.

"Whose? Yours and Lucy's, to be sure."

"Mine and Lucy's? Why? Mary, I've never asked her yet."

"You've never asked her! Yo you mean to tell me that when you can talk about her for seven or eight blocks, as you have, you have not even asked her to marry you? Why, James Trottingham Minton, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! Where does this paragon of women live? Take me to see her. I want to apologize for you."

"Won't it be better to get her to come in and lunch with us? She lives so far out you'd miss your train east this afternoon."

"The very thing. Would she come?"

"Why, yes. I asked her the other night and she said she would."

"Then, why have you waited so long to tell me. Where are we to meet her?"

"Well, I didn't know for sure what day you would be here, so I didn't make any definite arrangement. I'm to let her know."

"Oh, Jimmy! Jimmy! You need a guardian, and not a guardian angel, either. You need the other sort. You deserve hours of punishment for your thoughtlessness. Now go right away and send her word that I am here and dying to meet her."

"All right. We'll have lunch here at the Annex. You'll

excuse me just a moment, and I'll send her a telegram and ask her to come in."

"Yes, but hurry. You should have told her yesterday. When will you ever learn how to be nice to a girl?"

Jimmy, feeling somehow that he had been guilty of a breach of courtesy that should fill him with remorse, hastened to the telegraph desk and scribbled a message to Lucy. It read:

"Please meet me and Mary at Annex at 2 o'clock."

"Rush that," he said to the operator.

The operator glanced over the message and grinned.

"Certainly, sir," he said. "This sort of a message always goes rush. Wish you luck, sir."

The operator has not yet completely gathered the reason for the reproving stare Jimmy gave him. In part it has been explained to him. But, as Jimmy has said since, the man deserved censure for drawing an erroneous conclusion from another's mistake.

It was then noon, so Jimmy and Mary, at Mary's suggestion, got an appetite by making another tour of the shops. In the meantime a snail-paced messenger boy was climbing the Putnam steps with the telegram in his hand.

III

Lucy took the telegram from the boy and told him to wait until she saw if there should be an answer. She tore off the envelope, unfolded the yellow slip of paper, read the message, gasped, blushed and turned and left the patient boy on the steps.

Into the house she rushed, calling to her mother. She thrust the telegram into her hands, exclaiming:

"Read that! Isn't it what we might have expected?"

"Mercy! What is it? Who's dead?"

"Nobody! It's better than that," was Lucy's astonishing reply.

Mrs. Putnam read the telegram, and then beamingly drew her daughter to her and kissed her. The two then wrote a message, after much counting of words, to be sent to Jimmy. It read:

"Of course. Mama will come with me. Telephone to papa."

When this reached Jimmy he was nonplused. He rubbed his forehead, studied the message, reread it, and then handed it to Mary with the suggestion:

"Maybe you can make it out. I can't."

Mary knitted her brows and studied the message in turn. At length she handed it back.

"It is simple," she decided. "She is a nice, sweet girl, and she wants me to meet her mama and papa. Or maybe she wants us to be chaperoned."

So Jimmy and Mary waited in the hotel parlor until Lucy should arrive. Reminded by Mary, Jimmy went to the 'phone and told Mr. Putnam that Lucy was coming to lunch with him.

"Well, that's all right, isn't it, Jimmy?" Mr. Putnam asked.

"Yes. But she told me to telephone you."

Why?"

"I don't know. But won't you join us?"

"Is that other matter arranged, Jimmy?"

"N-no. Not yet."

"I told you I didn't want to see you until it was. As soon as you wake up, let me know. Good-by."

Jimmy, red, returned to the parlor, and there was confronted by a vision of white, with shining eyes and pink cheeks, who rushed up to him and kissed him and called him a dear old thing and said he was the cleverest, most unconventional man that ever was.

Limp, astounded, but delighted, James Trottingham Minton drew back a pace from Lucy Putnam, who, in her dainty white dress and her white hat and filmy white veil, was a delectable sight.

"I want you to meet Cousin Mary," he said.

"Is she to attend?"

"Of course," he answered.

They walked toward the end of the long parlor where Mary was sitting, but half way down the room they were stopped by Mrs. Putnam. She put both hands on Jimmy's shoulders, gave him a motherly kiss on one cheek, and sighed:

"Jimmy, you will be kind to my little girl?"

Jimmy looked from mother to daughter in dumb bewilderment. Certainly this was the most remarkable conduct he ever had dreamed of. Yet, Mrs. Putnam's smile was so affectionate and kind, her eyes met his with such a tender look that he intuitively felt that all was right as right should be. And yet—why should they act as they did?

Into the midst of his reflections burst Lucy's chum, Alice Jordan.

"I've a notion to kiss him, too!" she cried.

Jimmy stonily held himself in readiness to be kissed. If kissing went by favor he was pre-eminently a favored one. But Lucy clutched his arm with a pretty air of ownership and forbade Alice.

"Indeed, you will not. It wouldn't be good form now. After—afterward, you may. Just once. Isn't that right, Jimmy?"

"Perfectly," he replied, his mind still whirling in an effort to adjust actualities to his conception of what realities should be.

The four had formed a little group to themselves in the

center of the parlor, Lucy clinging to Jimmy's arm, Mrs. Putnam eying them both with a happy expression, and Alice fluttering from one to the other, assuring them that they were the handsomest couple she ever had seen, that they ought to be proud of each other, and that Mrs. Putnam ought to be proud of them, and that she was sure nobody in all the world ever, ever could be as sublimely, beatifically happy as they would be, and that they must be sure to let her come to visit them.

"And," she cried, admiringly, stopping to pat Jimmy on his unclutched arm, "I just think your idea of proposing by telegraph was the brightest thing I ever heard of!"

It is to be written to the everlasting credit of James Trottingham Minton that he restrained himself from uttering the obvious remark on hearing this. Two words from him would have wrecked the house of cards. Instead, he blushed and smiled modestly. Slowly it was filtering into his brain that by some unusual, unexpected, unprecedented freak of fortune his difficulties had been overcome; that some way or other he had proposed and had been accepted.

"I shall always cherish that telegram," Lucy declared, leaning more affectionately toward Jimmy. "If that grimy-faced messenger boy had not gone away so quickly with my answer I should have kissed him!"

"I've got the telegram here, dear," said Mrs. Putnam.

"Oh, let's see it again," Alice begged. "I always wanted to hear a proposal, but it is some satisfaction to see one."

Mrs. Putnam opened her hand satchel, took out the telegram, unfolded it slowly, and they all looked at it, Jimmy gulping down a great choke of joy as he read:

"Please meet me and marry at Annex at two o'clock."

His bashfulness fell from him as a garment. He took the message, saying he would keep it, so that it might not

be lost. Then he piloted the two girls and Mrs. Putnam to the spot where Mary had been waiting patiently and wonderingly.

"Mary," he said boldly, without a tremor in his voice, "I want you to meet the future Mrs. Minton, and my future mother-in-law, Mrs. Putnam, and my future—what are you to me, anyhow, Alice?"

"I'm a combination flower girl, maid of honor and sixteen bridesmaids chanting the wedding march," she laughed.

"And when," Mary gasped, "when is this to be?"

"At two o'clock," Lucy answered.

"Oh, Jimmy! You wretch! You never told me a word about it. But never mind. I bought the very thing for a wedding gift this morning."

Jimmy tore himself away from the excited laughter and chatter, ran to the telephone and got Mr. Putnam on the wire.

"This is Minton," he said.

"Who? Oh! Jimmy? Well?"

"Well, I've fixed that up."

"Good. And when is it to be?"

"Right away. Here at the Annex. I want you to go and get the license for me on your way over."

"Come, come, Jimmy. Don't be in such precipitate haste."

"You told me that was the only way to arrange these matters."

"Humph! Did I? Well, I'll get the license for you—"

"Good-by, then. I've got to telephone for a minister."

The minister was impressed at once with the value of haste in coming, and on his way back to the wedding party Jimmy stopped long enough to hand a five-dollar bill to the telegraph operator.

"Thank you, sir," said the astonished man. "I have been worrying for fear I had made a mistake about your message."

"You did. You made the greatest mistake of your life. Thank you!"

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY

BY WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Very offen I be t'inkin' of de queer folks goin' roun',
And way dey kip a-talkin' of de hard tam get along—
May have plaintee money, too, an' de healt' be good an' soun'—
But you'll fin' dere's alway somet'ing goin' wrong—
'Course dere may be many reason w'y some feller ought to fret—
But me, I'm alway singin' de only song I know—
'Tisn't long enough for music, an' so short you can't forget,
But it drive away de lonesome, an' dis is how she go,
"Jus' tak' your chance, an' try your luck."

Funny feller's w'at dey call me—"so diff'ren' from de res',"
But ev'rybody got hees fault, as far as I can see—
An' all de t'ing I'm doin', I do it for de bes',
Dough w'en I'm bettin' on a race, dat's offen loss for me—
"Oho!" I say, "Alphonse, ma frien', to-day is not your day,
For more you got your money up, de less your trotter go—
But never min' an' don't lie down," dat's w'at I alway say,

An' sing de sam' ole song some more, mebbe a leetle slow—
"Jus' tak' your chance, an' try your luck."

S'pose ma uncle die an' lef' me honder dollar, mebbe two—
An' I don't tak' hees advice—me—for put heem on de bank—
'Stead o' dat, some lot'rie ticket, to see w'at I can do,
An' purty soon I'm findin' out dey're w'at you call de blank—
Wall! de bank she might bus' up dere—somet'ing might go wrong—
Dem feller, w'en dey get it, mebbe skip before de night—
Can't tell—den w'ere's your money? So I sing ma leetle song
An' don't boder wit' de w'isky, an' again I feel all right.
"Jus' tak' your chance, an' try your luck."

If you're goin' to mak' de marry, kip a look out on de eye,
But no matter how you're careful, it was risky anyhow—
An' if you're too unlucky, jus' remember how you try
For gettin' dat poor woman, dough she may have got you now—
All de sam', it sometam happen dat your wife will pass away—
No use cryin', you can't help it—dere's your duty to you'se'f—
You don't need to ax de neighbor, dey will tell you ev'ry day
Start again lak hones' feller, for dere's plaintee woman lef'—
"Jus' tak' your chance, an' try your luck."

Poor man lak me, I'm not'ing: only w'en election's dere,
An' ev'rybody's waitin' to ketch you by de t'roat—
De money I be makin' den, wall! dot was mon affaire—
An' affer all w'at diff'rence how de poor man mak' de vote?
So I do ma very bes'—me—wit' de wife an' familee—
On de church door Sunday morning, you can see us all parade—
Len' a frien' a half a dollar, an' never go on spree—
So w'en I'm comin' die—me—no use to be afraid—
"Jus' tak' your chance, an' try your luck."

HOW I SPOKE THE WORD

FRANK L. STANTON

The snow come down in sheets of white
An' made the pine trees shiver;
'Peared like the world had said good night
An' crawled beneath the kiver.

The river's shiny trail wuz gone—
The winds sung out a warnin';
The mountains put their nightcaps on
An' said: "Good-by till mornin'!"

'Twuz jest the night in fiel' an' wood
When cabin homes look cozy,
An' fine oak fires feel mighty good,
An' women's cheeks look rosy.

An' that remin's me. We wuz four,
A-settin' by the fire;
But still it peared ten mile or more
Betwixt me an' Maria!

"No, sir!" (I caught that eye of his,
An' then I fit and floundered!)
"The thing I want to tell you is—"
Says he: "The old mare's *foundered?*"

"No, sir! it ain't about no hoss!"
(My throat begin to rattle!)
"I see," he said, "another loss
In them fine Jersey cattle!"

An' then I lost my patience! Then
I hollered high and higher
(You could 'a' heard me down the glen):
"No, sir! I want Maria!"

"An' now," says I, "the shaft'll strike:
He'll let *that* statement stay so!"
He looked at me astonished-like,
Then yelled: *"Why didn't you say so?"*

THE UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE OFFICE

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"Mr. Brief," said the Idiot the other morning as the family of Mrs. Smithers-Pedagog gathered at the breakfast table, "don't you want to be let in on the ground floor of a sure thing?"

"I do if there's no cellar under it to fall into when the bottom drops out," smiled Mr. Brief. "What's up? You going into partnership with Mr. Rockefeller?"

"No," said the Idiot. "There isn't any money in that."

"What?" cried the Bibliomaniac. "No money in a partnership with Rockefeller?"

"Not a cent," said the Idiot. "After paying Mr. Rockefeller his dividend of 105 per cent. of the gross receipts and deducting expenses from what's left, you'd find you owed him money. My scheme is to start an entirely new business—one that's never been thought of before apparently—incorporate it at $100,000, of which I am to receive $51,000 in stock for the idea, $24,000 worth of shares to go to Mr. Brief for legal services and the balance to be put on the market at 45."

"That sounds rich," said Mr. Brief. "I might devote an hour of my time to your scheme some rainy Sunday afternoon when there is nothing else to do, for that amount of stock, provided, of course, your scheme has no State's Prison string tied to it."

"There isn't even a county jail at the end of it," observed the Idiot. "It's clean, clear and straight. It will fill a long felt want, and, as I see it, ought to pay fifty per-

cent dividends the first year. They say figures don't lie, and I am in possession of some that tell me I've got a bonanza in my University Intelligence Office Company."

"The title sounds respectable," said Mr. Whitechoker. "What is it, Mr. Idiot—a sort of University Settlement Scheme?"

"Well—yes," said the Idiot. "It is designed to get University graduates settled, if you can call that a University Settlement Scheme. To put it briefly, it's an Intelligence Office for College graduates where they may go for the purpose of getting a job, just as our cooks, and butlers and valets and the rest do. If there's money in securing a place at good wages for the ladies who burn our steaks and promote indigestion for us, and for the gentlemen who keep our trousers pressed and wear out our linen, I don't see why there wouldn't be money in an institution which did the same thing for the struggling young bachelor of arts who is thrown out of the arms of Alma Mater on to the hands of a cold and unappreciative world."

"At last!" cried the Doctor. "At last I find sanity in one of your suggestions. That idea of yours, Mr. Idiot, is worthy of a genius. I have a nephew just out of college and what on earth to do with him nobody in the family can imagine. He doesn't seem to be good for anything except sitting around and letting his hair grow long."

"That isn't much of a profession, is it," said the Idiot. "What does he want to do?"

"That's the irritating part of it," observed the Doctor. "When I asked him the other night what he intended to do for a living he said he hadn't made up his mind yet between becoming a motor-man or the Editor of the South American Review. That's a satisfactory kind of an answer, eh? Especially when the family income is hardly big enough to keep the modern youth in neckties."

"I don't believe any Intelligence Office in creation could do anything for a man like that," sneered the Bibliomaniac. "What that young man needs is a good sound spanking, and I'd like to give it to him."

"All right," said the Doctor with a laugh. "I'll see that you have the chance. If you'll go out to my sister's with me some time next week I'll introduce you to Bill and you can begin."

"Why don't you do it yourself, Doctor?" asked the Idiot, noting the twinkle in the Doctor's eye.

"I'm too busy," laughed the Doctor. "Besides I only weigh one hundred and twenty pounds and Bill is six feet two inches high and weighs two hundred and ten pounds stripped. I think if I were armed with a telegraph pole and Bill with only a tooth-pick as a weapon of defense he could thrash me with ease. However, if Mr. Bib wants to try it—"

"Send Bill to us, Doctor," said the Idiot. "I sort of like Bill and I'll bet the University Intelligence Office will get him a job in forty-eight hours. A man who is willing to mote or Edit has an adaptability that ought to locate him permanently somewhere."

"I don't quite see," said Mr. Brief, "just how you are going to work your scheme, Mr. Idiot. I must confess I should regard Bill as a pretty tough proposition."

"Not at all," said the Idiot. "The only trouble with Bill is that he hasn't found himself yet. He's probably one of those easy-going, popular youngsters who've devoted their college days to growing. Just at present he's got more vitality than brains. I imagine from his answer to the Doctor that he is a good-natured hulks who could get anything he wanted in college except a scholarship. I haven't any doubt that he was beloved of all his classmates and was known to his fellows as Old Hoss, or

Beefy Bill or Blue-eyed Billie and could play any game from Muggins to Pit like a hero of a Bret Harte romance."

"You've sized Bill up all right," said the Doctor. "He is just that, but he has brains. The only trouble is he's been saving them up for a rainy day and now when the showers are beginning he doesn't know how to use 'em. How would you go about getting him a job, Mr. Idiot?"

"Bill ought to go into the publishing business," said the Idiot. "He was cut out for a book-agent. He has a physique which, to begin with, would command respectful attention for anything he might have to say concerning the wares he had to sell. He seems to have, from your brief description of him, that suavity of manner which would surely secure his admittance into the houses of the *elite,* and his sense of humor I judge to be sufficiently highly developed to enable him to make a sale wherever he felt there was the remotest chance. Is he handsome?"

"I am told he looks like me," said the Doctor, pleasantly.

"Oh, well," rejoined the Idiot, "good looks aren't essential after all. It would be better though if he were a man of fine presence. If he's big and genial, as you suggest, he can carry off his deficiencies in personal pulchritude."

The Doctor flushed a trifle. "Oh, Bill isn't so plain," he observed airily. "There's none of your sissy beauty about Bill, I grant you, but—oh, well"—here the Doctor twirled his mustache complacently.

"I should think the place for Bill would be on the trolley," sneered the Bibliomaniac.

"No, sir," returned the Idiot. "Never. Geniality never goes on the trolley. In the first place it isn't appreciated by the Management and in the second place it is a dan-

gerous gift for a motor-man. I had a friend once—a college graduate of very much Bill's kind—who went on the trolley as a Conductor at seven dollars a week and, by Jingo, would you believe it, all his friends waited for his car and of course he never asked any of 'em for their fare. Gentlemen, he used to say, welcome to my car. This is on me."

"Swindled the Company by letting his friends ride free, eh?" said the Bibliomaniac.

"Never," said the Idiot. "Pete was honest and he rung 'em up same as anybody and of course had to settle with the Treasurer at the end of the trip. On his first month he was nine dollars out. Then he couldn't bring himself to ask a lady for money, and if a passenger looked like a sport Pete would offer to match him for his fare—double or quits. Consequence was he lost money steadily. All the hard luck people used to ride with him, too, and one night—it was a bitter night in December and everybody in the car was pretty near frozen—Pete stopped his car in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and invited everybody on board to come in and have a wee nippy. All except two old ladies and a Chinaman accepted and of course the reporters got hold of it, told the story in the papers and Pete was bounced. I don't think the average college graduate is quite suited by temperament for the trolley service."

"All of which is intensely interesting," observed the Bibliomaniac, "but I don't see how it helps to make your University Intelligence Office Company convincing."

"It helps in this way," explained the Idiot. "We shall have a Board of Inspectors made up of men with some knowledge of human nature who will put these thousands of young graduates through a cross-examination to find out just what they can do. Few of 'em have the slightest

idea of that and they'll gladly pay for the assistance we propose to give them when they have discovered that they have taken the first real step toward securing a useful and profitable occupation. If a Valedictorian comes into the University Intelligence Office and applies for a job we'll put him through a third degree examination and if we discover in him those restful qualities which go to the making of a good plumber, we'll set about finding him a job in a plumbing establishment. If a Greek Salutatorian in search of a position has the sweep of arm and general uplift of manner that indicates a useful career as a window-washer, we will put him in communication with those who need just such a person."

"How about the coldly supercilious young man who knows it all and wishes to lead a life of elegant leisure, yet must have wages?" asked the Bibliomaniac. "Our Colleges are turning out many such."

"He's the easiest proposition in the bunch," replied the Idiot. "If they were all like that our fortunes would be established in a week."

"In what way?" persisted the Bibliomaniac.

"In two ways," replied the Idiot. "Such persons are constantly in demand as Janitors of cheap apartment houses which are going up with marvelous rapidity on all sides of us, and as Editors of ten-cent magazines, of which on the average there are, I believe, five new ones started every day of the year, including Saturdays, Sundays and legal holidays."

"I say, Mr. Idiot," said the Doctor later. "That was a bully idea of yours about the University Intelligence Office. It would be a lot of help to the thousands of youngsters who are graduated every year—but I don't think it's practicable just yet. What I wanted to ask you is if you could help me with Bill?"

"Certainly I can," said the Idiot.

"Really?" cried the Doctor.

"Yes, indeed," said the Idiot. "I can help you a lot."

"How? What shall I do?" asked the Doctor.

"Take my advice," whispered the Idiot. "Let Bill alone. He'll find himself. You can tell that by his answer."

"Oh!" said the Doctor, lapsing into solemnity. "I thought you could give me a material suggestion as to what to do with the boy."

"Ah! You want something specific, eh?" said the Idiot.

"Yes," said the Doctor.

"Well—get him a job as a Campaign Speaker. This is a great year for the stump," said the Idiot.

"That isn't bad," said the Doctor. "Which side?"

"Either," said the Idiot. "Or both. Bill has adaptability and, between you and me, from what I hear on the street *both* sides are going to win this year. If they do, Bill's fortune is made."

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

ANONYMOUS

Put to the door—the school's begun—
Stand in your places every one,—
Attend, ————

. . . . . .

Read in the Bible,—tell the place,—
Job twentieth and the seventeenth varse—
Caleb, begin. *And—he—shall—suck—*
Sir,—Moses got a pin and stuck—
Silence,—stop Caleb—Moses! here!
What's this complaint? *I didn't, Sir,—*
Hold up your hand,—What, is't a pin?
O dear, I won't do so again.
Read on. *The increase of his h-h-horse—*
Hold: H,O,U,S,E, spells house.
Sir, what's this word? for I can't tell it.
Can't you indeed! Why, spell it. *Spell it.*
Begin yourself, I say. *Who, I?*
Yes, try. Sure you can spell it. *Try.*
Go, take your seats and primers, go,
You sha'n't abuse the Bible so.

Will pray Sir Master mend my pen?
Say, Master, that's enough.—Here Ben,
Is this your copy? Can't you tell?
Set all your letters parallel.

I've done my sum—'tis just a groat—
Let's see it.—*Master, m' I g' out?*
Yes, bring some wood in—What's that noise?
It isn't I, Sir, it's them boys.—

Come, Billy, read—What's that? *That's A—*
Sir, Jim has snatch'd my rule away—
Return it, James.—Here rule with this—
Billy, read on,—*That's crooked S.*
Read in the spelling-book—Begin—
The boys are out—Then call them in—
My nose bleeds, mayn't I get some ice,
And hold it in my breeches?—Yes.
John, keep your seat. *My sum is more—*
Then do't again—Divide by four,
By twelve, and twenty—Mind the rule.
Now speak, Manasseh, and spell tool.
I can't—Well try—*T,W,L.*
Not wash'd your hands yet, booby, ha?
You had your orders yesterday.
Give me the ferule, hold your hand.
Oh! Oh! There,—mind my next command.

The grammar read. Tell where the place is.
C sounds like K in cat and cases.
My book is torn. The next—*Here not—*
E final makes it long—say note.
What are the stops and marks, Susannah?
Small points, Sir.—And how many, Hannah?
Four, Sir. How many, George? *You look:*
Here's more than fifty in my book.
How's this? Just come, Sam? *Why, I've been—*
Who knocks? *I don't know, Sir.* Come in.
"Your most obedient, Sir?" and yours.
Sit down, Sir. Sam, put to the doors.

What do you bring to tell that's new!
"Nothing that's either strange or true.
What a prodigious school! I'm sure
You've got a hundred here, or more.
A word, Sir, if you please." I will—
You girls, till I come in be still.

"Come, we can dance to-night—so you
Dismiss your brain-distracting crew,
And come—for all the girls are there,
We'll have a fiddle and a player."
Well, mind and have the sleigh-bells sent,
I'll soon dismiss my regiment.

Silence! The second class must read.
As quick as possible—proceed.
Not found your book yet? Stand—be fix'd—
The next read, stop—the next—the next.
You need not read again, 'tis well.
Come, Tom and Dick, choose sides to spell.
Will this word do? Yes, Tom spell dunce.
Sit still there all you little ones.
"*I've got a word,*—Well, name it. *Gizzard.*
You spell it, Sampson—*G,I,Z.*
Spell conscience, Jack. *K,O,N,*
S,H,U,N,T,S.—Well done!
Put out the next—*Mine is folks.*
Tim, spell it—*P,H,O,U,X.*
O shocking. Have you all tried? *No.*
Say Master, but no matter, go—
Lay by your books—and you, Josiah,
Help Jed to make the morning fire.

EVAN ANDERSON'S POKER PARTY

BY BENJAMIN STEVENSON

"Evan Anderson called you up this afternoon," said Mrs. Tom Porter, laying down the evening paper. "Is his wife still away?"

"Yes, I think she is. What did he want?"

"He did not say, but he said for you to call him as soon as you came home. I forgot to tell you." Mrs. Porter paused and fingered her paper with embarrassment. "Tom," she began again, "if it is another of those men parties he has been having since his wife has been away, I wish you wouldn't go."

"Why not, dear?"

"I don't think they are very nice. Don't they drink a good deal?"

"Some men will drink a good deal any way—any time, but those that don't want to do not."

"Tom, do they"—Mrs. Porter's eyes were on the paper in her lap—"do they play—play poker?"

"Why what made you ask me that question?" Tom answered with some embarrassment.

"Mrs. Bob Miller said her husband told her they did."

"Nobody but Mrs. Miller would believe all that Bob says."

"But you know it is wicked to gamble?"

"Of course it is, to gamble for any amount, but just a little game for amusement, that's not bad."

"How much does any one win or lose?"

"Oh, just a few dollars."

"That would buy a dinner for several poor families that need it; but the worst of it is the principle; it is gambling, no matter how little is lost or won."

"But, dear, you brought home a ten-dollar plate from a card party the other afternoon."

"That is different. One is euchre, the other is poker."

"I see there is a difference; but wouldn't the plate have bought a few dinners?"

"Yes, but if I had not won it some one else would. And it was too late to spend it for charity. I don't believe it cost ten dollars anyway."

"You said then it would."

"But I have looked it over since and do not believe it is genuine. I should think any one would be *ashamed* to give an imitation," she added with something like a flash in her blue eyes.

"It was a shame," Tom admitted, "a ten-dollar strain for a two-dollar plate."

But Mrs. Porter merely raised her eyebrows at this rather mean remark.

"The Tad-Wallington dance is to-night, isn't it? Do you want to go to that?" Tom asked.

"No, I'm not going."

"If you do," Tom went on, "I will take you and cut out whatever Evan wants."

"No, I don't care to," she repeated. "You can go to the other if you want to. I am not going to say any more on the subject. I do not ask you to humor my little whims, but I wanted to say what I did before you telephoned."

Mrs. Porter looked at her husband with such a wistful, pathetic little smile that Tom came over and kissed her on the cheek.

"I'll not *go*," he exclaimed, "if that *is* what he wants. I'll stay at home with you."

"You are too good, Tom. I suspect I am silly, but it seems so wicked. Now you had better call him up."

When Tom got upstairs, he placed the receiver to his ear.

Telephone: ("Number?")

Tom: "Give me seven-eleven, please."

("Seven-double-one?")

"Yes, please." Tom whistled while he waited.

Telephone: ("Hello.")

"Is that you, Evan?"

("Yes. Hello, Tom. Say, Tom, I am going to have a little bunch around here after a bit to see if we can't make our books balance, and I want you to come. And say, bring around that forty-five you took away with you last time. We want it. We are after you. We are going to strip you. Perhaps you had better bring an extra suit in a case.")

"I am sorry, old man, but I can't come."

("Can't what?")

"Can't come."

(" 'Y, you tight wad. You'd better come.")

"Can't do it, Andy. I'm sorry."

("Are you going to the Tad-Wallington dance?")

"No, not that. Mis'es doesn't want to go, but I simply can't come."

Sarcastically. ("I guess the Mis'es shut down on this, too.")

"No, I'm tired."

("Well, maybe we're not tired—of you taking money away from us. And now when we've all got a hunch that you are going to lose you get cold feet.")

"No, I'd like to, but I *just can't.*"

("Well, admit, like a man, it's the Mis'es said no and I'll let you off.")

"Are you a mind-reader?"

("No, but I'm married.")

"You win."

("Well, I'm sorry you can't be with us. Christmas will be coming along bye and bye, and you will need the money.")

"I expect."

("Mis'es will want a present, and she ought to let you get a little more ahead.")

"That's true."

("Well, so long. Toast your feet before you go to bed. And you'd better put a cloth around your neck.")

"Here, don't rub it in. It hurts me worse than you."

("All right. I know you are as sorry as we are. I know how it is. My Mis'es will be at home next week and this will be the last one, so I wanted you to come. Good-by.")

"Good-by. Oh, say! Wait a minute. I've got an idea."

("Good; use it.")

"Wait now. Wait now, I am thinking." Tom was trying to recall if he had closed the parlor door when he came upstairs. "Yes, I think I did."

("Think you did what?")

"Nothing. I wasn't talking to you. I was thinking. Say, put your ear close to the telephone. I've got to talk low."

("Why, I have got the thing right against my ear anyway. What are you talking about?")

"Listen. This is the scheme. I'll come if I can," he whispered into the receiver. "I don't think the Mis'es wants to go to the Tad-Wallington dance, and I'll work it so that I shall go alone. If I succeed I'll be with you."

("What? What's that?")

"I say," he repeated more distinctly, "if Mrs. P. doesn't want to go to the dance I'll try to go by myself and shall be with you."

("You say that you and Mrs. P. are going to the dance.")

"Oh, you deaf fool! No! I say that if she *doesn't* go to the dance maybe I shall—*be—with—you.*"

("Oh, I understand you. Good. If you are as clever as you are at getting every one in against a pat full-house you will succeed. Come early. Luck to you. Good-by.")

If Tom were right in thinking he had closed the parlor door he was considerably surprised and flustered to find it ajar when he came down stairs. But Mrs. Porter was still reading the evening paper and did not look as if she had been disturbed by the telephoning. There was a slight flush on her cheeks, however, that he had not noticed before, but that may have been caused by the noble sacrifice of his own wishes for hers.

"I am glad, Tom you told him you could not come," Mrs. Porter said, looking at him affectionately. "It is so good of you to give up to my little whims."

Tom said mentally: "I guess she did not hear it all, at least."

"I know," she went on, "that I was brought up on a narrow plane, and any sort of gambling seems wicked."

"But at first you would not play cards at all, and then you learned euchre. All games of cards look alike to me."

"I suppose they do, but euchre is a simple, interesting pastime; whist is a scientific—a—a—mental—exercise, developing the mind, and so forth, while poker cheats people out of their money,—at least, they lose money they ought to use other ways,—or else they win some and then have ill-gotten gains, which is worse."

"But poker is a great nerve developer," Tom protested feebly.

"But it's gambling."

"Well, how about playing euchre for a prize?"

"Oh we settled that a while ago," Mrs. Porter exclaimed. "I showed you the difference between the two, didn't I?"

"I believe you did. But don't you want to go to the Tad-Wallington dance?"

"No." Mrs. Porter said shortly.

"Did you send cards?"

"No."

"You should have done so, shouldn't you?"

"I suppose so, but I don't care."

"Why don't you want to go?"

"I don't like Mrs. Tad-Wallington. She wears her dresses too low."

"Maybe she does, but I think we should be polite to her."

"I don't care very much whether we are or not."

"*I* think we ought to go. Or else," he added in an afterthought with the expression of a martyr, "or else *I* ought to go and take your regrets."

"Well, why don't you do that?" Mrs. Porter exclaimed brightly.

"All right, I will!" he almost shouted. "I'll *do* it. I think it's the decent thing to do. I'll get ready right away."

"Right now? Why, it's entirely too early. It's only half-past seven. You can stay here until ten, then go for a few minutes and be back by eleven."

"No, no, that would not be nice. That's not the way to treat people who have gone to the expense of giving a dance. Everybody should go early and stay late."

"Oh, absurd."

"No, it's decent. I think I had better go early anyway, and then I can get back earlier. I don't want to stay up too late."

"Well, if you insist, go on."

Tom went upstairs and began dressing hurriedly. He knew he would not feel safe until he was a square away from the house. If this was to be the last of these bully, bachelor, poker parties he did not want to miss it. His wife was the sweetest little woman on earth, and he delighted in being with her, and humoring her, but then a woman's view of life and things is often so different that there is a joyous relaxation in a man party. If he could dress and get away before his wife changed her mind all would be well. He put his clothes on feverishly, but before he had half finished he heard her running up the stairs, and his heart sank. She came with the step that indicated something important on her mind. He knew as well how she looked as if he could see her coming. She was humped over slightly, her head was down, both hands grasping her skirts in front, and her feet fairly glimmering at the speed she was coming.

She burst into the room. "Tom, I think I will go with you. It is mean of me to make you go alone."

"You think what? You can't, it's a men's party. Oh, you—'Y, no, it's not mean. I don't mind it a bit. I like to go alone—that is, I don't mind it, and I won't hear to your putting yourself out on my account. And then you know, Mrs. Tad-Wallington wears her dresses so disgustingly low."

"That's it, Tom. That's why I think I ought to go."

"Oh, pshaw. You know I despise her. I never dance with her. No, I can't think of letting you go on my account. And I don't want my wife even to be seen at the party of a woman who wears such dresses as she does. No! positively, I can't permit it."

"Well, it's as bad for you to go."

"But one of us has to go to be decent. It would be

rude not to, and we can not afford to be rude even to the commonest people."

"I don't want you to go unless I go with you," she said pettishly.

"But I never dance with her."

"It is not that so much. I do not want us to recognize her at all."

"I am not going to even *speak* to her. I will snub her. I will walk by her and not see her. I will let her know that my little wife doesn't belong to her class. I'll show her."

"But, Tom, wouldn't that be ruder than not going at all?"

"Oh, no. I don't think so. By going and snubbing her, it shows that you are conforming to all the *laws* of politeness without conceding anything to wanton impropriety. Don't you see?"

"Hardly."

"Well, it does. And I have to go for business reasons. I have her husband's law business, and can't afford to lose it by not going."

"Wouldn't it make her husband angry for you to snub her?"

"Oh, no, it would rather please him. He is inclined to be jealous, and likes the men better who don't have anything to do with her. It would strengthen our business relations immensely."

"Maybe you are right," she added with resignation. "You lawyers have such peculiar arguments that I can't understand them."

"Yes, I know. Law is the science of reasoning—of getting at the fine, subtile points which other people can not see."

"Well, go, if you really think it's best," she said at last.

Tom tied a black bow around his collar and put on his tuxedo.

"Oh, Tom, what do you mean? You surely do not intend to wear your tuxedo and a black tie. I heard you say it was the worst of form at anything but a men's party."

"Oh, ah, did I? Well, maybe I did. I had forgotten. I became a little confused by our long argument. I am always confused after an argument. Would you believe it, the other day after an argument in court I put on the judge's overcoat when I came away and did not notice it until I got to the office? You think I had better wear a long coat and white tie?"

"Of course. I want you to be the best-dressed man there. I don't want you to look as if you were at a smoker."

Tom wheeled toward his wife, but she was digging in a drawer for his white tie and may not have meant anything.

"Now don't tell me you have none. Here is one fresh and crisp. You would not disgrace us by going to a dance dressed that way?" she pleaded.

"I will do whatever you say, dear," Tom answered, with a trace of suspicion still in his eye.

He put on his long coat and the tie, and when he kissed his wife adieu she patted him affectionately on the cheek.

"It is good of you to go to this old dance and let me stay at home," she said, smiling sweetly at him. "Have as good a time as you can and be sure to see what Mrs. Harris wears."

When Tom got into the street he drew a long breath of fresh air, and then lighted a cigarette to quiet his nerves.

"I've got to go to that party for a few minutes," he

said to himself, "or I may get caught when I come to take my examination to-morrow morning. I can't possibly make up a whole lot about dresses. And then some woman may tell Ruth that I was not there. Let's see," he looked at his watch, "it's nearly nine. Some people will be there. I can look them over and then take a few notes about the dressing-room as I come away."

Tom paused but a moment in the dressing-room, where a few oldish men waited for their fat, rejuvenated wives, and some young stags smoked cigarettes until the buds could get up to the hall.

The young Mrs. Tad-Wallington received him with a gracious smile and inquired for Mrs. Porter.

"A blinding headache," said Tom. "She was determined to come until the last minute, but then had to give it up."

The old Mr. Tad-Wallington took one hand from behind his back to give it to Tom, and for a moment almost lost that tired, married-to-a-young-woman look.

"How a' you, Tom?" he said. "Did you find out anything about that Barnesville business? Can you levy on Harmon's property?"

"I haven't looked any further, but I still think you can."

"Call me up as soon as you find out."

Tom was pushed away by a large wife with a little husband whom the hostess was presenting to Mr. Tad-Wallington, and this couple was followed by an extremely tall man who had apparently become stoop-shouldered talking to his very small wife. Tom sidled around where he could see the people as they came, and began making mental notes.

"Mrs. Tad-Wallington, dressed in a kind of silverish flowered—brocaded, I guess—stuff, with a bunch of

white carnations—no, little roses. Blond hair done up with a kind of a roach that lops over at one side of her forehead." "There are our namesakes, the John Porters. Mrs. John has a banana colored dress with a sort of mosquito netting all over it. She's got one red rose pinned on in front." "There are the three Long sisters, one pink, one white, and one blue. Pink and white are fluffy goods. But Ruth'll not care how girls are dressed. It's the women." "Here's a queen in black. Who is it? Oh, Lord! I am sorry I saw her face. It's Mrs. May ——, the Irish washerwoman, as Ruth calls her. And who's the Cleopatra with the silver snake around her arm, and the silver do-funnies around her waist? Oh, Bess Smith! I am getting so many details I'll have 'em all mixed up the first thing I know. Let me see, who had on the red dress? Ding, I've forgotten. I'd better write them down."

He got a card from his pocket and began writing abbreviated descriptions on it. "Mrs. R. strp. slk." "Mrs. J. J. white; h. of a long train." "Sm. Small brt. Mrs. Jones, wid." He filled up two cards and then slipped to the dressing-room and away.

"Solomon could not beat that trick. I can tell Sweetheart more than she could have found out herself if she had come. Now for something that's a little more fun. He chuckled at his cleverness as he stepped on a car to go the faster to his more fascinating party.

And he chuckled the following morning as he dressed.

"They were going to strip me, were they," he said to himself, as he pulled a small roll of bills from the vest pocket of his dress suit. "Well, not quite. Let me see. I had nineteen dollars with me. Now I have five, ten, and ten are twenty, and five are twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, and two are thirty, thirty-one. And some change. That's not stripping, anyway."

He laughed again as he pulled two cards from his pocket and saw his memoranda of dresses.

"Good thought. I'd better read them over, for the morning paper may contain some description, and I'd like to make good. 'Mrs. Paton, wht. slk.' white silk. 'Mrs. Mull, d. t.' d. t.? What does d. t. stand for? d. t.? I can't think of anything but delirium tremens, but that's not it. D. t. Dark—dark what? Dark trous— No. Dark tresses? Not that, either. Dark—trousseau? Hardly that. She's just married, but she didn't have her whole trousseau on. Dark—? Search me, I don't know. 'Mrs. B.' Mrs. Brown, 'l. d.' Long dress? Lawn dress? No, lavender dress, I remember. This cipher is worse than the one in the 'Gold Bug.' I wish I had written it out."

Some of the things he could interpret and some he could not, but he could remember none when he took his eyes away from the card.

He found his wife waiting for him in the breakfast room, dressed in a blue tea-gown, and she looked so charming that he could not refrain from taking two kisses from her red lips. She put her arms around his neck and took one of them back again.

"How are you this morning? Did you have a good time at the dance?"

"Oh, so-so," Tom answered. "I've had better."

"Breakfast is ready. Now tell me all about it while we eat."

"Well, it was just like all others. Same people there, dressed about the same. I was in hopes you would read about it in the morning paper and let me off. That would give you a better account of it than I can."

"But I want to hear about it from your point of view. Did anything of any special importance happen? Whom did you dance with?"

There was a sharp questioning look in Mrs. Porter's eyes, that Tom, if he noticed it at all, took in a masculine way to indicate a touch of jealousy.

"No, nothing of any note. I danced with about the same people I do usually. Mrs. DeBruler, I think."

"You think? That's complimentary to her. How was she dressed?"

"Oh, ah; (mentally) 'bl. slk.' Blue silk or black silk, which was it? (Aloud) Blue silk, I think."

"Blue silk! My, she oughtn't to wear blue. What's that card you have in your hand, your program?"

"Yes, I wanted to see whom else I danced with."

"Oh, let me see," Mrs. Porter exclaimed.

"Well, it is—that is, I was just looking for my program. I can't find it. I must have lost it."

"Oh, that is too bad. I wanted to see it. Did you dance many dances?"

"No, not many. Just a few people we are under obligations to."

"How late did you stay?" Mrs. Porter asked, as she passed him his second cup of coffee.

"About midnight, I think."

"Oh, where were you after that? You didn't get home until after one."

"M'm, my, this coffee's hot! One? Did you say one? The clock must have been striking half-past eleven."

"No, I am sure it was after one, because I laid awake for a while and heard it strike two."

"May be you are right. I did not look. But lots of people were still there when I left. Do you like the two-step better than the waltz?"

"Yes, I do. But that was on Sunday—after twelve o'clock. Weren't you ashamed to dance on Sunday?"

"I think I like the waltz better. The waltz is to the

two-step what the minuet is to the jig. Don't you think so now? Young Mrs. Black is a splendid waltzer. Next to you, she is about the best."

"Well, I do not care to be compared with her. And I hope you didn't dance with her. She, divorced and married again, and not twenty-four yet!"

"I don't see as much harm in a young woman being divorced as an old one."

"I do. They ought to live together long enough to know if their troubles are real."

"Hers were."

"I always thought Mr. Hughes was real nice. Did you find your program?"

"No, I must have lost it."

They rose from the breakfast table and went,arm in arm, to the sitting-room. They divided the morning paper and sat in silence for a while. Tom went over the first page, read the prospects for war between Russia and Japan, then the European despatches, and then came to the page with the city news. He glanced carelessly over it, seeing little to attract him. By and by his eyes returned to a column that he had passed because calamities did not interest him, something about an explosion. When he came to it the second time his eyes fell on one of the sub-headings and it made him catch his breath. He read the headlines from the top.

"Great Heavens!" he said to himself, and shot a glance at his wife from the corners of his eyes. "Lord, I am in for it."

The heading that he saw was:

Terrific Explosion at a Ball.
Panic Barely Averted.
Mrs. Tad-Wallington's Dance Interrupted.
Fire Ensued, but no Great Damage Done.
Many of the Women Fainted.

He then read the article through to see if there was any loop-hole, but found that the explosion had occurred, perhaps, before he was five squares away—about a quarter of ten, in fact. And he had admitted to his wife that he had stayed there until late at night!

"She mustn't see this page," he said to himself. "I must get it out of here and burn it."

He glanced at his wife again. She was reading her sheet interestedly. He separated the part that contained the city news and was preparing to smuggle it from the room under his coat.

"Here is the account of the dance," she exclaimed, looking up, "and you need not tell me any more—"

"The what!"

"The dance, and I can read all—"

"Did we get two papers this morning?" Tom stammered, feeling cold about the heart.

"No, I have the society sheet, and it tells what everybody wore— Why, what is the matter with you, Tom? You look sick. You are not sick, are you, Tom?" she asked, rising and coming over to him.

"No, no, I am not sick. I am all right. Go on and read the description of the dresses; that will relieve me more than anything else. I'll not have to think it all up."

"Oh, but you look sick."

"I am not; I am—I never was so well. See how strong I am. I can crush that piece of paper up into a very small ball with my bare hands. I am awfully strong."

"Oh, don't do that. There may be something in it that I want to read."

"No, there isn't. There's nothing in it. I read it through. I have an idea. I'll tell you what let's do. Let's burn the paper and I'll tell you what the women wore. These society notes are written beforehand and are not

authentic. The only way is to have it from an eye-witness. Let's do it, will you?"

"No, I would rather read it. Aren't you sick, Tom? What makes your brow so damp?"

"It's so hot, it's infernally hot in here."

"I thought it was rather cold. I saw you shiver a moment ago. Tom, you *are* sick. You must have eaten too much salad last night. You know you can't eat salad."

"I didn't touch any salad. I only ate a frankfurter and drank a high-ball—"

"A frankfurter and a high-ball! Why, what sort of refreshments did they have?"

"I didn't mean that. I meant a canary-bird sandwich and a glass of water."

"I know what it is then, Tom. You inhaled a lot of the smoke."

Tom took a long hard look at his wife. "What!" he almost screamed at last.

"I say you have inhaled too much smoke. You have been smoking too much."

"Oh, that. Yes, I expect I have."

She looked at him with a twinkle in her eye as she sat on the arm of his chair, holding to the back with her hands.

"Tom, I'll bet you are a great hero."

"I'll bet I'm not."

"I'll bet you are, and are too modest to admit it."

"Too modest to admit what?"

"Too modest to admit the heroic things you have done."

"I never did any."

"Yes, you did. I know you saved two or three people's lives at the risk of your own."

"I haven't any medals."

"But you must have done something brave, and that's why you didn't tell me about the explosion."

Tom did not answer. The machinery of his voice would not turn. The power ran through his throat like cog-wheels out of gear.

"My dear, sweet, brave, modest husband."

"I—I'm not all of that."

"Yes you are. You were the bravest man there. How many fainting women did you rescue?"

"Oh, not many. I think only five or six."

"Did you inhale much of the flame and smoke?"

"Yes, I think I must have inhaled some, but I did not notice it until now."

"Was the smoke very thick?"

"Awfully thick in places."

"And you walked right into it?"

"I had to. There wasn't any way to ride."

"Ride?"

"I mean I walked into the smoke. I don't know what I am saying. You must be right. I am sick."

"How brave my husband is. How proud I am of him. And not only brave but skilful. How did you manage to go through the smoke and flame and get no odor of smoke on your clothes, nor smut the front of your shirt?"

"I don't know, dear. I did not have time to notice. I was too busy."

"Ah, my hero! I am proud of you. Did you win or lose?"

"Did I what?"

"Did you win or lose?"

Tom took another look into her innocent blue eyes.

"Which?" she repeated.

"Ruth, what have you been doing to me?"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Don't I look it?"

A THRENODY

BY GEORGE THOMAS LANIGAN

What, what, what,
  What's the news from Swat?
    Sad news,
    Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
  Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
  But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead;
    (Sorrow Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
  Or to victory,
  As the case might be,
    Sorrow Swats!
Tears shed,
  Shed tears like water,
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
  That Swats the matter!

1754

Mourn, city of Swat!
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But lain 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthy walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)
And skeptics mock the lowly mound
And say, "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies,—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all earthly mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning of the
Swattish nation!

Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength,
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

THE CONSCIENTIOUS CURATE AND THE BEAUTEOUS BALLET GIRL

BY WILLIAM RUSSELL ROSE

Young William was a curate good,
  Who to himself did say:
"I cawn't denounce the stage as vile
  Until I've seen a play."

He was so con-sci-en-ti-ous
  That, when the play he sought,
To grasp its entire wickedness
  A front row seat he bought.

'Twas in the burlesque, you know, the burlesque of "Prince Prettypate, or the Fairy Muffin Ring," and when the ballet came on, that good young curate met his fate. She, too, was in the front row, and—

She danced like this, she danced like that,
  Her feet seemed everywhere;
They scarcely touched the floor at all
  But twinkled in the air.

She *entrechat,* her fairy *pas*
  Filled William with delight;
She whirled around, his heart did bound—
  'Twas true love at first sight.

He sought her out and married her;
Of course, she left the stage,
And in his daily parish work
With William did engage.

She helped him in his parish school,
Where ragged urchins go,
And all the places on the map
She'd point out with her toe.

And when William gently remonstrated with her, she only said: "William, when I married you I gave you my hand—my feet are still my own."

She'd point like this, she'd point like that,
The scholars she'd entrance—
"This, children, is America;
And this, you see, is France.

"A highland here, an island there,
'Round which the waters roll;
And this is Pa-ta-go-ni-ah,
And this is the frozen Pole."

Young William's bishop called one day,
But found the curate out,
And so he told the curate's wife
What he had come about.

"Your merit William oft to me
Most highly doth extol;
I trust, my dear, you always try
To elevate the soul."

Then William's wife made the bishop a neat little curtsey, and gently said: "Oh, yes, your Grace, I always do—in my own peculiar way."

She danced like this, she danced like that,
The bishop looked aghast;
He could not see her mazy skirts,
They switched around so fast.

She tripped it here, she skipped it there,
The bishop's eyes did roll—
"God bless me! 'tis a pleasant way
To elevate the sole!"

THE HOSS

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The hoss he is a splendud beast;
  He is man's friend, as heaven desined,
And, search the world from west to east,
  No honester you'll ever find!

Some calls the hoss "a pore dumb brute,"
  And yit, like Him who died fer you,
I say, as I theyr charge refute,
"'Fergive; they know not what they do!'"

No wiser animal makes tracks
  Upon these earthly shores, and hence
Arose the axium, true as facts,
  Extoled by all, as "Good hoss-sense!"

The hoss is strong, and knows his stren'th,—
  You hitch him up a time er two
And lash him, and he'll go his len'th
  And kick the dashboard out fer you!

But, treat him allus good and kind,
  And never strike him with a stick,
Ner aggervate him, and you'll find
  He'll never do a hostile trick.

THE HOSS

A hoss whose master tends him right
And worters him with daily care,
Will do your biddin' with delight,
And act as docile as *you* air.

He'll paw and prance to hear your praise,
Because he's learn't to love you well;
And, though you can't tell what he says,
He'll nicker all he wants to tell.

He knows you when you slam the gate
At early dawn, upon your way
Unto the barn, and snorts elate,
To git his corn, er oats, er hay.

He knows you, as the orphant knows
The folks that loves her like theyr own,
And raises her and "finds" her clothes,
And "schools" her tel a womern-grown!

I claim no hoss will harm a man,
Ner kick, ner run away, cavort,
Stump-suck, er balk, er "catamaran,"
Ef you'll jest treat him as you ort.

But when I see the beast abused,
And clubbed around as I've saw some,
I want to see his owner noosed,
And jest yanked up like Absolum!

Of course they's differunce in stock,—
A hoss that has a little yeer,
And slender build, and shaller hock,
Can beat his shadder, mighty near!

Whilse one that's thick in neck and chist
And big in leg and full in flank,
That tries to race, I still insist
He'll have to take the second rank.

And I have jest laid back and laughed,
And rolled and wallered in the grass
At fairs, to see some heavy-draft
Lead out at *first,* yit come in *last!*

Each hoss has his appinted place,—
The heavy hoss should plow the soil;—
The blooded racer, he must race,
And win big wages fer his toil.

I never bet—ner never wrought
Upon my feller-man to bet—
And yit, at times, I've often thought
Of my convictions with regret.

I bless the hoss from hoof to head—
From head to hoof, and tale to mane!—
I bless the hoss, as I have said,
From head to hoof, and back again!

I love my God the first of all,
Then Him that perished on the cross,
And next, my wife,—and then I fall
Down on my knees and love the hoss.

WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE

BY S. E. KISER

He looked at my tongue and he shook his head—
  This was Doctor Smart—
He thumped on my chest, and then he said:
  "Ah, there it is! Your heart!
  You mustn't run—you mustn't hurry!
  You mustn't work—you mustn't worry!
Just sit down and take it cool;
  You may live for years, I can not say;
But, in the meantime, make it a rule
  To take this medicine twice a day!"

He looked at my tongue, and he shook his head—
  This was Doctor Wise—
"Your liver's a total wreck," he said,
  "You must take more exercise!
  You mustn't eat sweets.
  You mustn't eat meats,
You must walk and leap, you must also run;
  You mustn't sit down in the dull old way;
Get out with the boys and have some fun—
  And take three doses of this a day!"

He looked at my tongue, and he shook his head—
  This was Doctor Bright—
"I'm afraid your lungs are gone," he said,
  "And your kidney isn't right.

'A change of scene is what you need,
Your case is desperate, indeed,
'And bread is a thing you mustn't eat—
Too much starch—but, by the way,
You must henceforth live on only meat—
And take six doses of this a day!"

Perhaps they were right, and perhaps they knew,
It isn't for me to say;
Mayhap I erred when I madly threw
Their bitter stuff away;
But I'm living yet and I'm on my feet,
And grass isn't all I dare to eat,
'And I walk and I run and I worry, too,
But, to save my life, I can not see
What some of the able doctors would do
If there were no fools like you and me.

THE BOAT THAT AIN'T*

BY WALLACE IRWIN

A stout, fat boat for gailin'
  And a long, slim boat for squall;
But there isn't no fun in sailin'
  When you haven't no boat at all.

For what is the use o' calkin'
  A tub with a mustard pot—
And what is the use o' talkin'
  Of a boat that you haven't got?

* From "Nautical Lays of a Landsman," by Wallace Irwin. Copyright, 1904, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

HOW JIMABOY FOUND HIMSELF

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

When Jimaboy began to live by his wits—otherwise, when he set up author and proposed to write for bread and meat—it was a time when the public appetite demanded names and *naïveté*. And since Jimaboy was fresh enough to satisfy both of these requirements, the editors looked with favor upon him, and his income, for a little while, exceeded the modest figure of the railroad clerkship upon which he had ventured to ask Isobel to marry him.

But afterward there came a time of dearth; a period in which the new name was no longer a thing to conjure with, and artlessness was a drug on the market. Cleverness was the name of the new requirement, and Jimaboy's gift was glaringly sentimental. When you open your magazine at "The Contusions of Peggy, by James Augustus Jimaboy," you are justly indignant when you find melodrama and predetermined pathos instead of the clever clowneries which the sheer absurdity of the author's signature predicts.

"Item," said Jimaboy, jotting it down in his notebook while Isobel hung over the back of his chair: "It's a perilous thing to make people cry when they are out for amusement. Did the postman remember us this morning?"

Isobel nodded mournfully.

"And the crop?" said Jimaboy.

"Three manuscripts; two from New York and one from Boston."

"'So flee the works of men
Back to the earth again,'"

quoted the sentimentalist, smiling from the teeth outward. "Is that all?"

"All you would care about. There were some fussy old bills."

"Whose, for instance?"

"Oh, the grocer's and the coal man's and the butcher's and the water company's, and some other little ones."

"'Some other little ones'," mused Jimaboy. "There's pathos for you. If I could ever get that into a story, with your intonation, it would be cheap at fifteen cents the word. We're up against it, Bella, dear."

"Well?" she said, with an arm around his neck.

"It isn't well; it's confoundedly ill. It begins to look as if it were 'back to the farm' for us."

She came around to sit on the arm of the chair.

"To the railroad office? Never! Jimmy, love. You are too good for that."

"Am I? That remains to be proved. And just at present the evidence is accumulating by the ream on the other side—reams of rejected MS."

"You haven't found yourself yet; that is all."

He forced a smile. "Let's offer a reward. 'Lost: the key to James and Isobel Jimaboy's success in life. Finder will be suitably recompensed on returning same to 506 Hayward Avenue, Cleland, Ohio.'"

She leaned over and planted a soft little kiss on the exact spot on his forehead where it would do the most good.

"I could take the city examination and teach, if you'd let me, Jimmy."

He shook his head definitely. That was ground which had been gone over before.

"Teach little babies their a b c's? I'm afraid that isn't your specialty, heart of mine. Now if you could teach other women the art of making a man believe that he has cornered the entire visible supply of ecstatic thrills in marrying the woman of his choice—by Jove, now! there's an idea!"

Now Jimaboy had no idea in particular; he never had an idea that he did not immediately coin it into words and try to sell it. But Isobel's eyes were suspiciously bright, and the situation had to be saved.

"I was just thinking: the thing to do successfully is the—er—the thing you do best, isn't it?"

She laughed, in spite of the unpaid bills.

"Why can't you put clever things like that into your stories, Jimmy, dear?"

"As if I didn't!" he retorted. "But don't step on my idea and squash it while it's in the soft-shell-crab stage. As I said, I was thinking: there is just one thing we can give the world odds on and beat it out of sight. And that thing is our long suit—our specialty."

"But you said you had an idea," said Isobel, whose private specialty was singleness of purpose.

"Oh—yes," said Jimaboy. Then he smote hard upon the anvil and forged one on the spur of the moment. "Suppose we call it The Post-Graduate School of W. B., Professor James Augustus Jimaboy, principal; Mrs. Isobel Jimaboy, assistant principal. How would that sound?"

"It would sound like the steam siren on the planing mill. But what is the 'W. B.'?"

" 'Wedded Bliss,' of course. Here is the way it figures out. We've been married three years, and—"

"Three years, five months and fourteen days," she corrected.

"Excellent! That accuracy of yours would be worth a fortune on the faculty. But let me finish—during these three years, five months and fourteen days we have fought, bled and died on the literary battle-field; dined on bath-mitts and *café hydraulique,* walked past the opera-house entrance when our favorite play was on, and all that. But tell me, throb of my heart, have we ever gone shy on bliss?"

She met him half-way. It was the spirit in which they had faced the bill collector since the beginning of the period of leanness.

"Never, Jimmy, dear; not even hardly ever."

"There you are, then. Remains only for us to tell others how to do it; to found the Post-Graduate School of W. B. It's the one thing needful in a world of educational advantage; a world in which everything but the gentle art of being happy, though married, is taught by the postman. We have solved all the other problems, but there has been no renaissance in the art of matrimony. Think of the ten thousand divorces granted in a single state last year! My dear Isobel, we mustn't lose a day—an hour—a minute!"

She pretended to take him seriously.

"I don't know why we shouldn't do it, I'm sure," she mused. "They teach everything by mail nowadays. But who is going to die and leave us the endowment to start with?"

"That's the artistic beauty of the mail scheme," said Jimaboy, enthusiastically. "It doesn't require capitalizing; no buildings, no campus, no football team, no expensive university plant; nothing but an inspiration, a serviceable typewriter, and a little old postman to blow his whistle at the door."

"And the specialty," added Isobel, "though some of them don't seem to trouble themselves much about that. Oh, yes; and the advertising; that is where the endowment comes in, isn't it?"

But Jimaboy would not admit the obstacle.

"That is one of the things that grow by what they are fed upon: your ad. brings in the money, and then the money buys more ad. Now, there's Blicker, of the *Woman's Uplift;* he still owes us for that last story—we take it out in advertising space. Also Dormus, of the *Home World,* and Amory, of the *Storylovers*—same boat—more advertising space. Then the *Times* hasn't paid for that string of space-fillers on "The Lovers of All Nations." The *Times* has a job office, and we could take that out in prospectuses and application blanks."

By this time the situation was entirely saved and Isobel's eyes were dancing.

"Wouldn't it be glorious?" she murmured. "Think of the precious, precious letters we'd get; real letters like some of those pretended ones in Mr. Blicker's correspondence column. And we wouldn't tell them what the 'W. B.' meant until after they'd finished the course, and then we'd send them the degree of 'Master of Wedded Bliss,' and write it out in the diploma."

Jimaboy sat back in his chair and laughed uproariously. The most confirmed sentimentalist may have a saving sense of humor. Indeed, it is likely to go hard with him in the experimental years, if he has it not.

"It's perfectly feasible—perfectly," he chuckled. "It would be merely pounding sand into the traditional rat-hole with all the implements furnished—teaching our specialty to a world yearning to know how. You could get up the lectures and question schedules for the men, and I could make some sort of a shift with the women."

"Yes; but the text-books. Don't these 'Fit-yourself-at-Home' schools have text-books?"

"Um, y-yes; I suppose they do. That would be a little difficult for us—just at the go-off. But we could get around that. For example, 'Dear Mrs. Blank: Replying to your application for membership in the Post-Graduate School of W. B., would say that your case is so peculiar' —that would flatter her immensely—'your case is so peculiar that the ordinary text-books cover it very inadequately. Therefore, with your approval, and for a small additional tuition fee of $2 the term, we shall place you in a special class to be instructed by electrographed lectures dictated personally by the principal.' "

Isobel clapped her hands. "Jimmy, love, you are simply great, when you are not trying to be. And, after a while, we could print the lectures and have our own text-books copyrighted. But don't you think we ought to take in the young people, as well?—have a—a collegiate department for beginners?"

"'Sh!" said Jimaboy, and he got up and closed the door with ostentatious caution. "Suppose somebody—Lantermann, for instance—should hear you say such things as that: 'take in the young people'! Shades of the Rosicrucians! we wouldn't 'take in' anybody. The very life of these mail things is the unshaken confidence of the people. But, as you suggest, we really ought to include the frying size."

It was delicious fooling, and Isobel found a sketch-block and dipped her pen.

"You do the letter-press for the 'collegiate' ad., and I'll make a picture for it," she said. "Hurry, or I'll beat you."

Jimaboy laughed and squared himself at the desk, and the race began. Isobel had a small gift and a large am-

bition: the gift was a cartoonist's facility in line drawing, and the ambition was to be able, in the dim and distant future, to illustrate Jimaboy's stories. Lantermann, the *Times* artist, whose rooms were just across the hall, had given her a few lessons in caricature and some little gruff, Teutonic encouragement.

"Time!" she called, tossing the sketch-block over to Jimaboy. It was a happy thought. On a modern davenport sat two young people, far apart; the youth twiddling his thumbs in an ecstasy of embarrassment; the maiden making rabbit's ears with her handkerchief. Jimaboy's note of appreciation was a guffaw.

"I couldn't rise to the expression on those faces in a hundred years!" he lamented. "Hear me creak:"

DON'T MARRY

until you have taken the Preparatory Course in the Post-Graduate School of W. B. Home-Study in the Science of Successful Heart-Throbs. Why earn only ten kisses a week when one hour a day will qualify you for the highest positions? Our Collegiate Department confers degree of B. B.; Post-Graduate Department that of M. W. B. Members of Faculty all certificated Post-Graduates.

A postal card brings Prospectus and application blank.

Address: The Post-Graduate School of W. B., 506 Hayward Avenue, Cleland, Ohio.

Isobel applauded loyally. "Why, that doesn't creak a little bit! Try it again; for the unhappy T. M.'s, this time. Ready? Play!"

Her picture was done while Jimaboy was still nibbling his pen and scowling over the scratch-pad. It was a drawing-room interior, with the wife in tears and the husband

struggling into his overcoat. To them, running, an animated United States mail-bag, extending a huge envelope marked: "From the Post-Graduate School of W. B."

Jimaboy scratched out and rewrote, with the pen-drawing for an inspiration:

HEARTS DIVIDED
BECOME
HEARTS UNITED

when you have taken a Correspondence Course in Wedded Bliss. A Scholarship in the Post-Graduate School of W. B. is the most acceptable wedding gift or Christmas present for your friends. Curriculum includes Matrimony as a Fine Art, Post-Marriage Courtship, Elementary and Advanced Studies in Conjugal Harmony, Easy Lessons in the Gentle Craft of Eating Her Experimental Bread, Practical Analysis of the Club-Habit, with special course for wives in the Abstract Science of Honeyfugling Parsimonious Husbands. Diploma qualifies for highest positions. Our Gold Medalists are never idle.

The Post-Graduate School of W. B., 506 Hayward Avenue, Cleland, Ohio.

N. B.—Graphophone, with Model Conversations for Married Lovers, furnished free with lectures on Post-Marriage Courtship.

They pinned the pictures each to its "copy" and had their laugh over the conceit.

"Blest if I don't believe we could actually fake the thing through if we should try," said Jimaboy. "There are plenty of people in this world who would take it seriously."

"I don't doubt it," was Isobel's reply. "People are so ready to be gold-bricked—especially by mail. But it's

twelve o'clock! Shall I light the stove for luncheon?—or can we stand Giuseppe's?"

Jimaboy consulted the purse.

"I guess we can afford stuffed macaroni, this one time more," he rejoined. "Let's go now, while we can get one of the side tables and be exclusive."

They had barely turned the corner in the corridor when Lantermann's door opened and the cartoonist sallied out, also luncheon-stirred. He was a big German, with fierce military mustaches and a droop in his left eye that had earned him the nickname of "Bismarck" on the *Times* force. He tapped at the Jimaboy door in passing, growling to himself in broken English.

"I like not dis light housegeeping for dese babies mit der wood. Dey starf von day und eat nottings der next. I choost take dem oud once und gif dem sauerkraut und wiener."

When there was no answer to his rap he pushed the door open and entered, being altogether on a brotherly footing with his fellow-lodgers. The pen-drawings with their pendant squibs were lying on Jimaboy's desk; and when Lantermann comprehended he sat down in Jimaboy's chair and dwelt upon them.

"Himmel!" he gurgled; "dot's some of de liddle voman's fooling. Goot, *sehr* goot! I mus' show dot to Hasbrouck." And when he went out, the copy for the two advertisements was in his pocket.

Jimaboy got a check from the *Storylovers* that afternoon, and in the hilarity consequent upon such sudden and unexpected prosperity the Post-Graduate School of W. B. was forgotten. But not permanently. Late in the evening, when Jimaboy was filing and scraping laboriously on another story,—he always worked hardest on the heels of a check,—Isobel thought of the pen-drawings and looked in vain for them.

"What did you do with the W. B. jokes, Jimmy?" she asked.

"I didn't do anything with them. Don't tell me they're lost!"—in mock concern.

"They seem to be; I can't find them anywhere."

"Oh, they'll turn up again all right," said Jimaboy; and he went on with his polishing.

They did turn up, most surprisingly. Three days later, Isobel was glancing through the thirty-odd pages of the swollen *Sunday Times,* and she gave a little shriek.

"Horrors!" she cried; "the *Times* has printed those ridiculous jokes of ours, *and run them as advertisements!"*

"What!" shouted Jimaboy.

"It's so; see here!"

It was so, indeed. On the "Wit and Humor" page, which was half reading matter and half advertising, the Post-Graduate School of W. B. figured as large as life, with very fair reproductions of Isobel's drawings heading the displays.

"Heavens!" ejaculated Jimaboy; and then his first thought was the jealous author's. "Isn't it the luckiest thing ever that the spirit didn't move me to sign those things?"

"You might as well have signed them," said Isobel. "You've given our street and number."

"My kingdom!" groaned Jimaboy. "Here—you lock the door behind me, while I go hunt Hasbrouck. It's a duel with siege guns at ten paces, or a suit for damages with him."

He was back again in something under the hour, and his face was haggard.

"We are lost!" he announced tragically. "There is nothing for it now but to run."

"How ever did it happen?" queried Isobel.

"Oh, just as simply and easily as rolling off a log—as such things always happen. Lantermann saw the things on the desk, and your sketches caught him. He took 'em down to show to Hasbrouck, and Hasbrouck, meaning to do us a good turn, marked the skits up for the 'Wit and Humor' page. The intelligent make-up foreman did the rest: says of course he took 'em for ads. and run 'em as ads."

"But what does Mr. Hasbrouck say?"

"He gave me the horse laugh; said he would see to it that the advertising department didn't send me a bill. When I began to pull off my coat he took it all back and said he was all kinds of sorry and would have the mistake explained in to-morrow's paper. But you know how that goes. Out of the hundred and fifty thousand people who will read those miserable squibs to-day, not five thousand will see the explanation to-morrow. Oh, we've got to run, I tell you; skip, fly, vanish into thin air!"

But sober second thought came after a while to relieve the panic pressure. 506 Hayward Avenue was a small apartment-house, with a dozen or more tenants, lodgers, or light housekeepers, like the Jimaboys. All they would have to do would be to breathe softly and make no mention of the Post-Graduate School of W. B. Then the other tenants would never know, and the postman would never know. Of course, the non-delivery of the mail might bring troublesome inquiry upon the *Times* advertising department, but, as Jimaboy remarked maliciously, that was none of their funeral.

Accordingly, they breathed softly for a continuous week, and carefully avoided personal collisions with the postman. But temporary barricades are poor defenses at the best. One day as they were stealthily scurrying out to

luncheon—they had acquired the stealthy habit to perfection by this time—they ran plump into the laden mail carrier in the lower hall.

"Hello!" said he; "you are just the people I've been looking for. I have a lot of letters and postal cards for The Post-Graduate School of something or other, 506 Hayward. Do you know anything about it?"

They exchanged glances. Isobel's said, "Are you going to make *me* tell the fib?" and Jimaboy's said, "Help!"

"I—er—I guess maybe they belong to us"—it was the man who weakened. "At least, it was our advertisement that brought them. Much obliged, I'm sure." And a breathless minute later they were back in their rooms with the fateful and fearfully bulky packet on the desk between them and such purely physical and routine things as luncheon quite forgotten.

"James Augustus Jimaboy! What have you done?" demanded the accusing angel.

"Well, somebody had to say something, and you wouldn't say it," retorted Jimaboy.

"Jimmy, did you want me to lie?"

"That's what you wanted me to do, wasn't it? But perhaps you think that one lie, more or less, wouldn't cut any figure in my case."

"Jimmy, dear, don't be horrid. You know perfectly well that your curiosity to see what is in those letters was too much for you."

Jimaboy walked to the window and shoved his hands deep into his pockets. It was their first quarrel, and being unfamiliar with the weapons of that warfare, he did not know which one to draw next. And the one he did draw was a tin dagger, crumpling under the blow.

"It has been my impression all along that curiosity was a feminine weakness," he observed to the window-panes.

"James Jimaboy! You know better than that! You've said a dozen times in your stories that it was just the other way about—you know you have. And, besides, I didn't let the cat out of the bag."

Here was where Jimaboy's sense of humor came in. He turned on her quickly. She was the picture of righteous indignation trembling to tears. Whereupon he took her in his arms, laughing over her as she might have wept over him.

"Isn't this rich!" he gasped. "We—we built this thing on our specialty, and here we are qualifying like cats and dogs for our great mission to a quarrelsome world. Listen, Bella, dear, and I'll tell you why I weakened. It wasn't curiosity, or just plain, every-day scare. There is sure to be money in some of these letters, and it must be returned. Also, the other people must be told that it was only a joke."

"B-but we've broken our record and qu-quarreled!" she sobbed.

"Never mind," he comforted; "maybe that was necessary, too. Now we can add another course to the curriculum and call it the Exquisite Art of Making Up. Let's get to work on these things and see what we are in for."

They settled down to it in grim determination, cutting out the down-town luncheon and munching crackers and cheese while they opened and read and wrote and returned money and explained and re-explained in deadly and wearisome repetition.

"My land!" said Jimaboy, stretching his arms over his head, when Isobel got up to light the lamps, "isn't the credulity of the race a beautiful thing to contemplate? Let's hope this furore will die down as suddenly as it jumped up. If it doesn't, I'm going to make Hasbrouck furnish us a stenographer and pay the postage."

But it did not die down. For a solid fortnight they did little else than write letters and postal cards to anxious applicants, and by the end of the two weeks Jimaboy was starting up in his bed of nights to rave out the threadbare formula of explanation: "Dear Madam: The ad. you saw in the *Sunday Times* was not an ad.; it was a joke. There is no Post-Graduate School of W. B. in all the world. Please don't waste your time and ours by writing any more letters."

The first rift in the cloud was due to the good offices of Hasbrouck. He saw matter of public interest in the swollen jest and threw the columns of the *Sunday Times* open to Jimaboy. Under the racking pressure, the sentimentalist fired volley upon volley of scathing ridicule into the massed ranks of anxious inquirers, and finally came to answering some of the choicest of the letters in print.

"Good!" said Hasbrouck, when the "Jimaboy Column" in the Sunday paper began to be commented on and quoted; and he made Jimaboy an offer that seemed like sudden affluence.

But the crowning triumph came still later, in a letter from the editor of one of the great magazines. Jimaboy got it at the *Times* office, and some premonition of its contents made him keep it until Isobel could share it.

"We have been watching your career with interest," wrote the great man, "and we are now casting about for some one to take charge of a humorous department to be called 'Bathos and Pathos,' which we shall, in the near future, add to the magazine. May we see more of your work, as well as some of Mrs. Jimaboy's sketches?

"O Jimmy, dear, you found yourself at last!"

But his smile was a grin. "No," said he; "we've just got our diplomas from the Post-Graduate School of W. B.—that's all."

A RULE OF THREE

BY WALLACE RICE

There is a rule to drink, I think,
A rule of three
That you'll agree
With me
Can not be beat
And tends our lives to sweeten:
Drink ere you eat,
And while you eat,
And after you have eaten!

HOW THE MONEY GOES

BY JOHN G. SAXE

How goes the Money?—Well,
I'm sure it isn't hard to tell;
It goes for rent, and water-rates,
For bread and butter, coal and grates,
Hats, caps, and carpets, hoops and hose,—
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—Nay,
Don't everybody know the way?
It goes for bonnets, coats and capes,
Silks, satins, muslins, velvets, crapes,
Shawls, ribbons, furs, and furbelows,—
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—Sure,
I wish the ways were something fewer;
It goes for wages, taxes, debts;
It goes for presents, goes for bets,
For paint, *pommade,* and *eau de rose,*—
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—Now,
I've scarce begun to mention how;
It goes for laces, feathers, rings,
Toys, dolls—and other baby-things,
Whips, whistles, candies, bells and bows,—
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—Come,
I know it doesn't go for rum;
It goes for schools and sabbath chimes,
It goes for charity—sometimes;
For missions, and such things as those,—
And that's the way the Money goes!

How goes the Money?—There!
I'm out of patience, I declare;
It goes for plays, and diamond pins,
For public alms, and private sins,
For hollow shams, and silly shows,—
And that's the way the Money goes!

A CAVALIER'S VALENTINE

(1644)

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

The sky was like a mountain mere,
  The lilac buds were brown,
What time a war-worn cavalier
  Rode into Taunton-town.
He sighed and shook his head forlorn;
  "A sorry lot is mine,"
He said, "who have this merry morn
  Pale Want for Valentine."

His eyes, like heather-bells at dawn,
  Were blue and brave and bold;
Against his cheeks, now wan and drawn,
  His love-locks tossed their gold.
And as he rode, beyond a wall
  With ivy overrun,
His glance upon a maid did fall,
  A-sewing in the sun.

As sweet was she as wilding thyme,
  A boon, a bliss, a grace:
It made the heart blood beat in rhyme
  To look upon her face.
He bowed him low in courtesy,
  To her deep marvelling;
"Fair Mistress Puritan," said he,
  "It is forward spring."

As when the sea-shell flush of morn
  Throws night in rose eclipse,
So sunshine smiles, that instant born,
  Brought brightness to her lips;
Her voice was modest, yet, forsooth,
  It had a roguish ring;
"*You*, sir, of all should know that truth—
  It *is* a forward spring!"

A GREAT CEREBRATOR

BY BILL NYE

Being at large in Virginia, along in the latter part of last season, I visited Monticello, the former home of Thomas Jefferson, also his grave. Monticello is about an hour's ride from Charlottesville, by diligence. One rides over a road constructed of rip-raps and broken stone. It is called a macadamized road, and twenty miles of it will make the pelvis of a long-waisted man chafe against his ears. I have decided that the site for my grave shall be at the end of a trunk line somewhere, and I will endow a droska to carry passengers to and from said grave.

Whatever my life may have been, and however short I may have fallen in my great struggle for a generous recognition by the American people, I propose to place my grave within reach of all.

Monticello is reached by a circuitous route to the top of a beautiful hill, on the crest of which rests the brick house where Mr. Jefferson lived. You enter a lodge gate in charge of a venerable negro, to whom you pay two bits apiece for admission. This sum goes toward repairing the roads, according to the ticket which you get. It just goes toward it, however; it don't quite get there, I judge, for the roads are still appealing for aid. Perhaps the negro can tell how far it gets. Up through a neglected thicket of Virginia shrubs and ill-kempt trees you drive to the house. It is a house that would readily command $750, with queer porches to it, and large, airy windows. The top of the whole hill was graded level, or terraced,

and an enormous quantity of work must have been required to do it, but Jefferson did not care. He did not care for fatigue. With two hundred slaves of his own, and a dowry of three hundred more which was poured into his coffers by his marriage, Jeff did not care how much toil it took to polish off the top of a bluff or how much the sweat stood out on the brow of a hill.

Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. He sent it to one of the magazines, but it was returned as not available, so he used it in Congress and afterward got it printed in the *Record*.

I saw the chair he wrote it in. It is a plain, old-fashioned wooden chair, with a kind of bosom-board on the right arm, upon which Jefferson used to rest his Declaration of Independence whenever he wanted to write it.

There is also an old gig stored in the house. In this gig Jefferson used to ride from Monticello to Washington in a day. This is untrue, but it goes with the place. It takes from 8:30 A. M. until noon to ride this distance on a fast train, and in a much more direct line than the old wagon road ran.

Mr. Jefferson was the father of the University of Virginia, one of the most historic piles I have ever clapped eyes on. It is now under the management of a classical janitor, who has a tinge of negro blood in his veins, mixed with the rich Castilian blood of somebody else.

He has been at the head of the University of Virginia for over forty years, bringing in the coals and exercising a general oversight over the curriculum and other furniture. He is a modest man, with a tendency toward the classical in his researches. He took us up on the roof, showed us the outlying country, and jarred our ear-drums with the big bell. Mr. Estes, who has general charge of Monticello—called Montechello—said that Mr. Jefferson

used to sit on his front porch with a powerful glass, and watch the progress of the work on the University, and if the workmen undertook to smuggle in a soft brick, Mr. Jefferson, five or six miles away, detected it, and bounding lightly into his saddle, he rode down there to Charlottesville, and clubbed the bricklayers until they were glad to pull down the wall to that brick and take it out again.

This story is what made me speak of that section a few minutes ago as an outlying country.

The other day Charles L. Seigel told us the Confederate version of an attack on Fort Moultrie during the early days of the war, which has never been printed. Mr. Seigel was a German Confederate, and early in the fight was quartered, in company with others, at the Moultrie House, a seaside hotel, the guests having deserted the building.

Although large soft beds with curled hair mattresses were in each room, the department issued ticks or sacks to be filled with straw for the use of the soldiers, so that they would not forget that war was a serious matter. Nobody used them, but they were there all the same.

Attached to the Moultrie House, and wandering about the back-yard, there was a small orphan jackass, a sorrowful little light-blue mammal, with a tinge of bitter melancholy in his voice. He used to dwell on the past a good deal, and at night he would refer to it in tones that were choked with emotion.

The boys caught him one evening as the gloaming began to arrange itself, and threw him down on the green grass. They next pulled a straw bed over his head, and inserted him in it completely, cutting holes for his legs. Then they tied a string of sleigh-bells to his tail, and hit him a smart, stinging blow with a black snake.

Probably that was what suggested to him the idea of strolling down the beach, past the sentry, and on toward the fort. The darkness of the night, the rattle of hoofs, the clash of the bells, the quick challenge of the guard, the failure to give the countersign, the sharp volley of the sentinels, and the wild cry, "to arms," followed in rapid succession. The tocsin sounded, also the slogan. The culverin, ukase, and door-tender were all fired. Huge beacons of fat pine were lighted along the beach. The whole slumbering host sprang to arms, and the crack of the musket was heard through the intense darkness.

In the morning the enemy was found intrenched in a mud-hole, south of the fort, with his clean new straw tick spattered with clay, and a wildly disheveled tail.

On board the Richmond train not long ago a man lost his hat as we pulled out of Petersburg, and it fell by the side of the track. The train was just moving slowly away from the station, so he had a chance to jump off and run back after it. He got the hat, but not till we had placed seven or eight miles between us and him. We could not help feeling sorry for him, because very likely his hat had an embroidered hat band in it, presented by one dearer to him than life itself, and so we worked up quite a feeling for him, though of course he was very foolish to lose his train just for a hat, even if it did have the needle-work of his heart's idol in it.

Later I was surprised to see the same man in Columbia, South Carolina, and he then told me this sad story:

"I started out a month ago to take a little trip of a few weeks, and the first day was very, very happily spent in scrutinizing nature and scanning the faces of those I saw. On the second day out, I ran across a young man whom I had known slightly before, and who is engaged in the business of being a companionable fellow and the life of

the party. That is about all the business he has. He knows a great many people, and his circle of acquaintances is getting larger all the time. He is proud of the enormous quantity of friendship he has acquired. He says he can't get on a train or visit any town in the Union that he doesn't find a friend.

"He is full of stories and witticisms, and explains the plays to theater parties. He has seen a great deal of life and is a keen critic. He would have enjoyed criticizing the Apostle Paul and his elocutionary style if he had been one of the Ephesians. He would have criticized Paul's gestures, and said, 'Paul, I like your Epistles a heap better than I do your appearance on the platform. You express yourself well enough with your pen, but when you spoke for the Ephesian Y. M. C. A., we were disappointed in you and we lost money on you.'

"Well, he joined me, and finding out where I was going, he decided to go also. He went along to explain things to me, and talk to me when I wanted to sleep or read the newspaper. He introduced me to large numbers of people whom I did not want to meet, took me to see things I didn't want to see, read things to me that I didn't want to hear, and introduced to me people who didn't want to meet me. He multiplied misery by throwing uncongenial people together and then said: 'Wasn't it lucky that I could go along with you and make it pleasant for you?'

"Everywhere he met more new people with whom he had an acquaintance. He shook hands with them, and called them by their first names, and felt in their pockets for cigars. He was just bubbling over with mirth, and laughed all the time, being so offensively joyous, in fact, that when he went into a car, he attracted general attention, which suited him first-rate. He regarded himself as a universal favorite and all-around sunbeam.

"When we got to Washington, he took me up to see the President. He knew the President well—claimed to know lots of things about the President that made him more or less feared by the administration. He was acquainted with a thousand little vices of all our public men, which virtually placed them in his power. He knew how the President conducted himself at home, and was 'on to everything' in public life.

"Well, he shook hands with the President, and introduced me. I could see that the President was thinking about something else, though, and so I came away without really feeling that I knew him very well.

"Then we visited the departments, and I can see now that I hurt myself by being towed around by this man. He was so free, and so joyous, and so bubbling, that wherever we went I could hear the key grate in the lock after we passed out of the door.

"He started south with me. He was going to show me all the battle-fields, and introduce me into society. I bought some strychnine in Washington, and put it in his buckwheat cakes; but they got cold, and he sent them back. I did not know what to do, and was almost wild, for I was traveling entirely for pleasure, and not especially for his pleasure either.

"At Petersburg I was told that the train going the other way would meet us. As we started out, I dropped my hat from the window while looking at something. It was a desperate move, but I did it. Then I jumped off the train, and went back after it. As soon as I got around the curve I ran for Petersburg, where I took the other train. I presume you all felt sorry for me, but if you'd seen me fold myself in a long, passionate embrace after I had climbed on the other train, you would have changed your minds."

He then passed gently from my sight.

THE OLD-FASHIONED CHOIR

BY BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR

I have fancied, sometimes, the Bethel-bent beam
That trembled to earth in the patriarch's dream,
Was a ladder of song in that wilderness rest,
From the pillow of stone to the blue of the Blest,
And the angels descended to dwell with us here,
"Old Hundred," and "Corinth," and "China," and "Mear."
All the hearts are not dead, not under the sod,
That those breaths can blow open to Heaven and God!
Ah! "Silver Street" leads by a bright, golden road—
O! not to the hymns that in harmony flowed—
But to those sweet human psalms in the old-fashioned choir,
To the girls that sang alto, the girls that sang air!

"Let us sing to God's praise," the minister said,
All the psalm-books at once fluttered open at "York,"
Sunned their long dotted wings in the words that he read,
While the leader leaped into the tune just ahead,
And politely picked out the key note with a fork,
And the vicious old viol went growling along
At the heels of the girls in the rear of the song.

I need not a wing—bid no genii come,
With a wonderful web from Arabian loom,

To bear me again up the River of Time,
When the world was in rhythm, and life was its rhyme;
Where the streams of the year flowed so noiseless and
narrow,
That across them there floated the song of a sparrow;
For a sprig of green caraway carries me there,
To the old village church and the old village choir,
When clear of the floor my feet slowly swung,
And timed the sweet praise of the songs as they sung,
Till the glory aslant of the afternoon sun
Seemed the rafters of gold in God's temple begun!

You may smile at the nasals of old Deacon Brown,
Who followed by scent till he ran the tune down;
And the dear sister Green, with more goodness than grace,
Rose and fell on the tunes as she stood in her place,
And where "Coronation" exultingly flows,
Tried to reach the high notes on the tips of her toes!
To the land of the leal they went with their song,
Where the choir and the chorus together belong;
O, be lifted, ye gates! Let me hear them again—
Blessed song, blessed Sabbath, forever, amen!

WHEN THE LITTLE BOY RAN AWAY

BY FRANK L. STANTON

When the little boy ran away from home
The birds in the treetops knew,
And they all sang "Stay!" But he wandered away
Under the skies of blue.
And the Wind came whispering from the tree:
"Follow me—follow me!"
And it sang him a song that was soft and sweet,
And scattered the roses before his feet
That day—that day
When the little boy ran away.

The Violets whispered: "Your eyes are blue
And lovely and bright to see;
And so are mine, and I'm kin to you,
So dwell in the light with me!"
But the little boy laughed, while the Wind in glee
Said: "Follow me—follow me!"
And the Wind called the clouds from their home in the skies
And said to the Violet: "Shut your eyes!"
That day—that day
When the little boy ran away.

Then the Wind played leap-frog over the hills
And twisted each leaf and limb;
And all the rivers and all the rills
Were foaming mad with him!

And 'twas dark as the darkest night could be,
But still came the Wind's voice: "Follow me!"
And over the mountain, and up from the hollow
Came echoing voices, with: "Follow him—follow!"
That awful day
When the little boy ran away!

Then the little boy cried: "Let me go—let me go!"
For a scared—scared boy was he!
But the Thunder growled from a black cloud: "No!"
And the Wind roared: "Follow me!"
And an old gray Owl from a treetop flew,
Saying: "Who are you-oo? Who are you-oo?"
And the little boy sobbed: "I'm lost away,
And I want to go home where my parents stay!"
Oh, the awful day
When the little boy ran away!

Then the Moon looked out from a cloud and said:
"Are you sorry you ran away?
If I light you home to your trundle bed,
Will you stay, little boy, will you stay?"
And the little boy promised—and cried and cried—
He would never leave his mother's side;
And the Moonlight led him over the plain
And his mother welcomed him home again.
But oh, what a day
When the little boy ran away!

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

BY SAM WALTER FOSS

He wanted to know how God made the worl'
  Out er nothin' at all,
W'y it wasn't made square, like a block or a brick,
  Stid er roun', like a ball,
How it managed to stay held up in the air,
  An' w'y it don't fall;
All such kin' er things, above an' below,
  He wanted to know.

He wanted to know who Cain had for a wife,
  An' if the two fit;
Who hit Billy Patterson over the head,
  If he ever got hit;
An' where Moses wuz w'en the candle went out,
  An' if others were lit;
If he couldn' fin' these out, w'y his cake wuz all dough,
  An' he wanted to know.

An' he wanted to know 'bout original sin;
  An' about Adam's fall;
If the snake hopped aroun' on the end of his tail
  Before doomed to crawl,
An' w'at would hev happened if Adam hedn' et
  The ol' apple at all;
These ere kind er things seemed ter fill him 'ith woe,
  An' he wanted to know.

An' he wanted to know w'y some folks wuz good,
An' some folks wuz mean,
W'y some folks wuz middlin' an' some folks wuz fat,
An' some folks wuz lean,
An' some folks were very learned an' wise,
An' some folks dern green;
All these kin' er things they troubled him so
That he wanted to know.

An' so he fired conundrums aroun',
For he wanted to know;
An' his nice crop er taters 'ud rot in the groun',
An' his stuff wouldn't grow;
For it took so much time to ask questions like these,
He'd no time to hoe;
He wanted to know if these things were so,
Course he wanted know.

An' his cattle they died, an' his horses grew sick,
'Cause they didn't hev no hay;
An' his creditors pressed him to pay up his bills,
But he'd no time to pay,
For he had to go roun' askin' questions, you know,
By night an' by day;
He'd no time to work, for they troubled him so,
An' he wanted to know.

An' now in the poorhouse he travels aroun'
In just the same way,
An' asks the same questions right over ag'in,
By night an' by day;
But he haint foun' no feller can answer 'em yit,
An' he's ol' an' he's gray,
But these same ol' conundrums they trouble him so,
That he still wants to know.

SOLDIER, REST!

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

A Russian sailed over the blue Black Sea,
Just when the war was growing hot,
And he shouted, "I'm Tjalikavakeree-
Karindabrolikanavandorot-
Schipkadirova-
Ivandiszstova-
Sanilik-
Danilik-
Varagobhot!"

A Turk was standing upon the shore
Right where the terrible Russian crossed;
And he cried, "Bismillah! I'm Abd el Kor-
Bazaroukilgonautoskobrosk-
Getzinpravadi-
Kilgekosladji-
Grivido-
Blivido-
Jenikodosk!"

So they stood like brave men, long and well,
And they called each other their proper names,
Till the lock-jaw seized them, and where they fell
They buried them both by the Irdosholames-
Kalatalustchuk-
Mischaribustchup-
Bulgari-
Dulgari-
Sagharimainz.

1796

THE EXPERIENCES OF GENTLE JANE

BY CAROLYN WELLS

The Carnivorous Bear

Gentle Jane went walking, where
She espied a Grizzly Bear;
Flustered by the quadruped
Gentle Jane just lost her head.

The Rude Train

Last week, Tuesday, gentle Jane
Met a passing railroad train;
"Ah, good afternoon," she said;
But the train just cut her dead.

The Careless Niece

Once her brother's child, for fun,
Pointed at her aunt a gun.
At this conduct of her niece's
Gentle Jane went all to pieces.

The Naughty Automobile

Gentle Jane went for a ride,
But the automobile shied;
Threw the party all about—
Somehow, Jane felt quite put out.

THE EXPERIENCES OF GENTLE JANE

The Cold, Hard Lake

Gentle Jane went out to skate;
  She fell through at half-past eight.
Then the lake, with icy glare,
  Said, "Such girls I can not bear."

The Calm Steam-Roller

In the big steam-roller's path
  Gentle Jane expressed her wrath.
It passed over. After that
  Gentle Jane looked rather flat.

A New Experience

Much surprised was gentle Jane
  When a bullet pierced her brain;
"Such a thing as that," she said,
  "Never came into my head!"

The Battering-Ram

"Ah!" said gentle Jane, "I am
  Proud to meet a battering-ram."
Then, with shyness overcome,
  Gentle Jane was just struck dumb.

A FEW REFLECTIONS

BY BILL ARP

I rekon I've lived as much as most foaks accordin' to age, and I ain't tired of livin' yit. I like it. I've seen good times, and bad times, and hard times, and times that tired men's soles, but I never seed a time that I coulden't extrakt sum cumfort out of trubble. When I was a boy I was a lively little devil, and lost my edycashun bekaus I couldn't see enuf fun in the spellin' book to get thru it. I'm sorry for it now, for a blind man can see what a fool I am. The last skhoolin' I got was the day I run from John Norton, and there was so much fun in that my daddy sed he rekoned I'd got larnin' enuf. I had a bile on my back as big as a ginney egg, and it was mighty nigh ready to bust. We boys had got in a way of ringin' the bell before old Norton got there, and he sed that the first boy he kotched at it would ketch hail Kolumby. Shore enuf he slipped upon us one mornin', and before I knowed it he had me by the collar, and was layin' it on like killin' snakes. I hollered, "My bile, my bile, don't hit me on my bile," and just then he popped a center shot, and I jumped three feet in the atmosphere, and with a hoop and a beller I took to my heels. I run and hollered like the devil was after me, and shore enuf he was. His long legs gained on me at every jump, but just as he was about to grab me I made a double on him, and got a fresh start. I was aktiv as a cat, and so we had it over fences, thru the woods, and round the meetin' house, and all the boys was

standin' on skool house hill a hollerin', "Go it, my Bill—go it, my Bill." As good luck would have it there was a grape vine a swingin' away ahead of me, and I ducked my head under it just as old Norton was about two jumps behind. He hadn't seen it, and it took him about the middle and throwed him the hardest summerset I ever seed a man git. He was tired, and I knowd it, and I stopped about three rods off and laffd at him as loud as I could ball. I forgot all about my bile. He never follered me another step, for he was plum giv out, but he set there bareheaded and shook his hickory at me, lookin' as mad and as miserable as possible. That lick on my bile was about the keenest pain I ever felt in my life, and like to have killed me. It busted as wide open as a soap trof, and let every drop of the juice out, but I've had a power of fun thinkin' about it for the last forty years.

But I didn't start to tell you about that.

TROUBLE-PROOF*

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

Never rains where Jim is—
People kickin', whinin';
He goes round insistin',—
"Sun is *almost* shinin'!"

Never's hot where Jim is—
When the town is sweatin';
He jes' sets and answers,—
"Well, *I* ain't a-frettin'!"

Never's cold where Jim is—
None of *us* misdoubt it,
Seein' we're nigh frozen!
He "ain't *thought* about it"!

Things that rile up others
Never seem to strike him!
"Trouble-proof," I call it,—
Wisht that I was like him!

*Lippincott's Magazine.

JOHNNY'S PA

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

My pa—he always went to school,
He says, an' studied hard.
W'y, when he's just as big as me
He knew things by the yard!
Arithmetic? He knew it all
From dividend to sum;
But when he tells me how it was,
My grandma, she says "Hum!"

My pa—he always got the prize
For never bein' late;
An' when they studied joggerfy
He knew 'bout every state.
He says he knew the rivers, an'
Knew all their outs an' ins;
But when he tells me all o' that,
My grandma, she just grins.

My pa, he never missed a day
A-goin' to the school,
An' never played no hookey, nor
Forgot the teacher's rule;
An' every class he's ever in,
The rest he always led.
My grandma, when pa talks that way,
Just laughs an' shakes her head.

My grandma says 'at boys is boys,
  The same as pas is pas,
An' when I ast her what she means
  She says it is "because."
She says 'at little boys is best
  When they grows up to men,
Because they know how good they was,
  An' tell their children, then!

MAXIMS

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

Never spare the parson's wine, nor the baker's pudding.

A house without woman or firelight is like a body without soul or spirit.

Kings and bears often worry their keepers.

Light purse, heavy heart.

He's a fool that makes his doctor his heir.

Ne'er take a wife till thou hast a house (and a fire) to put her in.

To lengthen thy life, lessen thy meals.

He that drinks fast pays slow.

He is ill-clothed who is bare of virtue.

Beware of meat twice boil'd, and an old foe reconcil'd.

The heart of a fool is in his mouth, but the mouth of a wise man is in his heart.

He that is rich need not live sparingly, and he that can live sparingly need not be rich.

He that waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner.

NEVADA SKETCHES

BY SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

In Carson City

I feel very much as if I had just awakened out of a long sleep. I attribute it to the fact that I have slept the greater part of the time for the last two days and nights. On Wednesday, I sat up all night, in Virginia, in order to be up early enough to take the five o'clock stage on Thursday morning. I was on time. It was a great success. I had a cheerful trip down to Carson, in company with that incessant talker, Joseph T. Goodman. I never saw him flooded with such a flow of spirits before. He restrained his conversation, though, until we had traveled three or four miles, and were just crossing the divide between Silver City and Spring Valley, when he thrust his head out of the dark stage, and allowed a pallid light from the coach lamps to illuminate his features for a moment, after which he returned to darkness again, and sighed and said, "Damn it!" with some asperity. I asked him who he meant it for, and he said, "The weather out there." As we approached Carson, at about half past seven o'clock, he thrust his head out again, and gazed earnestly in the direction of that city—after which he took it in again, with his nose very much frosted. He propped the end of that organ upon the end of his finger, and looked pensively upon it—which had the effect of

making him cross-eyed—and remarked, "O, damn it!" with great bitterness. I asked him what was up this time, and he said, "The cold, damp fog—it is worse than the weather." This was his last. He never spoke again in my hearing. He went on over the mountains with a lady fellow passenger from here. That will stop his chatter, you know, for he seldom speaks in the presence of ladies.

In the evening I felt a mighty inclination to go to a party somewhere. There was to be one at Governor J. Neely Johnson's, and I went there and asked permission to stand around a while. This was granted in the most hospitable manner, and the vision of plain quadrilles soothed my weary soul. I felt particularly comfortable, for if there is one thing more grateful to my feelings than another, it is a new house—a large house, with its ceilings embellished with snowy mouldings; its floors glowing with warm-tinted carpets, with cushioned chairs and sofas to sit on, and a piano to listen to; with fires so arranged you can see them, and know there is no humbug about it; with walls garnished with pictures, and above all mirrors, wherein you may gaze and always find something to admire, you know. I have a great regard for a good house, and a girlish passion for mirrors. Horace Smith, Esq., is also very fond of mirrors. He came and looked in the glass for an hour with me. Finally it cracked—the night was pretty cold—and Horace Smith's reflection was split right down the centre. But where his face had been the damage was greatest—a hundred cracks converged to his reflected nose, like spokes from the hub of a wagon wheel. It was the strangest freak the weather has done this winter. And yet the parlor seemed warm and comfortable, too.

About nine o'clock the Unreliable came and asked Gov. Johnson to let him stand on the porch. The crea-

ture has got more impudence than any person I ever saw in my life. Well, he stood and flattened his nose against the parlor window, and looked hungry and vicious—he always looks that way—until Colonel Musser arrived with some ladies, when he actually fell in their wake and came swaggering in looking as if he thought he had been anxiously expected. He had on my fine kid boots, my plug hat, my white kid gloves (with slices of his prodigious hands grinning through the bursted seams), and my heavy gold repeater, which I had been offered thousands and thousands of dollars for many and many a time. He took those articles out of my trunk, at Washoe City, about a month ago, when we went there to report the proceedings of the convention. The Unreliable intruded himself upon me in his cordial way, and said, "How are you, Mark, old boy? When d'you come down? It's brilliant, ain't it? Appear to enjoy themselves, don't they? Lend a fellow two bits, can't you?" He always winds up his remarks that way. He appears to have an insatiable craving for two bits.

The music struck up just then and saved me. The next moment I was far, far at sea in the plain quadrille. We carried it through with distinguished success; that is, we got as far as "balance around" and "half-a-man-left," when I smelled hot whisky punch, or something of that nature. I tracked the scent through several rooms, and finally discovered a large bowl from which it emanated. I found the omnipresent Unreliable there, also. He set down an empty goblet and remarked that he was diligently seeking the gentlemen's dressing room. I would have shown him where it was, but it occurred to him that the supper table and the punch bowl ought not to be left unprotected; wherefore we stayed there and watched them until the punch entirely evaporated. A servant came in

then, to replenish the bowl, and we left the refreshments in his charge. We probably did wrong, but we were anxious to join the hazy dance. The dance was hazier than usual, after that. Sixteen couples on the floor at once, with a few dozen spectators scattered around, is calculated to have its effect in a brilliantly lighted parlor, I believe. Everything seemed to buzz, at any rate. After all the modern dances had been danced several times, the people adjourned to the supper-room. I found my wardrobe out there, as usual, with the Unreliable in it. His old distemper was upon him: he was desperately hungry. I never saw a man eat as much as he did in my life. I have various items of his supper here in my notebook. First, he ate a plate of sandwiches; then he ate a handsomely iced poundcake; then he gobbled a dish of chicken salad; after which he ate a roast pig; after that, a quantity of blanc-mange; then he threw in several dozen glasses of punch to fortify his appetite, and finished his monstrous repast with a roast turkey. Dishes of brandy-grapes, and jellies, and such things, and pyramids of fruits melted away before him as shadows fly at the sun's approach. I am of the opinion that none of his ancestors were present when the five thousand were miraculously fed in the old Scriptural times. I base my opinion on the twelve bushels of scraps and the little fishes that remained over after that feast. If the Unreliable himself had been there, the provisions would just about have held out, I think.

. . . At about two o'clock in the morning the pleasant party broke up and the crowd of guests distributed themselves around town to their respective homes; and after thinking the fun all over again, I went to bed at four o'clock. So having been awake forty-eight hours, I slept forty-eight, in order to get even again.

City Marshal Perry

John Van Buren Perry, recently re-elected City Marshal of Virginia City, was born a long time ago, in County Kerry, Ireland, of poor but honest parents, who were descendants, beyond question, of a house of high antiquity. The founder of it was distinguished for his eloquence; he was the property of one Baalam, and received honorable mention in the Bible.

John Van Buren Perry removed to the United States in 1792—after having achieved a high gastronomical reputation by creating the first famine in his native land—and established himself at Kinderhook, New Jersey, as a teacher of vocal and instrumental music. His eldest son, Martin Van Buren, was educated there, and was afterwards elected President of the United States; his grandson, of the same name, is now a prominent New York politician, and is known in the East as "Prince John;" he keeps up a constant and affectionate correspondence with his worthy grandfather, who sells him feet in some of his richest wildcat claims from time to time.

While residing at Kinderhook, Jack Perry was appointed Commodore of the United States Navy, and he forthwith proceeded to Lake Erie and fought the mighty marine conflict, which blazes upon the pages of history as "Perry's Victory." In consequence of this exploit, he narrowly escaped the Presidency.

Several years ago Commodore Perry was appointed Commissioner Extraordinary to the Imperial Court of Japan, with unlimited power to treat. It is hardly worth while to mention that he never exercised that power; he never treated anybody in that country, although he patiently submitted to a vast amount of that sort of thing

when the opportunity was afforded him at the expense of the Japanese officials. He returned from his mission full of honors and foreign whisky, and was welcomed home again by the plaudits of a grateful nation.

After the war was ended, Mr. Perry removed to Providence, Rhode Island, where he produced a complete revolution in medical science by inventing the celebrated "Pain Killer" which bears his name. He manufactured this liniment by the ship-load, and spread it far and wide over the suffering world; not a bottle left his establishment without his beneficent portrait upon the label, whereby, in time, his features became as well known unto burned and mutilated children as Jack the Giant Killer's.

When pain had ceased throughout the universe Mr. Perry fell to writing for a livelihood, and for years and years he poured out his soul in pleasing and effeminate poetry. . . . His very first effort, commencing:

> "How doth the little busy bee
> Improve each shining hour," etc.—

gained him a splendid literary reputation, and from that time forward no Sunday-school library was complete without a full edition of his plaintive and sentimental "Perry-Gorics." After great research and profound study of his subject, he produced that wonderful gem which is known in every land as "The Young Mother's Apostrophe to Her Infant," beginning:

> "Fie! fie! oo itty bitty pooty sing!
> To poke oo footsy-tootsys into momma's eye!"

This inspired poem had a tremendous run, and carried Perry's fame into every nursery in the civilized world. But he was not destined to wear his laurels undisturbed: England, with monstrous perfidy, at once claimed the

"Apostrophe" for her favorite son, Martin Farquhar Tupper, and sent up a howl of vindictive abuse from her polluted press against our beloved Perry. With one accord, the American people rose up in his defense, and a devastating war was only averted by a public denial of the paternity of the poem by the great Proverbial over his own signature. This noble act of Mr. Tupper gained him a high place in the affection of this people, and his sweet platitudes have been read here with an ever augmented spirit of tolerance since that day.

The conduct of England toward Mr. Perry told upon his constitution to such an extent that at one time it was feared the gentle bard would fade and flicker out altogether; wherefore, the solicitude of influential officials was aroused in his behalf, and through their generosity he was provided with an asylum in Sing Sing prison, a quiet retreat in the state of New York. Here he wrote his last great poem, beginning:

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so—
Your little hands were never made
To tear out each other's eyes with—"

and then proceeded to learn the shoemaker's trade in his new home, under the distinguished masters employed by the commonwealth.

Ever since Mr. Perry arrived at man's estate his prodigious feet have been a subject of complaint and annoyance to those communities which have known the honor of his presence. In 1835, during a great leather famine, many people were obliged to wear wooden shoes, and Mr. Perry, for the sake of economy, transferred his boot-making patronage from the tan-yard which had before enjoyed his custom, to an undertaker's establishment—that is to say, he wore coffins. At that time he was a

member of Congress from New Jersey, and occupied a seat in front of the Speaker's throne. He had the uncouth habit of propping his feet upon his desk during prayer by the chaplain, and thus completely hiding that officer from every eye save that of Omnipotence alone. So long as the Hon. Mr. Perry wore orthodox leather boots the clergyman submitted to this infliction and prayed behind them in singular solitude, under mild protest; but when he arose one morning to offer up his regular petition, and beheld the cheerful apparition of Jack Perry's coffins confronting him, "The jolly old bum went under the table like a sick porpus" (as Mr. P. feelingly remarks), "and never shot off his mouth in that shanty again."

Mr. Perry's first appearance on the Pacific Coast was upon the boards of the San Francisco theaters in the character of "Old Pete" in Dion Boucicault's "Octoroon." So excellent was his delineation of that celebrated character that "Perry's Pete" was for a long time regarded as the climax of histrionic perfection.

Since John Van Buren Perry has resided in Nevada Territory, he has employed his talents in acting as City Marshal of Virginia, and in abusing me because I am an orphan and a long way from home, and can therefore be persecuted with impunity. He was re-elected day before yesterday, and his first official act was an attempt to get me drunk on champagne furnished to the Board of Aldermen by other successful candidates, so that he might achieve the honor and glory of getting me in the station-house for once in his life. Although he failed in his object, he followed me down C street and handcuffed me in front of Tom Peasley's, but officers Birdsall and Larkin and Brokaw rebelled against this unwarranted assumption of authority, and released me—whereupon I

was about to punish Jack Perry severely, when he offered me six bits to hand him down to posterity through the medium of this Biography, and I closed the contract. But after all, I never expect to get the money.

A Sunday in Carson

I arrived in this noisy and bustling town of Carson at noon to-day, per Layton's express. We made pretty good time from Virginia, and might have made much better, but for Horace Smith, Esq., who rode on the box seat and kept the stage so much by the head she wouldn't steer. I went to church, of course,—I always go to church when I—when I go to church—as it were. I got there just in time to hear the closing hymn, and also to hear the Rev. Mr. White give out a long-metre doxology, which the choir tried to sing to a short-metre tune. But there wasn't music enough to go around: consequently, the effect was rather singular, than otherwise. They sang the most interesting parts of each line, though, and charged the balance to "profit and loss;" this rendered the general intent and meaning of the doxology considerably mixed, as far as the congregation were concerned, but inasmuch as it was not addressed to them, anyhow, I thought it made no particular difference.

By an easy and pleasant transition, I went from church to jail. It was only just down stairs—for they save men eternally in the second story of the new court house, and damn them for life in the first. Sheriff Gasherie has a handsome double office fronting on the street, and its walls are gorgeously decorated with iron convict-jewelry. In the rear are two rows of cells, built of bomb-proof masonry and furnished with strong iron doors and resistless locks and bolts. There was but one prisoner—

Swazey, the murderer of Derrickson—and he was writing; I do not know what his subject was, but he appeared to be handling it in a way which gave him great satisfaction. . . .

Advice to the Unreliable on Church-Going

In the first place, I must impress upon you that when you are dressing for church, as a general thing, you mix your perfumes too much; your fragrance is sometimes oppressive; you saturate yourself with cologne and bergamot, until you make a sort of Hamlet's Ghost of yourself, and no man can decide, with the first whiff, whether you bring with you air from Heaven or from hell. Now, rectify this matter as soon as possible; last Sunday you smelled like a secretary to a consolidated drug store and barber shop. And you came and sat in the same pew with me; now don't do that again.

In the next place when you design coming to church, don't lie in bed until half past ten o'clock and then come in looking all swelled and torpid, like a doughnut. Do reflect upon it, and show some respect for your personal appearance hereafter.

There is another matter, also, which I wish to remonstrate with you about. Generally, when the contribution box of the missionary department is passing around, you begin to look anxious, and fumble in your vest pockets, as if you felt a mighty desire to put all your worldly wealth into it—yet when it reaches your pew, you are sure to be absorbed in your prayer-book, or gazing pensively out of the window at far-off mountains, or buried in meditation, with your sinful head supported by the back of the pew before you. And after the box is gone again, you usually start suddenly and gaze after it with a

yearning look, mingled with an expression of bitter disappointment (fumbling your cash again meantime), as if you felt you had missed the one grand opportunity for which you had been longing all your life. Now, to do this when you have money in your pockets is mean. But I have seen you do a meaner thing. I refer to your conduct last Sunday, when the contribution box arrived at our pew—and the angry blood rises to my cheek when I remember with what gravity and sweet serenity of countenance you put in fifty cents and took out two dollars and a half. . . .

The Unreliable

Eds. Enterprise—I received the following atrocious document the morning I arrived here. It was from that abandoned profligate, the Unreliable, and I think it speaks for itself:

Carson City, Thursday Morning.

To the Unreliable:

Sir—Observing the driver of the Virginia stage hunting after you this morning, in order to collect his fare, I infer you are in town.

In the paper which you represent, I noticed an article which I took to be an effusion from your muddled brain, stating that I had "cabbaged" a number of valuable articles from you the night I took you out of the streets of Washoe City and permitted you to occupy my bed.

I take this opportunity to inform you that I will compensate you at the rate of $20 *per head* for every one of these *valuable* articles that I received from you, providing you will relieve me of their presence. This offer can be either accepted or rejected on your part: but providing you don't see proper to accept it, you had better procure enough lumber to make a box 4x8, and have it made

as early as possible. Judge Dixon will arrange the preliminaries if you don't accede. An early reply is expected by RELIABLE.

Not satisfied with wounding my feelings by making the most extraordinary reference to allusions in the above note, he even sent a challenge to fight, in the same envelop with it, hoping to work upon my fears and drive me from the country by intimidation. But I was not to be frightened; I shall remain in the Territory. I guessed his object at once, and determined to accept his challenge, choose weapons and things, and scare him, instead of being scared myself. I wrote a stern reply to him, and offered him mortal combat with boot-jacks at a hundred yards. The effect was more agreeable than I could have hoped for. His hair turned black in a single night, from excess of fear; then he went into a fit of melancholy, and while it lasted he did nothing but sigh, and sob, and snuffle, and slobber, and say "he wished he was in the quiet tomb;" finally he said he would commit suicide—he would say farewell to the cold, cold world, with its cares and troubles, and go to sleep with his fathers, in perdition. Then rose up this young man, and threw his demijohn out of the window, and took up a glass of pure water, and drained it to the dregs. And then he fell to the floor in a swoon. Dr. Tjader was called in, and as soon as he found that the cuss was poisoned, he rushed down to the Magnolia Saloon and got the antidote, and poured it down him. As he was drawing his last breath, he scented the brandy and lingered yet a while on earth, to take a drink with the boys. But for this he would have been no more—or possible a great deal less—in a moment. So he survived; but he has been in a mighty precarious condition ever since. I have been up to see how

he was getting along two or three times a day. . . . He is a very sick man; I was up there a while ago, and I could see that his friends had begun to entertain hopes that he would not get over it. As soon as I saw that, all my enmity vanished; I even felt like doing the poor Unreliable a kindness, and showing him, too, how my feelings toward him had changed. So I went and bought him a beautiful coffin, and carried it up and set it down on his bed and told him to climb in when his time was up. Well, sir, you never saw a man so affected by a little act of kindness as he was by that. He let off a sort of war-whoop, and went to kicking things around like a crazy man; and he foamed at the mouth and went out of one fit into another faster than I could take them down in my note-book. . . .

I did not return to Virginia yesterday, on account of the wedding. The parties were Hon. James H. Sturtevant, one of the first Pi-Utes of Nevada, and Miss Emma Curry, daughter of the Hon. A. Curry, who also claims that his is a Pi-Ute family of high antiquity. . . . I had heard it reported that a marriage was threatened, so felt it my duty to go down there and find out the facts of the case. They said I might stay, as it was me. . . . I promised not to say anything about the wedding, and I regard that promise as sacred—my word is as good as my bond. . . . Father Bennett advanced and touched off the high contracting parties with the hymeneal torch (married them, you know), and at the word of command from Curry, the fiddle bows were set in motion, and the plain quadrilles turned loose. Thereupon, some of the most responsible dancing ensued that I ever saw in my life. The dance that Tam O'Shanter witnessed was slow in comparison to it. They kept it up for six hours, and then carried out the exhausted musicians on a shutter, and

went down to supper. I know they had a fine supper, and plenty of it, but I do not know much else. They drank so much shampin around me that I got confused, and lost the hang of things, as it were. . . . It was mighty pleasant, jolly and sociable, and I wish to thunder I was married myself. I took a large slice of bridal cake home with me to dream on, and dreamt that I was still a single man, and likely to remain so, if I live and nothing happens—which has given me a greater confidence in dreams than I ever felt before. I cordially wish my newly-married couple all kinds of happiness and prosperity, though.

Ye Sentimental Law Student

Eds. Enterprise—I found the following letter, or Valentine, or whatever it is, lying on the summit, where it had been dropped unintentionally, I think. It was written on a sheet of legal cap, and each line was duly commenced within the red mark which traversed the sheet from top to bottom. Solon appeared to have had some trouble getting his effusion started to suit him. He had begun it, "Know all men by these presents," and scratched it out again; he had substituted, "Now at this day comes the plaintiff, by his attorney," and scratched that out also; he had tried other sentences of like character, and gone on obliterating them, until, through much sorrow and tribulation, he achieved the dedication which stands at the head of his letter, and to his entire satisfaction, I do cheerfully hope. But what a villain a man must be to blend together the beautiful language of love and the infernal phraseology of the law in one and the same sentence! I know but one of God's creatures who would be guilty of such depravity as this: I refer to the Unreliable. I believe the Unreliable to be the very lawyer's-cub who

sat upon the solitary peak, all soaked in beer and sentiment, and concocted the insipid literary hash I am talking about. The handwriting closely resembles his semi-Chinese tarantula tracks.

SUGAR LOAF PEAK, February 14, 1863.

To the loveliness to whom these presents shall come, greeting:—This is a lovely day, my own Mary; its unencumbered sunshine reminds me of your happy face, and in the imagination the same doth now appear before me. Such sights and scenes as this ever remind me, the party of the second part, of you, my Mary, the peerless party of the first part. The view from the lonely and segregated mountain peak, of this portion of what is called and known as Creation, with all and singular the hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto appertaining and belonging, is inexpressively grand and inspiring; and I gaze, and gaze, while my soul is filled with holy delight, and my heart expands to receive thy spirit-presence, as aforesaid. Above me is the glory of the sun; around him float the messenger clouds, ready alike to bless the earth with gentle rain, or visit it with lightning, and thunder, and destruction; far below the said sun and the messenger clouds aforesaid, lying prone upon the earth in the verge of the distant horizon, like the burnished shield of a giant, mine eyes behold a lake, which is described and set forth in maps as the Sink of Carson; nearer, in the great plain, I see the Desert, spread abroad like the mantle of a Colossus, glowing by turns, with the warm light of the sun, hereinbefore mentioned, or darkly shaded by the messenger clouds aforesaid; flowing at right angles with said Desert, and adjacent thereto, I see the silver and sinuous thread of the river, commonly called Carson, which winds its tortuous course through the softly tinted valley, and

disappears amid the gorges of the bleak and snowy mountains—a simile of man!—leaving the pleasant valley of Peace and Virtue to wander among the dark defiles of Sin, beyond the jurisdiction of the kindly beaming sun aforesaid! And about said sun, and the said clouds, and around the said mountains, and over the plain and the river aforesaid, there floats a purple glory—a yellow mist—as airy and beautiful as the bridal veil of a princess, about to be wedded according to the rites and ceremonies pertaining to, and established by, the laws or edicts of the kingdom or principality wherein she doth reside, and whereof she hath been and doth continue to be, a lawful sovereign or subject. Ah! my Mary, it is sublime! it is lovely! I have declared and made known, and by these presents do declare and make known unto you, that the view from Sugar Loaf Peak, as hereinbefore described and set forth, is the loveliest picture with which the hand of the Creator has adorned the earth, according to the best of my knowledge and belief, so help me God.

Given under my hand, and in the spirit-presence of the bright being whose love has restored the light of hope to a soul once groping in the darkness of despair, on the day and year first above written.

(Signed) SOLON LYCURGUS.

Law Student, and Notary Public in and for the said County of Storey, and Territory of Nevada.

To Miss Mary Links, Virginia (and may the laws have her in their holy keeping).

SETTIN' BY THE FIRE

BY FRANK L. STANTON

Never much on stirrin' roun'
(Sich warn't his desire),
'Allers certain to be foun'
'Settin' by the fire.

When the frost wuz comin' down—
Col' win' creepin' nigher,
Spent each day jest thataway—
Settin' by the fire.

When the dancin' shook the groun'—
Raised the ol' roof higher,
Never swung the gals eroun'—
Sot thar' by the fire.

Same ol' corner night an' day—
Never 'peared to tire;
Not a blessed word to say!
Jest sot by the fire.

When he died, by slow degrees,
Folks said: "He's gone higher;"
But it's my opinion he's
Settin' by the fire.

THE WHISPERER

BY IRONQUILL

He never tried to make a speech;
A speech was far beyond his reach.
He didn't even dare to try;
He did his work upon the sly.
He took the voter to the rear
And gently whispered in his ear.

He never wrote; he could not write;
He never tried that style of fight.
No argument of his was seen
In daily press or magazine.
He only tried to get up near
And whisper in the voter's ear.

It worked so well that he became
A person of abundant fame.
He couldn't write; he couldn't speak,
But still pursued his course unique.
He had a glorious career—
He whispered in the voter's ear.

DER OAK UND DER VINE

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS

I don'd vas preaching voman's righdts,
  Or anyding like dot,
Und I likes to see all beoples
  Shust gondented mit dheir lot;
Budt I vants to gondradict dot shap
  Dot made dis leedle shoke:
"A voman vas der glinging vine,
  Und man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, somedimes, dot may be drue;
  Budt, den dimes oudt off nine,
I find me oudt dot man himself
  Vas peen der glinging vine;
Und ven hees friendts dhey all vas gone,
  Und he vas shust "tead proke,"
Dot's ven der voman shteps righdt in,
  Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts
  Und see dhose "shturdy oaks"
All planted roundt ubon der seats—
  Shust hear dheir laughs und shokes!
Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs,
  Mit glothes oudt on der lines;
Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine friendts,
  Und vhich der glinging vines?

DER OAK UND DER VINE

Vhen sickness in der householdt comes,
  Und veeks und veeks he shtays,
Who vas id fighdts him mitoudt resdt,
  Dhose veary nighdts und days?
Who beace und gomfort alvays prings,
  Und cools dot fefered prow?
More like id vas der tender vine
  Dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vants budt leedle here below,"
  Der boet von time said;
Dhere's leedle dot man he *don'd* vant,
  I dink id means, inshted;
Und ven der years keep rolling on,
  Dheir cares und droubles pringing,
He vants to pe der shturdy oak,
  Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more,
  Und don'd so shturdy peen,
Der glinging vines dhey haf some shance
  To helb run Life's masheen.
In helt und sickness, shoy und pain,
  In calm or shtormy veddher,
'T was beddher dot dhose oaks und vines
  Should alvays gling togeddher.

ARAMINTA AND THE AUTOMOBILE

BY CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

Some persons spend their surplus on works of art; some spend it on Italian gardens and pergolas; there are those who sink it in golf, and I have heard of those who expended it on charity.

None of these forms of getting away with money appeal to Araminta and myself. As soon as it was ascertained that the automobile was practicable and would not cost a king's ransom, I determined to devote my savings to the purchase of one.

Araminta and I lived in a suburban town; she because she loves Nature and I because I love Araminta. We have been married for five years.

I am a bank clerk in New York, and morning and night I go through the monotony of railway travel, and for one who is forbidden to use his eyes on the train and who does not play cards it *is* monotony, for in the morning my friends are either playing cards or else reading their papers, and one does not like to urge the claims of conversation on one who is deep in politics or the next play of his antagonist; so my getting to business and coming back are in the nature of purgatory. I therefore hailed the automobile as a Heaven-sent means of swift motion with an agreeable companion, and with no danger of encountering either newspapers or cards. I have seen neither reading nor card-playing going on in any automobile.

The community in which I live is not progressive, and when I said that I expected to buy an automobile as soon as my ship came in I was frowned upon by my neighbors. Several of them have horses, and all, or nearly all, have feet. The horsemen were not more opposed to my proposed ownership than the footmen—I should say pedestrians. They all thought automobiles dangerous and a menace to public peace, but of course I pooh-poohed their fears and, being a person of a good deal of stability of purpose, I went on saving my money, and in course of time I bought an automobile of the electric sort.

Araminta is plucky, and I am perfectly fearless. When the automobile was brought home and housed in the little barn that is on our property, the man who had backed it in told me that he had orders to stay and show me how it worked, but I laughed at him—good-naturedly yet firmly. I said, "Young man, experience teaches more in half an hour than books or precepts do in a year. A would-be newspaper man does not go to a school of journalism if he is wise; he gets a position on a newspaper and learns for himself, and through his mistakes. I know that one of these levers is to steer by, that another lets loose the power, and that there is a foot-brake. I also know that the machine is charged, and I need to know no more. Good day."

Thus did I speak to the young man, and he saw that I was a person of force and discretion, and he withdrew to the train and I never saw him again.

Araminta had been to Passaic shopping, but she came back while I was out in the barn looking at my new purchase, and she joined me there. I looked at her lovingly, and she returned the look. Our joint ambition was realized; we were the owners of an automobile, and we were going out that afternoon.

Why is it that cheap barns are so flimsily built? I know that our barn is cheap because the rent for house and barn is less than what many a clerk, city pent, pays for a cramped flat, but again I ask, why are they flimsily built? I have no complaint to make. If my barn had been built of good stout oak I might to-day be in a hospital.

It happened this way. Araminta said, "Let me get in, and we will take just a little ride to see how it goes," and I out of my love for her said, "Wait just a few minutes, dearest, until I get the hang of the thing. I want to see how much go she has and just how she works."

Araminta has learned to obey my slightest word, knowing that love is at the bottom of all my commands, and she stepped to one side while I entered the gayly-painted vehicle and tried to move out of the barn. I moved out. But I backed. Oh, blessed, cheaply built barn. My way was not restricted to any appreciable extent. I shot gayly through the barn into the hen yard, and the sound of the ripping clapboards frightened the silly hens who were enjoying a dust-bath, and they fled in more directions than there were fowls.

I had not intended entering the hen yard, and I did not wish to stay there, so I kept on out, the wire netting not being what an automobile would call an obstruction. I never lose my head, and when I heard Araminta screaming in the barn, I called out cheerily to her, "I'll be back in a minute, dear, but I'm coming another way."

And I did come another way. I came all sorts of ways. I really don't know what got into the machine, but she now turned to the left and made for the road, and then she ran along on her two left wheels for a moment, and then seemed about to turn a somersault, but changed her mind, and, still veering to the left, kept on up the road, passing my house at a furious speed, and making for the

open country. With as much calmness as I could summon I steered her, but I think I steered her a little too much, for she turned toward my house.

I reached one end of the front piazza at the same time that Araminta reached the other end of it. I had the right of way, and she deferred to me just in time. I removed the vestibule storm door. It was late in March, and I did not think we should have any more use for it that season. And we didn't.

I had ordered a strongly-built machine, and I was now glad of it, because a light and weak affair that was merely meant to run along on a level and unobstructed road would not have stood the assault on my piazza. Why, my piazza did not stand it. It caved in, and made work for an already overworked local carpenter who was behind-hand with his orders. After I had passed through the vestibule, I applied the brake, and it worked. The path is not a cinder one, as I think them untidy, so I was not more than muddied. I was up in an instant, and looked at the still enthusiastic machine with admiration.

"Have you got the hang of it?" said Araminta.

Now that's one thing I like about Araminta. She does not waste words over non-essentials. The point was not that I had damaged the piazza. I needed a new one, anyway. The main thing was that I was trying to get the hang of the machine, and she recognized that fact instantly.

I told her that I thought I had, and that if I had pushed the lever in the right way at first, I should have come out of the barn in a more conventional way.

She again asked me to let her ride, and as I now felt that I could better cope with the curves of the machine I allowed her to get in.

"Don't lose your head," said I.

"I hope I shan't," said she dryly.

"Well, if you have occasion to leave me, drop over the back. Never jump ahead. That is a fundamental rule in runaways of all kinds."

Then we started, and I ran the motor along for upward of half a mile after I had reached the highway, which I did by a short cut through a field at the side of our house. There is only a slight rail fence surrounding it, and my machine made little of that. It really seemed to delight in what some people would have called danger.

"Araminta, are you glad that I saved up for this?"

"I am mad with joy," said the dear thing, her face flushed with excitement mixed with expectancy. Nor were her expectations to be disappointed. We still had a good deal to do before we should have ended our first ride.

So far I had damaged property to a certain extent, but I had no one but myself to reckon with, and I was providing work for people. I always have claimed that he who makes work for two men where there was only work for one before, is a public benefactor, and that day I was the friend of carpenters and other mechanics.

Along the highway we flew, our hearts beating high, but never in our mouths, and at last we saw a team approaching us. By "a team" I mean a horse and buggy. I was raised in Connecticut, where a team is anything you choose to call one.

The teamster saw us. Well, perhaps I should not call him a teamster (although he was one logically): he was our doctor, and, as I say, he saw us.

Now I think it would have been friendly in him, seeing that I was more or less of a novice at the art of automobiling, to have turned to the left when he saw that I was inadvertently turning to the left, but the practice of

forty years added to a certain native obstinacy made him turn to the right, and he met me at the same time that I met him.

The horse was not hurt, for which I am truly glad, and the doctor joined us, and continued with us for a season, but his buggy was demolished.

Of course I am always prepared to pay for my pleasure, and though it was not, strictly speaking, my pleasure to deprive my physician of his turn-out, yet if he *had* turned out it wouldn't have happened—and, as I say, I was prepared to get him a new vehicle. But he was very unreasonable; so much so that, as he was crowding us—for the seat was not built for more than two, and he is stout—I at last told him that I intended to turn around and carry him home, as we were out for pleasure, and he was giving us pain.

I will confess that the events of the last few minutes had rattled me somewhat, and I did not feel like turning just then, as the road was narrow. I knew that the road turned of its own accord a half-mile farther on, and so I determined to wait.

"I want to get out," said the doctor tartly, and just as he said so Araminta stepped on the brake, accidentally. The doctor got out—in front. With great presence of mind I reversed, and so we did not run over him. But he was furious and sulphurous, and that is why I have changed to homeopathy. He was the only allopathic doctor in Brantford.

I suppose that if I had stopped and apologized, he would have made up with me, and I would not have got angry with him, but I couldn't stop. The machine was now going as she had done when I left the barn, and we were backing into town.

Through it all I did not lose my coolness. I said:

"Araminta, look out behind, which is ahead of us, and if you have occasion to jump now, do it in front, which is behind," and Araminta understood me.

She sat sideways, so that she could see what was going on, but that might have been seen from any point of view, for we were the only things going on—or backing.

Pretty soon we passed the wreck of the buggy, and then we saw the horse grazing on dead grass by the roadside, and at last we came on a few of our townfolk who had seen us start, and were now come out to welcome us home. But I did not go home just then. I should have done so if the machine had minded me and turned in at our driveway, but it did not.

Across the way from us there is a fine lawn leading up to a beautiful greenhouse full of rare orchids and other plants. It is the pride of my very good neighbor, Jacob Rawlinson.

The machine, as if moved by *malice prépense,* turned just as we came to the lawn, and began to back at railroad speed.

I told Araminta that if she was tired of riding, now was the best time to stop; that she ought not to overdo it, and that I was going to get out myself as soon as I had seen her off.

I saw her off.

Then after one ineffectual jab at the brake, I left the machine hurriedly, and as I sat down on the sposhy lawn I heard a tremendous but not unmusical sound of falling glass—

I tell Araminta that it isn't the running of an automobile that is expensive. It is the stopping of it.

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

I wrote some lines once on a time
  In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
  They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
  I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
  A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
  How kind it was of him
To mind a slender man like me,
  He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,
  And, in my humorous way,
I added, (as a trifling jest,)
  "There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
  And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
  Was all upon the grin.

He read the next; the grin grew broad,
  And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third; a chuckling noise
  I now began to hear.

The fourth; he broke into a roar;
  The fifth; his waistband split;
The sixth; he burst five buttons off,
  And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,
  I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
  As funny as I can.

WHEN LOVELY WOMAN

BY PHŒBE CARY

When lovely woman wants a favor,
  And finds, too late, that man won't bend,
What earthly circumstance can save her
  From disappointment in the end?

The only way to bring him over,
  The last experiment to try,
Whether a husband or a lover,
  If he have feeling is—to cry.

1834

UNSATISFIED YEARNING

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

Down in the silent hallway
  Scampers the dog about,
And whines, and barks, and scratches,
  In order to get out.

Once in the glittering starlight,
  He straightway doth begin
To set up a doleful howling
  In order to get in.

THE INVISIBLE PRINCE*

BY HENRY HARLAND

At a masked ball given by the Countess Wohenhoffen, in Vienna, during carnival week, a year ago, a man draped in the embroidered silks of a Chinese mandarin, his features entirely concealed by an enormous Chinese head in cardboard, was standing in the Wintergarten, the big, dimly-lighted conservatory, near the door of one of the gilt-and-white reception-rooms, rather a stolid-seeming witness of the multi-coloured romp within, when a voice behind him said, "How do you do, Mr. Field?" —a woman's voice, an English voice.

The mandarin turned round.

From a black mask, a pair of blue-gray eyes looked into his broad, bland Chinese face; and a black domino dropped him an extravagant little curtsey.

"How do you do?" he responded. "I'm afraid I'm not Mr. Field; but I'll gladly pretend I am, if you'll stop and talk with me. I was dying for a little human conversation."

"Oh you're afraid you're not Mr. Field, are you?" the mask replied derisively. "Then why did you turn when I called his name?"

"You mustn't hope to disconcert me with questions like that," said he. "I turned because I liked your voice."

He might quite reasonably have liked her voice, a delicate, clear, soft voice, somewhat high in register, with an accent, crisp, chiselled, concise, that suggested wit as well

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as distinction. She was rather tall, for a woman; one could divine her slender and graceful, under the voluminous folds of her domino.

She moved a little away from the door, deeper into the conservatory. The mandarin kept beside her. There, amongst the palms, a *fontaine lumineuse* was playing, rhythmically changing colour. Now it was a shower of rubies; now of emeralds or amethysts, of sapphires, topazes, or opals.

"How pretty," she said, "and how frightfully ingenious. I am wondering whether this wouldn't be a good place to sit down. What do *you* think?" And she pointed with a fan to a rustic bench.

So they sat down on the rustic bench, by the *fontaine lumineuse.*

"In view of your fear that you're not Mr. Field, it's rather a coincidence that at a masked ball in Vienna you should just happen to be English, isn't it?" she asked.

"Oh, everybody's more or less English, in these days, you know," said he.

"There's some truth in that," she admitted, with a laugh. "What a diverting piece of artifice this Wintergarten is, to be sure. Fancy arranging the electric lights to shine through a dome of purple glass, and look like stars. They do look like stars, don't they? Slightly overdressed, showy stars, indeed; stars in the German taste; but stars, all the same. Then, by day, you know, the purple glass is removed, and you get the sun—the real sun. Do you notice the delicious fragrance of lilac? If one hadn't too exacting an imagination, one might almost persuade oneself that one was in a proper open-air garden, on a night in May— Yes, everybody is more or less English, in these days. That's precisely the sort of thing I should have expected Victor Field to say."

"By-the-bye," questioned the mandarin, "if you don't mind increasing my stores of knowledge, who *is* this fellow Field?"

"This fellow Field? Ah, who indeed?" said she. "That's just what I wish you'd tell me."

"I'll tell you with pleasure, after you've supplied me with the necessary data," he promised cheerfully.

"Well, by some accounts, he's a little literary man in London," she remarked.

"Oh, come! You never imagined that I was a little literary man in London," protested he.

"You might be worse," she retorted. "However, if the phrase offends you, I'll say a rising young literary man, instead. He writes things, you know."

"Poor chap, does he? But then, that's a way they have, sizing up literary persons?" His tone was interrogative.

"Doubtless," she agreed. "Poems and stories and things. And book reviews, I suspect. And even, perhaps, leading articles in the newspapers."

"*Toute la lyre enfin?* What they call a penny-a-liner?"

"I'm sure I don't know what he's paid. I should think he'd get rather more than a penny. He's fairly successful. The things he does aren't bad," she said.

"I must look 'em up," said he. "But meantime, will you tell me how you came to mistake me for him?" Has he the Chinese type? Besides, what on earth should a little London literary man be doing at the Countess Wohenhoffen's?"

"He was standing near the door, over there," she told him, sweetly, "dying for a little human conversation, till I took pity on him. No, he hasn't exactly the Chinese type, but he's wearing a Chinese costume, and I should suppose he'd feel uncommonly hot in that exasperatingly

placid Chinese head. *I'm* nearly suffocated, and I'm only wearing a *loup*. For the rest, why *shouldn't* he be here?"

"If your *loup* bothers you, pray take it off. Don't mind me," he urged gallantly.

"You're extremely good," she responded. "But if I should take off my *loup*, you'd be sorry. Of course, manlike, you're hoping that I'm young and pretty."

"Well, and aren't you?"

"I'm a perfect fright. I'm an old maid."

"Thank you. Manlike, I confess I *was* hoping you'd be young and pretty. Now my hope has received the strongest confirmation. I'm sure you are," he declared triumphantly.

"Your argument, with a meretricious air of subtlety, is facile and superficial. Don't pin your faith to it. Why *shouldn't* Victor Field be here?" she persisted.

"The Countess only receives tremendous swells. It's the most exclusive house in Europe."

"Are you a tremendous swell?" she wondered.

"Rather!" he asseverated. "Aren't you?"

She laughed a little, and stroked her fan, a big fan, a big fan of fluffy black feathers.

"That's very jolly," said he.

"What?" said she.

"That thing in your lap."

"My fan?"

"I expect you'd call it a fan."

"For goodness' sake, what would *you* call it?" cried she.

"I should call it a fan."

She gave another little laugh. "You have a nice instinct for the *mot juste*," she informed him.

"Oh, no," he disclaimed, modestly. "But I can call a

fan a fan, when I think it won't shock the sensibilities of my hearer."

"If the Countess only receives tremendous swells," said she, "you must remember that Victor Field belongs to the Aristocracy of Talent."

"Oh, *quant à ça,* so, from the Wohenhoffens' point of view, do the barber and the horse-leech. In this house, the Aristocracy of Talent dines with the butler."

"Is the Countess such a snob?" she asked.

"No; she's an Austrian. They draw the line so absurdly tight in Austria."

"Well, then, you leave me no alternative," she argued, "but to conclude that Victor Field is a tremendous swell. Didn't you notice, I bobbed him a curtsey?"

"I took the curtsey as a tribute to my Oriental magnificence," he confessed. "Field doesn't sound like an especially patrician name. I'd give anything to discover who you are. Can't you be induced to tell me? I'll bribe, entreat, threaten—I'll do anything you think might persuade you."

"I'll tell you at once, if you'll own up that you're Victor Field," said she.

"Oh, I'll own up that I'm Queen Elizabeth if you'll tell me who you are. The end justifies the means."

"Then you *are* Victor Field?" she pursued him eagerly.

"If you don't mind suborning perjury, why should I mind committing it?" he reflected. "Yes. And now, who are you?"

"No; I must have an unequivocal avowal," she stipulated. "Are you or are you not Victor Field?"

"Let us put it at this," he proposed, "that I'm a good serviceable imitation; an excellent substitute when the genuine article is not procurable."

"Of course, your real name isn't anything like Victor Field," she declared, pensively.

"I never said it was. But I admire the way in which you give with one hand and take back with the other."

"Your real name—" she began. "Wait a moment— Yes, now I have it. Your real name— It's rather long. You don't think it will bore you?"

"Oh, if it's really my real name, I daresay I'm hardened to it," said he.

"Your real name is Louis Charles Ferdinand Stanislas John Joseph Emmanuel Maria Anna."

"Mercy upon me," he cried, "what a name! You ought to have broken it to me in instalments. And it's all Christian name at that. Can't you spare me just a little rag of a surname, for decency's sake?" he pleaded.

"The surnames of royalties don't matter, Monseigneur," she said, with a flourish.

"Royalties? What? Dear me, here's rapid promotion! I am royal now! And a moment ago I was a little penny-a-liner in London."

"*L'un n'empêche pas l'autre.* Have you never heard the story of the Invisible Prince?" she asked.

"I adore irrelevancy," said he. "I seem to have read something about an invisible prince, when I was young. A fairy tale, wasn't it?"

"The irrelevancy is only apparent. The story I mean is a story of real life. Have you ever heard of the Duke of Zeln?"

"Zeln? Zeln?" he repeated, reflectively. "No, I don't think so."

She clapped her hands. "Really, you do it admirably. If I weren't perfectly sure of my facts, I believe I should be taken in. Zeln, as any history would tell you, as any

old atlas would show you, was a little independent duchy in the center of Germany."

"Poor dear thing! Like Jonah in the center of the whale," he murmured, sympathetically.

"Hush. Don't interrupt. Zeln was a little independent German duchy, and the Duke of Zeln was its sovereign. After the war with France it was absorbed by Prussia. But the ducal family still rank as royal highness. Of course, you've heard of the Leczinskis?"

"Lecz—what?" said he.

"Leczinski," she repeated.

"How do you spell it?"

"L-e-c-z-i-n-s-k-i."

"Good. Capital. You have a real gift for spelling," he exclaimed.

"Will you be quiet," she said, severely, "and answer my question? Are you familiar with the name?"

"I should never venture to be familiar with a name I didn't know," he asserted.

"Ah, you don't know it? You have never heard of Stanislas Leczinska, who was king of Poland? Of Marie Leczinska, who married Louis VI?"

"Oh, to be sure. I remember. The lady whose portrait one sees at Versailles."

"Quite so. Very well," she continued, "the last representative of the Leczinskis, in the elder line, was the Princess Anna Leczinska, who, in 1858, married the Duke of Zeln. She was the daughter of John Leczinski, Duke of Grodnia and Governor of Galicia, and of the Archduchess Henrietta d'Este, a cousin of the Emperor of Austria. She was also a great heiress, and an extremely handsome woman. But the Duke of Zeln was a bad lot, a viveur, a gambler, a spendthrift. His wife, like a fool, made her entire fortune over to him, and he

proceeded to play ducks and drakes with it. By the time their son was born he'd got rid of the last farthing. Their son wasn't born till '63, five years after their marriage. Well, and then, what do you suppose the Duke did?"

"Reformed, of course. The wicked husband always reforms when a child is born, and there's no more money," he generalized.

"You know perfectly well what he did," said she. "He petitioned the German Diet to annul the marriage. You see, having exhausted the dowry of the Princess Anna, it occurred to him that if she could only be got out of the way, he might marry another heiress, and have the spending of another fortune."

"Clever dodge," he observed. "Did it come off?"

"It came off, all too well. He based his petition on the ground that the marriage had never been— I forget what the technical term is. Anyhow, he pretended that the princess had never been his wife except in name, and that the child couldn't possibly be his. The Emperor of Austria stood by his connection, like the royal gentleman he is; used every scrap of influence he possessed to help her. But the duke, who was a Protestant (the princess was of course a Catholic), the duke persuaded all the Protestant States in the Diet to vote in his favour. The Emperor of Austria was powerless, the Pope was powerless. And the Diet annulled the marriage."

"Ah," said the mandarin.

"Yes," she went on. "The marriage was annulled, and the child declared illegitimate. Ernest Augustus, as the duke was somewhat inconsequently named, married again, and had other children, the eldest of whom is the present bearer of the title—the same Duke of Zeln one hears of, quarreling with the croupiers at Monte Carlo. The Princess Anna, with her baby, came to Austria. The

Emperor gave her a pension, and lent her one of his country houses to live in—Schloss Sanct—Andreas. Our hostess, by-the-by, the Countess Wohenhoffen, was her intimate friend and her *première dame d'honneur.*"

"Ah," said the mandarin.

"But the poor princess had suffered more than she could bear. She died when her child was four years old. The Countess Wohenhoffen took the infant, by the Emperor's desire, and brought him up with her own son Peter. He was called Prince Louis Leczinski. Of course, in all moral right, he was the Hereditary Prince of Zeln. His legitimacy, for the rest, and his mother's innocence, are perfectly well established, in every sense but a legal sense, by the fact that he has all the physical characteristics of the Zeln stock. He has the Zeln nose and the Zeln chin, which are as distinctive as the Hapsburg lip."

"I hope, for the poor young man's sake, though, that they're not so unbecoming?" questioned the mandarin.

"They're not exactly pretty," answered the mask. "The nose is a thought too long, the chin is a trifle too short. However, I daresay the poor young man is satisfied. As I was about to tell you, the Countess Wohenhoffen brought him up, and the Emperor destined him for the Church. He even went to Rome and entered the Austrian College. He'd have been on the high road to a cardinalate by this time if he'd stuck to the priesthood, for he had strong interest. But, lo and behold, when he was about twenty, he chucked the whole thing up."

"Ah? *Histoire de femme?*"

"Very likely," she assented, "though I've never heard any one say so. At all events, he left Rome, and started upon his travels. He had no money of his own, but the Emperor made him an allowance. He started upon his travels, and he went to India, and he went to America,

and he went to South Africa, and then, finally, in '87 or '88, he went—no one knows where. He totally disappeared, vanished into space. He's not been heard of since. Some people think he's dead. But the greater number suppose that he tired of his false position in the world, and one fine day determined to escape from it, by sinking his identity, changing his name, and going in for a new life under new conditions. They call him the Invisible Prince. His position *was* rather an ambiguous one, wasn't it? You see, he was neither one thing nor the other. He has no *état-civil*. In the eyes of the law he was a bastard, yet he knew himself to be the legitimate son of the Duke of Zeln. He was a citizen of no country, yet he was the rightful heir to a throne. He was the last descendant of Stanislas Leczinski, yet it was without authority that he bore his name. And then, of course, the rights and wrongs of the matter were only known to a few. The majority of people simply remembered that there had been a scandal. And (as a wag once said of him) wherever he went, he left his mother's reputation behind him. No wonder he found the situation irksome. Well, there is the story of the Invisible Prince."

"And a very exciting, melodramatic little story, too. For my part, I suspect your Prince met a boojum. I love to listen to stories. Won't you tell me another? Do, please," he pressed her.

"No, he didn't meet a boojum," she returned. "He went to England, and set up for an author. The Invisible Prince and Victor Field are one and the same person."

"Oh, I say! Not really!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, really."

"What makes you think so?" he wondered.

"I'm sure of it," said she. "To begin with, I must confide to you that Victor Field is a man I've never met."

"Never met—?" he gasped. "But, by the blithe way in which you were laying his sins at my door, a little while ago, I supposed you were sworn confederates."

"What's the good of masked balls, if you can't talk to people you've never met?" she submitted. "I've never met him, but I'm one of his admirers. I like his little poems. And I'm the happy possessor of a portrait of him. It's a print after a photograph. I cut it from an illustrated paper."

"I really almost wish I *was* Victor Field," he sighed. "I should feel such a glow of gratified vanity."

"And the Countess Wohenhoffen," she added, "has at least twenty portraits of the Invisible Prince—photographs, miniatures, life-size paintings, taken from the time he was born, almost, to the time of his disappearance. Victor Field and Louis Leczinski have countenances as like each other as two halfpence."

"An accidental resemblance, doubtless."

"No, it isn't an accidental resemblance," she affirmed.

"Oh, then you think it's intentional?" he quizzed.

"Don't be absurd. I might have thought it accidental, except for one or two odd little circumstances. *Primo,* Victor Field is a guest at the Wohenhoffens' ball."

"Oh, he *is* a guest here?"

"Yes, he is," she said. "You are wondering how I know. Nothing simpler. The same *costumier* who made my domino, supplied his Chinese dress. I noticed it at his shop. It struck me as rather nice, and I asked whom it was for. The *costumier* said, for an Englishman at the Hôtel de Bade. Then he looked in his book, and told me the Englishman's name. It was Victor Field. So, when I saw the same Chinese dress here to-night, I knew it covered the person of one of my favorite authors. But I own, like you, I was a good deal surprised. What on

earth should a little London literary man be doing at the Countess Wohenhoffen's? And then I remembered the astonishing resemblance between Victor Field and Louis Leczinski; and I remembered that to Louis Leczinski the Countess Wohenhoffen had been a second mother; and I reflected that though he chose to be as one dead and buried for the rest of the world, Louis Leczinski might very probably keep up private relations with the Countess. He might very probably come to her ball, incognito, and safely masked. I observed also that the Countess's rooms were decorated throughout with *white lilac*. But the white lilac is the emblematic flower of the Leczinskis; green and white are their family colours. Wasn't the choice of white lilac on this occasion perhaps designed as a secret compliment to the Prince? I was taught in the schoolroom that two and two make four."

"Oh, one can see that you've enjoyed a liberal education," he apprised her. "But where were you taught to jump to conclusions? You do it with a grace, an assurance. I too have heard that two and two make four; but first you must catch your two and two. Really, as if there couldn't be more than one Chinese costume knocking about Vienna, during carnival week! Dear, good, sweet lady, it's of all disguises the disguise they're driving hardest, this particular season. And then to build up an elaborate theory of identities upon the mere chance resemblance of a pair of photographs! Photographs indeed! Photographs don't give the complexion. Say that your Invisible Prince is dark, what's to prevent your literary man from being fair or sandy? Or *vice versâ?* And then, how is a little German Polish princeling to write poems and things in English? No, no, no; your reasoning hasn't a leg to stand on."

"Oh, I don't mind its not having legs," she laughed,

"so long as it convinces me. As for writing poems and things in English, you yourself said that everybody is more or less English, in these days. German princes are especially so. They all learn English, as a second mother-tongue. You see, like Circassian beauties, they are mostly bred up for the marriage market; and nothing is a greater help towards a good sound remunerative English marriage, than a knowledge of the language. However, don't be frightened. I must take it for granted that Victor Field would prefer not to let the world know who he is. I happen to have discovered his secret. He may trust to my discretion."

"You still persist in imagining that I'm Victor Field?" he murmured sadly.

"I should have to be extremely simple-minded," she announced, "to imagine anything else. You wouldn't be a male human being if you had sat here for half an hour patiently talking about another man."

"Your argument," said he, "with a meretricious air of subtlety, is facile and superficial. I thank you for teaching me that word. I'd sit here till doomsday talking about my worst enemy, for the pleasure of talking with you."

"Perhaps we have been talking of your worst enemy. Whom do the moralists pretend a man's worst enemy is wont to be?" she asked.

"I wish you would tell me the name of the person the moralists would consider *your* worst enemy," he replied.

"I'll tell you directly, as I said before, if you'll own up," she offered.

"Your price is prohibitive. I've nothing to own up to."

"Well then—good night," she said.

Lightly, swiftly, she fled from the conservatory, and was soon irrecoverable in the crowd.

The next morning Victor Field left Vienna for London; but before he left he wrote a letter to Peter Wohenhoffen. In the course of it he said: "There was an Englishwoman at your ball last night with the reasoning powers of a detective in a novel. By divers processes of elimination and induction, she had formed all sorts of theories about no end of things. Among others, for instance, she was willing to bet her halidome that a certain Prince Louis Leczinski, who seems to have gone on the spree some years ago, and never to have come home again—she was willing to bet anything you like that Leczinski and I—*moi qui vous parle*—were to all intents and purposes the same. Who was she, please? Rather a tall woman, in a black domino, with gray eyes, or grayish-blue, and a nice voice."

In the answer which he received from Peter Wohenhoffen towards the end of the week, Peter said: "There were nineteen Englishwomen at my mother's party, all of them rather tall, with nice voices, and gray or blue-gray eyes. I don't know what colours their dominoes were. Here is a list of them."

The names that followed were names of people whom Victor Field almost certainly would never meet. The people Victor knew in London were the sort of people a little literary man might be expected to know. Most of them were respectable; some of them even deemed themselves rather smart, and patronized him right Britishly. But the nineteen names in Peter Wohenhoffen's list ("Oh, me! Oh, my!" cried Victor) were names to make you gasp.

All the same, he went a good deal to Hyde Park during the season, and watched the driving.

"Which of all those haughty high-born beauties is she?" he wondered futilely.

And then the season passed, and then the year; and little by little, of course, he ceased to think about her.

One afternoon last May, a man, habited in accordance with the fashion of the period, stopped before a hairdresser's shop in Knightsbridge somewhere, and, raising his hat, bowed to the three waxen ladies who simpered from the window.

"Oh! It's Mr. Field!" a voice behind him cried. "What are those cryptic rites that you're performing? What on earth are you bowing into a hairdresser's window for?"—a smooth, melodious voice, tinged by an inflection that was half ironical, half bewildered.

"I was saluting the type of English beauty," he answered, turning. "Fortunately, there are divergencies from it," he added, as he met the puzzled smile of his interlocutrice; a puzzled smile, indeed, but, like the voice, by no means without its touch of irony.

She gave a little laugh; and then, examining the models critically, "Oh?" she questioned. "Would you call that the type? You place the type high. Their features are quite faultless, and who ever saw such complexions?"

"It's the type, all the same," said he. "Just as the imitation marionette is the type of English breeding."

"The imitation marionette? I'm afraid I don't follow," she confessed.

"The imitation marionettes. You've seen them at little theatres in Italy. They're actors who imitate puppets. Men and women who try to behave as if they weren't human, as if they were made of starch and whalebone, instead of flesh and blood."

"Ah, yes," she assented, with another little laugh. "That *would* be rather typical of our insular methods. But do you know what an engaging, what a reviving

spectacle you presented, as you stood there flourishing your hat? What do you imagine people thought? And what would have happened to you if I had just chanced to be a policeman instead of a friend?"

"Would you have clapped your handcuffs on me?" he inquired. "I suppose my conduct did seem rather suspicious. I was in the deepest depths of dejection. One must give some expression to one's sorrow."

"Are you going towards Kensington?" she asked, preparing to move on.

"Before I commit myself, I should like to be sure whether you are," he replied.

"You can easily discover with a little perseverance."

He placed himself beside her, and together they walked towards Kensington.

She was rather taller than the usual woman, and slender. She was exceedingly well-dressed; smartly, becomingly; a jaunty little hat of strangely twisted straw, with an aigrette springing defiantly from it; a jacket covered with mazes and labyrinths of embroidery; at her throat a big knot of white lace, the ends of which fell winding in a creamy cascade to her waist (do they call the thing a *jabot?*); and then . . . But what can a man trust himself to write of these esoteric matters? She carried herself extremely well, too: with grace, with distinction, her head held high, even thrown back a little, superciliously. She had an immense quantity of very lovely hair. Red hair? Yellow hair? Red hair with yellow lights burning in it? Yellow hair with red fires shimmering through it? In a single loose, full billow it swept away from her forehead, and then flowed into a half-a-thousand rippling, crinkling, capricious undulations. And her skin had the sensitive colouring, the fineness of texture, that are apt to accompany red hair when it's yellow,

yellow hair when it's red. Her face, with its pensive, quizzical eyes, its tip-tilted nose, its rather large mouth, and the little mocking quirks and curves the lips took, with an alert, arch, witty face; a delicate high-bred face; and withal a somewhat sensuous, emotional face; the face of a woman with a vast deal of humour in her soul; a vast deal of mischief; of a woman who would love to tease you, and mystify you, and lead you on, and put you off; and yet who, in her own way, at her own time, would know supremely well how to be kind.

But it was mischief rather than kindness that glimmered in her eyes at present, as she asked, "You were in the deepest depths of dejection? Poor man! Why?"

"I can't precisely determine," said he, "whether the sympathy that seems to vibrate in your voice is genuine or counterfeit."

"Perhaps it's half and half," she suggested. "But my curiosity is unmixed. Tell me your troubles."

"The catalogue is long. I've sixteen hundred million. The weather, for example. The shameless beauty of this radiant spring day. It's enough to stir all manner of wild pangs and longings in the heart of an octogenarian. But, anyhow, when one's life is passed in a dungeon, one can't perpetually be singing and dancing from mere exuberance of joy, can one?"

"Is your life passed in a dungeon?" she exclaimed.

"Indeed, indeed, it is. Isn't yours?"

"It had never occurred to me that it was."

"You're lucky. Mine is passed in the dungeons of Castle Ennui," he said.

"Oh, Castle Ennui. Ah, yes. You mean you're bored?"

"At this particular moment I'm savouring the most exquisite excitement," he professed. "But in general, when I am not working or sleeping, I'm bored to extermina-

tion—incomparably bored. If only one could work and sleep alternately, twenty-four hours a day, the year round! There's no use trying to play in London. It's so hard to find a playmate. The English people take their pleasures without salt."

"The dungeons of Castle Ennui," she repeated meditatively. "Yes, we are fellow-prisoners. I'm bored to extermination too. Still," she added, "one is allowed out on parole, now and again. And sometimes one has really quite delightful little experiences."

"It would ill become me, in the present circumstances, to dispute that," he answered, bowing.

"But the castle waits to reclaim us afterwards, doesn't it?" she mused. "That's rather a happy image, Castle Ennui."

"I'm extremely glad you approve of it. Castle Ennui is the bastile of modern life. It is built of prunes and prisms; it has its outer court of convention, and its inner court of propriety; it is moated round by respectability, and the shackles its inmates wear are forged of dull little duties and arbitrary little rules. You can only escape from it at the risk of breaking your social neck, or remaining a fugitive from social justice to the end of your days. Yes, it *is* a fairly decent little image."

"A bit out of something you're preparing for the press?" she hinted.

"Oh, how unkind of you!" he cried. "It was absolutely extemporaneous."

"One can never tell, with *vous autres gens-de-lettres,*" she laughed.

"It would be friendlier to say *nous autres gens d'esprit,*" he submitted.

"Aren't we proving to what degree *nous autres gens d'esprit sont bêtes,*" she remarked, "by continuing to walk

along this narrow pavement, when we can get into Kensington Gardens by merely crossing the street. Would it take you out of your way?"

"I have no way. I was sauntering for pleasure, if you can believe me. I wish I could hope that you have no way either. Then we could stop here, and crack little jokes together the livelong afternoon," he said, as they entered the Gardens.

"Alas, my way leads straight back to the Castle. I've promised to call on an old woman in Campden Hill," said she.

"Disappoint her. It's good for old women to be disappointed. It whips up their circulation."

"I shouldn't much regret disappointing the old woman," she admitted, "and I should rather like an hour or two of stolen freedom. I don't mind owning that I've generally found you, as men go, a moderately interesting man to talk with. But the deuce of it is— You permit the expression?"

"I'm devoted to the expression."

"The deuce of it is, I'm supposed to be driving," she explained.

"Oh, that doesn't matter. So many suppositions in this world are baseless," he reminded her.

"But there's the prison van," she said. "It's one of the tiresome rules in the female wing of Castle Ennui that you're always supposed, more or less, to be driving. And though you may cheat the authorities by slipping out of the prison van directly it's turned the corner, and sending it on ahead, there it remains, a factor that can't be eliminated. The prison van will relentlessly await my arrival in the old woman's street."

"That only adds to the sport. Let it wait. When a factor can't be eliminated, it should be haughtily ignored.

Besides, there are higher considerations. If you leave me, what shall I do with the rest of this weary day?"

"You can go to your club."

He threw up his hand. "Merciful lady! What sin have I committed? I never go to my club, except when I've been wicked, as a penance. If you will permit me to employ a metaphor—oh, but a tried and trusty metaphor—when one ship on the sea meets another in distress, it stops and comforts it, and forgets all about its previous engagements and the prison van and everything. Shall we cross to the north, and see whether the Serpentine is in its place? Or would you prefer to inspect the eastern front of the Palace? Or may I offer you a penny chair?"

"I think a penny chair would be the maddest of the three dissipations," she decided.

And they sat down in penny chairs.

"It's rather jolly here, isn't it?" said he. "The trees, with their black trunks, and their leaves, and things. Have you ever seen such sumptuous foliage? And the greensward, and the shadows, and the sunlight, and the atmosphere, and the mistiness—isn't it like pearl-dust and gold-dust floating in the air? It's all got up to imitate the background of a Watteau. We must do our best to be frivolous and ribald, and supply a proper foreground. How big and fleecy and white the clouds are. Do you think they're made of cotton-wood? And what do you suppose they paint the sky with? There never was such a brilliant, breath-taking blue. It's much too nice to be natural. And they've sprinkled the whole place with scent, haven't they? You notice how fresh and sweet it smells. If only one could get rid of the sparrows—the cynical little beasts! hear how they're chortling—and the people, and the nursemaids and children. I have never

been able to understand why they admit the public to the parks."

"Go on," she encouraged him. "You're succeeding admirably in your effort to be ribald."

"But that last remark wasn't ribald in the least—it was desperately sincere. I do think it's inconsiderate of them to admit the public to the parks. They ought to exclude all the lower classes, the people, at one fell swoop, and then to discriminate tremendously amongst the others."

"Mercy, what undemocratic sentiments!" she cried. "The People, the poor dear People—what have they done?"

"Everything. What haven't they done? One could forgive their being dirty and stupid and noisy and rude; one could forgive their ugliness, the ineffable banality of their faces, their goggle-eyes, their protruding teeth, their ungainly motions; but the trait one can't forgive is their venality. They're so mercenary. They're always thinking how much they can get out of you—everlastingly touching their hats and expecting you to put your hand in your pocket. Oh, no, believe me, there's no health in the People. Ground down under the iron heel of despotism, reduced to a condition of hopeless serfdom, I don't say that they might not develop redeeming virtues. But free, but sovereign, as they are in these days, they're everything that is squalid and sordid and offensive. Besides, they read such abominably bad literature."

"In that particular they're curiously like the aristocracy, aren't they?" said she. "By-the-bye, when are you going to publish another book of poems?"

"Apropos of bad literature?"

"Not altogether bad. I rather like your poems."

"So do I," said he. "It's useless to pretend that we haven't tastes in common."

They were both silent for a bit. She looked at him oddly, an inscrutable little light flickering in her eyes. All at once she broke out with a merry trill of laughter.

"What are you laughing at?" he demanded.

"I'm hugely amused," she answered.

"I wasn't aware that I'd said anything especially good."

"You're building better than you know. But if I am amused, *you* look ripe for tears. What is the matter?"

"Every heart knows its own bitterness," he answered. "Don't pay the least attention to me. You mustn't let moodiness of mine cast a blight upon your high spirits."

"No fear," she assured him. "There are pleasures that nothing can rob of their sweetness. Life is not all dust and ashes. There are bright spots."

"Yes, I've no doubt there are," he said.

"And thrilling little adventures—no?" she questioned.

"For the bold, I dare say."

"None but the bold deserve them. Sometimes it's one thing, and sometimes it's another."

"That's very certain," he agreed.

"Sometimes, for instance," she went on, "one meets a man one knows, and speaks to him. And he answers with a glibness! And then, almost directly, what do you suppose one discovers?"

"What?" he asked.

"One discovers that the wretch hasn't a ghost of a notion who one is—that he's totally and absolutely forgotten one!"

"Oh, I say! Really?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, really. You can't deny that *that's* an exhilarating little adventure."

"I should think it might be. One could enjoy the man's embarrassment," he reflected.

"Or his lack of embarrassment. Some men are of an assurance, of a *sang froid!* They'll place themselves beside you, and walk with you, and talk with you, and even propose that you should pass the livelong afternoon cracking jokes with them in a garden, and never breathe a hint of their perplexity. They'll brazen it out."

"That's distinctly heroic, Spartan, of them, don't you think?" he said. "Intentionally, poor dears, they're very likely suffering agonies of discomfiture."

"We'll hope they are. Could they decently do less?" said she.

"And fancy the mental struggles that must be going on in their brains," he urged. "If I were a man in such a situation I'd throw myself upon the woman's mercy. I'd say, 'Beautiful, sweet lady! I know I know you. Your name, your entirely charming and appropriate name, is trembling on the tip of my tongue. But, for some unaccountable reason, my brute of a memory chooses to play the fool. If you've a spark of Christian kindness in your soul, you'll come to my rescue with a little clue."

"If the woman had a Christian sense of the ridiculous in her soul, I fear you'd throw yourself on her mercy in vain," she warned.

"What *is* the good of tantalizing people?"

"Besides," she continued, "the woman might reasonably feel slightly humiliated to find herself forgotten in that bare-faced manner."

"The humiliation would be surely all the man's. Have you heard from the Wohenhoffens lately?"

"The—what? The—who?" She raised her eyebrows.

"The Wohenhoffens," he repeated.

"What are the Wohenhoffens? Are they persons? Are they things?"

"Oh, nothing. My inquiry was merely dictated by a thirst for knowledge. It occurred to me that you might have won a black domino at the masked ball they gave, the Wohenhoffens. Are you sure you didn't?"

"I've a great mind to punish your forgetfulness by pretending that I did," she teased.

"She was rather tall, like you, and she had gray eyes, and a nice voice, and a laugh that was sweeter than the singing of nightingales. She was monstrously clever, too, with a flow of language that would have made her a leader in any sphere. She was also a perfect fiend. I have always been anxious to meet her again, in order that I might ask her to marry me. I'm strongly disposed to believe that she was you. Was she?" he pleaded.

"If I say yes, will you at once proceed to ask me to marry you?" she asked.

"Try it and see."

"*Ce n'est pas la peine.* It occasionally happens that a woman's already got a husband."

"She said she was an old maid."

"Do you dare to insinuate that I look like an old maid?" she cried.

"Yes."

"Upon my word!"

"Would you wish me to insinute that you look like anything so insipid as a young girl? *Were* you the woman of the black domino?" he persisted.

"I should need further information, before being able to make up my mind. Are the—what's their name?—Wohenheimer?—are the Wohenheimers people one can safely confess to knowing? Oh, you're a man, and don't count. But a woman? It sounds a trifle Jewish, Wohenheimer. But of course there are Jews and Jews."

"You're playing with me like the cat in the adage," he

sighed. "It's too cruel. No one is responsible for his memory."

"And to think that this man took me down to dinner not two months ago!" she murmured in her veil.

"You're as hard as nails. In whose house? Or—stay. Prompt me a little. Tell me the first syllable of your name. Then the rest will come with a rush."

"My name is Matilda Muggins."

"I've a great mind to punish your untruthfulness by pretending to believe you," said he. "Have you really got a husband?"

"Why do you doubt it?" said she.

"I don't doubt it. Have you?"

"I don't know what to answer."

"Don't you know whether you've got a husband?" he protested.

"I don't know what I'd better let you believe. Yes, on the whole, I think you may as well assume that I've got a husband," she concluded.

"And a lover, too?" he asked.

"Really! I like your impertinence!" she bridled.

"I only asked to show a polite interest. I knew the answer would be an indignant negative. You're an Englishwoman, and you're *nice*. Oh, one can see with half an eye that you're *nice*. But that a nice Englishwoman should have a lover is as inconceivable as that she should have side-whiskers. It's only the reg'lar bad-uns in England who have lovers. There's nothing between the family pew and the divorce court. One nice Englishwoman is a match for the whole Eleven Thousand Virgins of Cologne."

"To hear you talk, one might fancy you were not English yourself. For a man of the name of Field, you're uncommonly foreign. You *look* rather foreign, too, you

know, by-the-bye. You haven't at all an English cast of countenance," she considered.

"I've enjoyed the advantages of a foreign education. I was brought up abroad," he explained.

"Where your features unconsciously assimilated themselves to a foreign type? Where you learned a hundred thousand strange little foreign things, no doubt? And imbibed a hundred thousand unprincipled little foreign notions? And all the ingenuous little foreign prejudices and misconceptions concerning England?" she questioned.

"Most of them," he assented.

"*Perfide Albion?* English hypocrisy?" she pursued.

"Oh, yes, the English are consummate hypocrites. But there's only one objection to their hypocrisy—it so rarely covers any wickedness. It's such a disappointment to see a creature stalking toward you, laboriously draped in sheep's clothing, and then to discover that it's only a sheep. You, for instance, as I took the liberty of intimating a moment ago, in spite of your perfectly respectable appearance, are a perfectly respectable woman. If you weren't, wouldn't I be making furious love to you, though!"

"As I am, I can see no reason why you shouldn't make furious love to me, if it would amuse you. There's no harm in firing your pistol at a person who's bullet-proof," she laughed.

"No; it's merely a wanton waste of powder and shot," said he. "However, I shouldn't stick at that. The deuce of it is— You permit the expression?"

"I'm devoted to the expression."

"The deuce of it is, you profess to be married."

"Do you mean to say that you, with your unprinci-

pled foreign notions, would be restrained by any such consideration as that?" she wondered.

"I shouldn't be for an instant—if I weren't in love with you."

"Comment donc? Déjà?" she cried with a laugh.

"Oh, *déjà!* Why not? Consider the weather—consider the scene. Is the air soft, is it fragrant? Look at the sky—good heavens!—and the clouds, and the shadows on the grass, and the sunshine between the trees. The world is made of light to-day, of light and color, and perfume and music. *Tutt 'intorno canta amor, amor, amor!* What would you have? One recognises one's affinity. One doesn't need a lifetime. You began the business at the Wohenhoffens' ball. To-day you've merely put on the finishing touches."

"Oh, then I *am* the woman you met at the masked ball?" she cried.

"Look me in the eye, and tell me you're not," he defied her.

"I haven't the faintest interest in telling you I'm not. On the contrary, it rather pleases me to let you imagine that I am."

"She owed me a grudge, you know. I hoodwinked her like everything," he confided.

"Oh, did you? Then, as a sister woman, I should be glad to serve as her instrument of vengeance. Do you happen to have such a thing as a watch about you?" she inquired.

"Yes," he said.

"Will you be good enough to tell me what o'clock it is?"

"What are your motives for asking?"

"I'm expected at home at five."

"Where do you live?"

"What are the motives for asking?"

"I want to call upon you."

"You might wait till you're invited."

"Well, invite me—quick!"

"Never."

"Never?"

"Never, never, never," she asseverated. "A man who's forgotten me as you have!"

"But if I've only met you once at a masked ball—"

"Can't you be brought to realise that every time you mistake me for that woman of the masked ball you turn the dagger in the wound?" she demanded.

"But if you won't invite me to call upon you, how and when am I to see you again?"

"I haven't an idea," she answered, cheerfully. "I must go now. Good-by." She rose.

"One moment," he interposed. "Before you go will you allow me to look at the palm of your left hand?"

"What for?"

"I can tell fortunes. I'm extremely good at it," he boasted. "I'll tell you yours."

"Oh, very well," she assented, sitting down again: and guilelessly she pulled off her glove.

He took her hand, a beautifully slender, nervous hand, warm and soft, with rosy, tapering fingers.

"Oho! you *are* an old maid after all," he cried. "There's no wedding ring."

"You villain!" she gasped, snatching the hand away.

"I promised to tell your fortune. Haven't I told it correctly?"

"You needn't rub it in, though. Eccentric old maids don't like to be reminded of their condition."

"Will you marry *me?*"

"Why do you ask?"

"Partly for curiosity. Partly because it's the only way

I can think of, to make sure of seeing you again. And then, I like your hair. Will you?"

"I can't," she said.

"Why not?"

"The stars forbid. And I'm ambitious. In my horoscope it is written that I shall either never marry at all, or—marry royalty."

"Oh, bother ambition! Cheat your horoscope. Marry me. Will you?"

"If you care to follow me," she said, rising again, "you can come and help me to commit a little theft."

He followed her to an obscure and sheltered corner of a flowery path, where she stopped before a bush of white lilac.

"There are no keepers in sight, are there?" she questioned.

"I don't see any," he said.

"Then allow me to make you a receiver of stolen goods," said she, breaking off a spray, and handing it to him.

"Thank you. But I'd rather have an answer to my question."

"Isn't that an answer?"

"Is it?"

"White lilac—to the Invisible Prince?"

"The Invisible Prince— Then you *are the black* domino!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I suppose so," she consented.

"And you *will* marry me?"

"I'll tell the aunt I live with to ask you to dinner."

"But will you marry me?"

"I thought you wished me to cheat my horoscope?"

"How could you find a better means of doing so?"

"What! if I should marry Louis Leczinski—?"

"Oh, to be sure. You will have it that I was Louis Leczinski. But, on that subject, I must warn you seriously—"

"One instant," she interrupted. "People must look other people straight in the face when they're giving serious warnings. Look straight into my eyes, and continue your serious warning."

"I must really warn you seriously," said he, biting his lip, "that if you persist in that preposterous delusion about my being Louis Leczinski, you'll be most awfully sold. I have nothing on earth to do with Louis Leczinski. Your ingenious little theories, as I tried to convince you at the time, were absolute romance."

Her eyebrows raised a little, she kept her eyes fixed steadily on his—oh, in the drollest fashion, with a gaze that seemed to say "How admirably you do it! I wonder whether you imagine I believe you. Oh, you fibber! Aren't you ashamed to tell me such abominable fibs—?"

They stood still, eyeing each other thus, for something like twenty seconds, and then they both laughed and walked on.

WHY WAIT FOR DEATH AND TIME?

BY BERT LESTON TAYLOR

I hold it truth with him who weekly sings
  Brave songs of hope,—the music of "The Sphere,"—
That deathless tomes the living present brings:
  Great literature is with us year on year.
Books of the mighty dead, whom men revere,
  Remind me I can make *my* books sublime.
But, prithee, bay my brow while I am here:
  Why do we ever wait for Death and Time?

Shakespeare, great spirit, beat his mighty wings,
  As I beat mine, for the occasion near.
He knew, as I, the worth of present things:
  Great literature is with us year on year.
Methinks I meet across the gulf his clear
  And tranquil eye; his calm reflections chime
With mine: "Why do we at the present fleer?
  Why do we ever wait for Death and Time?"

The reading world with acclamation rings
  For my last book. It led the list at Weir,
Altoona, Rahway, Painted Post, Hot Springs:
  Great literature is with us year on year.
"The Bookman" gives me a vociferous cheer.
  Howells approves. I can no higher climb.
Bring, then, the laurel: crown my bright career—
  Why do we ever wait for Death and Time?

1866

Critics, who pastward, ever pastward peer,
Great literature is with us year on year.
Trumpet my fame while I am in my prime:
Why do we ever wait for Death and Time?

WINTER JOYS

BY EUGENE FIELD

A man stood on the bathroom floor,
While raged the storm without,
One hand was on the water valve,
The other on the spout.

He fiercely tried to turn the plug,
But all in vain he tried,
"I see it all, I am betrayed,
The water's froze," he cried.

Down to the kitchen then he rushed,
And in the basement dove,
Long strived he for to turn the plugs,
But all in vain he strove.

"The hydrant may be running yet,"
He cried in hopeful tone,
Alas, the hydrant too, was froze,
As stiff as any stone.

There came a burst, the water pipes
And plugs, oh, where were they?
Ask of the soulless plumber man
Who called around next day.

THE DEMON OF THE STUDY

BY JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The Brownie sits in the Scotchman's room,
And eats his meat and drinks his ale,
And beats the maid with her unused broom,
And the lazy lout with his idle flail;
But he sweeps the floor and threshes the corn,
And hies him away ere the break of dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the sun,
And the Cocklane ghost from the barn-loft cheer,
The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,
Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,
And the devil of Martin Luther sat
By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck of him
Who seven times crossed the deep,
Twined closely each lean and withered limb,
Like the nightmare in one's sleep.
But he drank of the wine, and Sindbad cast
The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by day
To my quiet room and fireside nook,
Where the casement light falls dim and gray
On faded painting and ancient book,
Is a sorrier one than any whose names
Are chronicled well by good King James.

1869

THE DEMON OF THE STUDY

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,
No runner of errands like Ariel,
He comes in the shape of a fat old man,
Without rap of knuckle or pull of bell;
And whence he comes, or whither he goes,
I know as I do of the wind which blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat
Slouched heavily down to his dark, red nose,
And two gray eyes enveloped in fat,
Looking through glasses with iron bows.
Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can,
Guard well your doors from that old man!

He comes with a careless "How d'ye do?"
And seats himself in my elbow-chair;
And my morning paper and pamphlet new
Fall forthwith under his special care,
And he wipes his glasses and clears his throat,
And, button by button, unfolds his coat.

And then he reads from paper and book,
In a low and husky asthmatic tone,
With the stolid sameness of posture and look
Of one who reads to himself alone;
And hour after hour on my senses come
That husky wheeze and that dolorous hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,
The poet's song and the lover's glee,
The horrible murders, the sea-board gales,
The marriage list, and the *jeu d'esprit,*
All reach my ear in the self-same tone,—
I shudder at each, but the fiend reads on!

1870

Oh, sweet as the lapse of water at noon
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,
The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,
Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight sea,
Or the low soft music, perchance, which seems
To float through the slumbering singer's dreams,

So sweet, so dear is the silvery tone,
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,
As I sit at eve by her side alone,
And we read by turns, from the self-same book,
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,—
Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon-bar,
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low,
Her voice sinks down like a moan afar;
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And when she reads some merrier song,
Her voice is glad as an April bird's,
And when the tale is of war and wrong,
A trumpet's summons is in her words,
And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,
And see the tossing of plume and spear!

Oh, pity me then, when, day by day,
The stout fiend darkens my parlor door;
And reads me perchance the self-same lay
Which melted in music, the night before,
From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,
And moved like twin roses which zephyrs meet!

1871

THE DEMON OF THE STUDY

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,
I whistle and laugh and sing and shout,
I flourish my cane above his head,
And stir up the fire to roast him out;
I topple the chairs, and drum on the pane,
And press my hands on my ears, in vain!

I've studied Glanville and James the wise.
And wizard black-letter tomes which treat
Of demons of every name and size
Which a Christian man is presumed to meet,
But never a hint and never a line
Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady and Tate,
And laid the Primer above them all,
I've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,
And hung a wig to my parlor wall
Once worn by a learned Judge, they say,
At Salem court in the witchcraft day!

"*Conjuro te, sceleratissime,*
Abire ad tuum locum!"—still
Like a visible nightmare he sits by me,—
The exorcism has lost its skill;
And I hear again in my haunted room
The husky wheeze and the dolorous hum!

Ah! commend me to Mary Magdalen
With her sevenfold plagues, to the wandering Jew,
To the terrors which haunted Orestes when
The furies his midnight curtains drew,
But charm him off, ye who charm him can,
That reading demon, that fat old man!

1872

UNCLE BENTLEY AND THE ROOSTERS

BY HAYDEN CARRUTH

The burden of Uncle Bentley has always rested heavily on our town. Having not a shadow of business to attend to he has made other people's business his own, and looked after it in season and out—especially out. If there is a thing which nobody wants done, to this Uncle Bentley applies his busy hand.

One warm summer Sunday we were all at church. Our pastor had taken the passage on turning the other cheek, or one akin to it, for his text, and was preaching on peace and quiet and non-resistance. He soon had us in a devout mood which must have been beautiful to see and encouraging to the good man.

Of course, Uncle Bentley was there—he always was, and forever in a front pew, with his neck craned up looking backward to see if there was anything that didn't need doing which he could do. He always tinkered with the fires in the winter and fussed with the windows in the summer, and did his worst with each. His strongest church point was ushering. Not content to usher the stranger within our gates, he would usher all of us, and always thrust us into pews with just the people we didn't want to sit with. If you failed to follow him when he took you in tow, he would stop and look back reproachfully, describing mighty indrawing curves with his arm; and if you pretended not to see him, he would give a low

whistle to attract your attention, the arm working right along, like a Holland windmill.

On this particular warm summer Sunday Uncle Bentley was in place wearing his long, full-skirted coat, a queer, dark, bottle-green, purplish blue. He had ushered to his own exceeding joy, and got two men in one pew, and given them a single hymn-book, who wouldn't on week-days speak to each other. I ought to mention that we had long before made a verb of Uncle Bentley. To unclebentley was to do the wrong thing. It was a regular verb, unclebentley, unclebentleyed, unclebentleying. Those two rampant enemies in the same pew had been unclebentleyed.

The minister was floating along smoothly on the subject of peace when Uncle Bentley was observed to throw up his head. He had heard a sound outside. It was really nothing but one of Deacon Plummer's young roosters crowing. The Deacon lived near, and vocal offerings from his poultry were frequent and had ceased to interest any one except Uncle Bentley. Then in the pauses between the preacher's periods we heard the flapping of wings, with sudden stoppings and startings. Those unregenerate fowls, unable to understand the good man's words, were fighting. Even this didn't interest us—we were committed to peace. But Uncle Bentley shot up like a jack-in-a-box and cantered down the aisle. Of course, his notion was that the roosters were disturbing the services, and that it was his duty to go out and stop them. We heard vigorous "Shoos!" and "Take thats!" and "Consairn yous!" and then Uncle Bentley came back looking very important, and as he stalked up the aisle he glanced around and nodded his head, saying as clearly as words, "There, where would you be without me?" Another defiant crow floated in at the window.

The next moment the rushing and beating of wings began again, and down the aisle went Uncle Bentley, the long tails of that coat fairly floating like a cloud behind him. There was further uproar outside, and Uncle Bentley was back in his place, this time turning around and whispering hoarsely, "I fixed 'em!" But such was not the case, for twice more the very same thing was repeated. The last time Uncle Bentley came back he wore a calm, snug expression, as who should say, "Now I *have* fixed 'em!" We should have liked it better if the roosters had fixed Uncle Bentley. But nobody paid much attention except Deacon Plummer. The thought occurred to him that perhaps Uncle Bentley had killed the fowls. But he hadn't.

However, there was no more disturbance without, and after a time the sermon closed. There was some sort of a special collection to be taken up. Of course, Uncle Bentley always insisted on taking up all the collections. He hopped up on this occasion and seized the plate with more than usual vigor. His struggles with the roosters had evidently stimulated him. He soon made the rounds and approached the table in front of the pulpit to deposit his harvest. As he did so we saw to our horror that the long tails of that ridiculous coat were violently agitated. A sickening suspicion came over us. The next moment one of those belligerent young roosters thrust a head out of either of those coat-tail pockets. One uttered a raucous crow, the other made a vicious dab. Uncle Bentley dropped the plate with a scattering of coin, seized a coat skirt in each hand, and drew it front. This dumped both fowls out on the floor, where they went at it hammer and tongs. What happened after this is a blur in most of our memories. All that is certain is that there was an uproar in the congregation, especially the younger portion; that

the Deacon began making unsuccessful dives for his poultry; that the organist struck up "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and that the minister waved us away without a benediction amid loud shouts of, "Shoo!" "I swanny!" and, "Drat the pesky critters!" from your Uncle Bentley.

Did it serve to subdue Uncle Bentley? Not in the least; he survived to do worse things.

A SHINING MARK

BY IRONQUILL

A man came here from Idaho,
  With lots of mining stock.
He brought along as specimens
  A lot of mining rock.

The stock was worth a cent a pound
  If stacked up in a pile.
The rock was worth a dollar and
  A half per cubic mile.

We planted him at eventide,
  'Mid shadows dim and dark;
We fixed him up an epitaph,—
  "Death loves a mining shark."

A BOOKWORM'S PLAINT*

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

To-day, when I had dined my fill
Upon a Caxton,—you know Will,—
I crawled forth o'er the colophon
To bask awhile within the sun;
And having coiled my sated length,
I felt anon my whilom strength
Slip from me gradually, till deep
I dropped away in dreamful sleep,
Wherein I walked an endless maze,
And dined on Caxtons all my days.

Then I woke suddenly. Alas!
What in my sleep had come to pass?
That priceless first edition row,—
Squat quarto and tall folio,—
Had, in my slumber, vanished quite;
Instead, on my astonished sight
The newest novels burst,—a gay
And most unpalatable array!
I, that have battened on the best,
Why should I thus be dispossessed
And with starvation, or the worst
Of diets, cruelly be curst?

* Lippincott's Magazine.

A POE-'EM OF PASSION

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS

It was many and many a year ago,
  On an island near the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you mightn't know
  By the name of Cannibalee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
  Than a passionate fondness for me.

I was a child, and she was a child—
  Tho' her tastes were adult Feejee—
But she loved with a love that was more than love,
  My yearning Cannibalee;
With a love that could take me roast or fried
  Or raw, as the case might be.

And that is the reason that long ago,
  In that island near the sea,
I had to turn the tables and eat
  My ardent Cannibalee—
Not really because I was fond of her,
  But to check her fondness for me.

But the stars never rise but I think of the size
  Of my hot-potted Cannibalee,
And the moon never stares but it brings me night-
    mares
  Of my spare-rib Cannibalee;

And all the night-tide she is restless inside,
Is my still indigestible dinner-belle bride,
In her pallid tomb, which is Me,
In her solemn sepulcher, Me.

1880

THE REAL DIARY OF A REAL BOY

BY HENRY A. SHUTE

Mar. 11, 186—Went to church in the morning. the fernace was all write. Mister Lennard preeched about loving our ennymies, and told every one if he had any angry feelings towards ennyone to go to him and shake hands and see how much better you wood feel. i know how it is becaus when me and Beany are mad we dont have eny fun and when we make up the one who is to blam always wants to treet. why when Beany was mad with me becaus i went home from Gil Steels surprise party with Lizzie Towle, Ed Towles sister, he woodent speak to me for 2 days, and when we made up he treated me to ice cream with 2 spoons and he let me dip twice to his once. he took pretty big dips to make up. Beany is mad if enny of the fellers go with Lizzie Towle. she likes Beany better than she does enny of the fellers and Beany ought to be satisfied, but sometimes he acks mad when i go down there to fite roosters with Ed. i gess he needent worry much, no feller isnt going to leave of fiting roosters to go with no girls. well i most forgot that i was going to say, but after church i went up to Micky Gould who was going to fite me behind the school house, and said Micky lets be friends and Micky said, huh old Skinny, i can lick you in 2 minits and i said you aint man enuf and he called me a nockneed puke, and i called him a wall eyed lummix and he give me a paist in the eye and i gave him a good one in the mouth, and then we rassled and Micky threw

me and i turned him, and he got hold of my new false bosom and i got hold of his hair, and the fellers all hollered hit him Micky, paist him Skinny, and Mister Purington, Pewts father pulled us apart and i had Mickys paper collar and necktie and some of his hair and he had my false bosom and when i got home father made me go to bed and stay there all the afternoon for fiting, but i guess he didnt like my losing my false bosom. ennyway he asked me how many times i hit Micky and which licked. he let me get up at supper time. next time i try to love my ennymy i am a going to lick him first.

Went to a sunday school concert in the evening. Keene and Cele sung now i lay me down to sleep. they was a lot of people sung together and Mister Gale beat time. Charlie Gerish played the violin and Miss Packard sung. i was scart when Keene and Cele sung for i was afraid they would break down, but they dident, and people said they sung like night harks. i gess if they knowed how night harks sung they woodent say much. father felt pretty big and to hear him talk you wood think he did the singing. he give them ten cents apeace. i dident get none. you gest wait, old man till i git my cornet.

Went to a corcus last night. me and Beany were in the hall in the afternoon helping Bob Carter sprinkle the floor and put on the sordust. the floor was all shiny with wax and aufully slipery. so Bob got us to put on some water to take off the shiny wax. well write in front of the platform there is a low platform where they get up to put in their votes and then step down and Beany said, dont put any water there only jest dry sordust. so i dident. well that night we went erly to see the fun. Gim Luverin got up and said there was one man which was the oldest voter in town and he ought to vote the first, the name of this destinkuished sitizen was John Quincy Ann Pollard. then

old mister Pollard got up and put in his vote and when he stepped down his heels flew up and he went down whak on the back of his head and 2 men lifted him up and lugged him to a seat, and then Ed Derborn, him that rings the town bell, stepped up pretty lively and went flat and swort terrible, and me and Beany nearly died we laffed so. well it kept on, people dident know what made them fall, and Gim Odlin sat write down in his new umbrella and then they sent me down stairs for a pail of wet sordust and when i was coming up i heard an awful whang, and when i got up in the hall they were lugging old mister Stickney off to die and they put water on his head and lugged him home in a hack. me and Beany dont know what to do. if we dont tell, Bob will lose his place and if we do we will get licked.

Mar. 31. April fool day tomorrow. i am laying for Beany. old Francis licked 5 fellers today becaus they sung rong when we was singing speek kindly it is better for to rule by luv than feer.

June 14. Rashe Belnap and Horris Cobbs go in swimming every morning at six o'clock. i got a licking today that beat the one Beany got. last summer me and Tomtit Tomson and Cawcaw Harding and Whack and Poz and Boog Chadwick went in swimming in May and all thru the summer until October. one day i went in 10 times. well i dident say anything about it to father so as not to scare him. well today he dident go to Boston and he said i am going to teech you to swim. when i was as old as you i cood swim said he, and you must lern, i said i have been wanting to lern to swim, for all the other boys can swim. so we went down to the gravil and i peeled off my close and got ready, now said he, you jest wade in up to your waste and squat down and duck your head under. i said the water will get in my nose. he said no it wont

jest squat rite down. i cood see him laffin when he thought i wood snort and sputter.

so i waded out a little ways and then div in and swam under water most across, and when i came up i looked to see if father was surprised. gosh you aught to have seen him. he had pulled off his coat and vest and there he stood up to his waste in the water with his eyes jest bugging rite out as big as hens eggs, and he was jest a going to dive for my dead body. then i turned over on my back and waved my hand at him. he dident say anything for a minute, only he drawed in a long breth. then he began to look foolish, and then mad, and then he turned and started to slosh back to the bank where he slipped and went in all over. When he got to the bank he was pretty mad and yelled for me to come out. when i came out he cut a stick and whaled me, and as soon as i got home he sent me to bed for lying, but i gess he was mad becaus i about scart the life out of him. but that nite i heard him telling mother about it and he said that he div 3 times for me in about thirty feet of water. but he braged about my swimming and said i cood swim like a striped frog. i shall never forget how his boots went kerslosh kerslosh kerslosh when we were skinning home thru croslots. i shall never forget how that old stick hurt either. ennyhow he dident say ennything about not going in again, so i gess i am all rite.

June 15, 186—Johnny Heeld, a student, came to me and wanted me to carry some tickets to a dance round to the girls in the town. there was about 1 hundred of them. he read the names over to me and i said i knew them all. so after school me and Beany started out and walked all over town and give out the tickets. i had a long string of names and every time i wood leave one i wood mark out the name. i dident give the Head girls any because

they told father about some things that me and Beany and Pewt did and the Parmer girls and the Cilley girls lived way up on the plains and i dident want to walk up there, so when i went over to Hemlock side to give one, i went over to the factory boarding house and give some to them. they was auful glad to get them too and said they would go to the dance. some people was not at home and so i gave their tickets to the next house. it took me till 8 o'clock and i got 1 dollar for it. i dont believe those girls that dident get their tickets will care much about going ennyway. i gess the Head girls wont want to tell on me another time.

June 23. there is a dead rat in the wall in my room. it smells auful.

A MOTHERS' MEETING*

BY MADELINE BRIDGES

"Where's the maternal parent of
This boy that stands in need of beating,
And of this babe that pines for love?"
"Oh, she is at a Mothers' Meeting!"

"Fair daughter, why these young tears shed,
For passion's tale, too sweet and fleeting,
Lonely and mute, uncomforted?"
"My mother's at a Mothers' Meeting."

"Man, whom misfortunes jeer and taunt,
Whom frauds forsake, and hope is cheating,
Fly to your mother's arms." "I can't—
You see, she's at a Mothers' Meeting."

Alas, what next will woman do?
Love, duty, children, home, maltreating,
The while she, smiling, rallies to
The roll-call of a Mothers' Meeting!

*Lippincott's Magazine.

MISTER RABBIT'S LOVE AFFAIR

BY FRANK L. STANTON

One day w'en Mister Rabbit wuz a-settin' in de grass
He see Miss Mary comin', en he wouldn't let her pass,
Kaze he know she lookin' purty in de river lookin'glass,
O Mister Rabbit, in de mawnin'!

But de Mockin'bird wuz singin' in de blossom en de dew,
En he know 'bout Mister Rabbit, en he watchin' er 'im, too;
En Miss Mary heah his music, en she tell 'im "Howdy-do!"
O Mister Rabbit, in de mawnin'!

Mister Rabbit 'low he beat 'im, en he say he'll l'arn ter sing,
En he tried it all de winter, en he kep' it up in spring;
But he wuzn't buil' fer singin', kaze he lack de voice en wing,—
Good-by, Mister Rabbit, in de mawnin'!

OUR HIRED GIRL

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

Our hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'at's good and sweet,
An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she'll stop
An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,
In th' old cook-stove, so's 'twon't slop
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so
It's custard pie, first thing you know!
An' nen she'll say:
"Clear out o' my way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play!—
Take yer dough, an' run, Child; run!
Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she's mad,
An' says folks got to walk the chalk
When *she's* around, er wisht they had,
I play out on our porch an' talk
To th' Raggedy Man 'at mows our lawn;
An' he says *"Whew!"* an' nen leans on
His old crook-scythe, and blinks his eyes
An' sniffs all round an' says,—"I swawn!
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,

It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"
An' nen *he'll* say,—
" 'Clear out o' my way!
They's time fer work an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, Child; run!
Er *she* cain't git no cookin done!' "

Wunst our hired girl, one time when she
Got the supper, an' we all et,
An' it was night, an' Ma an' me
An' Pa went wher' the "Social" met,—
An' nen when we come home, an' see
A light in the kitchen-door, an' we
Heerd a maccordeum, Pa says "Lan'-
O'-Gracious! who can *her* beau be?"
An' I marched in, an' 'Lizabuth Ann
Wuz parchin' corn fer the Raggedy Man!
Better say
"Clear out o' the way!
They's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take the hint, an' run, Child; run!
Er we cain't git no *courtin'* done!"

THE REASON

BY IRONQUILL

Says John last night:
"William, by grab! I'm beat
To know why stolen kisses
Taste so sweet."

Says William: "Sho!
That's easily explained—
It's 'cause they're *syrup*-
titiously obtained."

. . . . . .

O cruel thought!
O words of cruel might!
The coroner
He sat on John that night.

ONCL' ANTOINE ON 'CHANGE

BY WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY

(*Antoine Boisvert, Raconteur.*)

I've jus' com' from Chicago town,
A seein' all de sights
From stockyard to de ballet gairl,
All drass' in spangled tights.
But all de worstes' nonsens'
T'roo vich I got to wade,
I t'ink de t'ing dat gats de cake
Ees place called Board of Trade.

I heard moch talk about dem chap
Dey call de Bull an' Bear,
Dat play aroun' with price of stock
An' get you unaware.
Who'll tell you w'at your wheat
Will bring in Fevuary nex',
In jus' so smood an' quiet vay
De curé read his tex'.

An' dere dey vere out on de floor,
De mans who mak' de price
Of all de country produce,
A lookin' smood an' nice.
But dey had vink opon dere eye
Dat look you t'roo an' t'roo,
Like tricky bunko steerer ven
He's hunting after you.

1891

ONCL' ANTOINE ON 'CHANGE

Dey got de ball to roll ver' swif'
An' firs' fall from de dock
Vas bottom off on July pork;
An' heem dat held de stock
Commence to hiss an' wriggle
Lak' a yellow rattlesnake;
De res' buzz jus' lak' bumblebee
Stirred op vit hayin' rake.

Dis bottom off on July pork
Is strike me kin' of queer,
I's t'ink dat hogs is good for eat
Mos' all of de 'hole year.
Dose feller on Chicago town
Is mak' such fonny phrase
Dat—*entre nous*—I sometimes t'ink
Dat som' of dem ees craz'.

Den dere ees somet'ing happen
Dat mak' 'em more excite',
W'en news ees com' overe de vires
Dat Boer an' Britain fight,
I nevere saw such meex-op yet,
In days since I be born,
Dey scowl an' call wan nodder names,
Dere faces show moch scorn.

Wan man grow wild an' mos'ly craz',
De tears stream off his eyes,
Dere's nodder man dat's laf an' shout,
It's mak' me mos' surprise.
I guess it mak' som' diff*erance*
Vich side you're on de fence,
But in dis Bear an' Bull meex-op
I see not ver' moch sense.

1892

HEZEKIAH BEDOTT'S OPINION

BY FRANCES M. WHICHER

He was a wonderful hand to moralize, husband was, 'specially after he begun to enjoy poor health. He made an observation once when he was in one of his poor turns, that I never shall forget the longest day I live. He says to me one winter evenin' as we was a settin' by the fire,—I was a knittin' (I was always a wonderful great knitter) and he was a smokin' (he was a master hand to smoke, though the doctor used to tell him he'd be better off to let tobacker alone; when he was well he used to take his pipe and smoke a spell after he'd got the chores done up, and when he wa'n't well, used to smoke the biggest part of the time). Well, he took his pipe out of his mouth and turned toward me, and I knowed something was comin', for he had a pertikkeler way of lookin' round when he was gwine to say anything oncommon. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly" (my name was Prissilly naterally, but he ginerally called me "Silly," cause 'twas handier, you know). Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly," and he looked pretty sollem, I tell you—he had a sollem countenance naterally—and after he got to be deacon 'twas more so, but since he'd lost his health he looked sollemer than ever, and certainly you wouldent wonder at it if you knowed how much he underwent. He was troubled with a wonderful pain in his chest, and amazin' weakness in the spine of his back, besides the pleurissy in the side, and having the ager a considerable part of the time, and

bein' broke of his rest o' nights 'cause he was so put to 't for breath when he laid down. Why it's an onaccountable fact that when that man died he hadent seen a well day in fifteen year, though when he was married and for five or six years after I shouldent desire to see a ruggeder man that he was. But the time I'm speakin' of he'd been out o' health nigh upon ten year, and O dear sakes! how he had altered since the first time I ever see him! That was to a quiltin' to Squire Smith's a spell afore Sally was married. I'd no idee then that Sal Smith was a gwine to be married to Sam Pendergrass. She'd ben keepin' company with Mose Hewlitt, for better'n a year, and everybody said *that* was a settled thing, and lo and behold! all of a sudding she up and took Sam Pendergrass. Well, that was the first time I ever see my husband, and if anybody'd a told me then that I should ever marry him, I should a said—but lawful sakes! I most forgot, I was gwine to tell you what he said to me that evenin', and when a body begins to tell a thing I believe in finishin' on't some time or other. Some folks have a way of talkin' round and round and round forevermore, and never come to the pint. Now there's Miss Jinkins, she that was Poll Bingham afore she was married, she is the tejusest individooal to tell a story that ever I see in all my born days. But I was a gwine to tell you what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly"; says I, "What?" I dident say, "What, Hezekier?" for I dident like his name. The first time I ever heard it I near killed myself a laffin. "Hezekier Bedott," says I, "well, I would give up if I had sich a name," but then you know I had no more idee o' marryin' the feller than you had this minnit o' marryin' the governor. I s'pose you think it's curus we should a named our oldest son Hezekiah. Well, we done it to please father and mother Bedott; it's father Bedott's name, and

he and mother Bedott both used to think that names had ought to go down from gineration to gineration. But we always called him Kier, you know. Speakin' o' Kier, he is a blessin', ain't he? and I ain't the only one that thinks so, I guess. Now don't you never tell nobody that I said so, but between you and me I rather guess that if Kezier Winkle thinks she is a gwine to ketch Kier Bedott she is a *leetle* out of her reckonin'. But I was going to tell what husband said. He says to me, says he, "Silly"; I says, says I, "What?" If I dident say "what" when he said "Silly" he'd a kept on saying "Silly," from time to eternity. He always did, because you know, he wanted me to pay pertikkeler attention, and I ginerally did; no woman was ever more attentive to her husband than what I was. Well, he says to me, says he, "Silly." Says I, "What?" though I'd no idee what he was gwine to say, dident know but what 'twas something about his sufferings, though he wa'n't apt to complain, but he frequently used to remark that he wouldent wish his worst enemy to suffer one minnit as he did all the time; but that can't be called grumblin'—think it can? Why I've seen him in sitivation when you'd a thought no mortal could a helped grumblin'; but *he* dident. He and me went once in the dead of winter in a one-hoss shay out to Boonville to see a sister o' hisen. You know the snow is amazin' deep in that section o' the kentry. Well, the hoss got stuck in one o' them are flambergasted snow-banks, and there we sot, onable to stir, and to cap all, while we was a sittin' there, husband was took with a dretful crik in his back. Now *that* was what I call a *perdickerment,* don't you? Most men would a swore, but husband dident. He only said, says he, "Consarn it." How did we get out, did you ask? Why we might a benn sittin' there to this day fur as *I* know, if there hadent a happened to come along a mess o' men in

a double team, and they hysted us out. But I was gwine to tell you that observation of hisen. Says he to me, says he, "Silly" (I could see by the light o' the fire, there dident happen to be no candle burnin', if I don't disremember, though my memory is sometimes ruther forgitful, but I know we wa'n't apt to burn candles exceptin' when we had company)—I could see by the light of the fire that his mind was oncommon solemnized. Says he to me, says he. "Silly." I says to him, says I, "What?" He says to me, *"We're all poor critters!"*

WHAT LACK WE YET?

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

When Washington was president
  He was a mortal icicle;
He never on a railroad went,
  And never rode a bicycle.

He read by no electric lamp,
  Ne'er heard about the Yellowstone;
He never licked a postage stamp,
  And never saw a telephone.

His trousers ended at his knees;
  By wire he could not snatch dispatch;
He filled his lamp with whale-oil grease,
  And never had a match to scratch.

But in these days it's come to pass,
  All work is with such dashing done,
We've all these things, but then, alas—
  We seem to have no Washington!

JACOB

BY PHŒBE CARY

He dwelt among "Apartments let,"
  About five stories high;
A man, I thought, that none would get,
  And very few would try.

A boulder, by a larger stone
  Half hidden in the mud,
Fair as a man when only one
  Is in the neighborhood.

He lived unknown, and few could tell
  When Jacob was not free;
But he has got a wife—and O!
  The difference to me!

TO BARY JADE

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS

The bood is beabig brighdly, love;
  The sdars are shidig too;
While I ab gazig dreabily,
  Add thigkig, love, of you.
You caddot, oh! you caddot kdow,
  By darlig, how I biss you—
(Oh, whadt a fearful cold I've got!—
  Ck-*tish*-u! Ck-ck-*tish*-u!)

I'b sittig id the arbor, love,
  Where you sat by by side,
Whed od that calb, autubdal dight
  You said you'd be by bride.
Oh! for wud bobedt to caress
  Add tederly to kiss you;
Budt do! we're beddy biles apart—
  (Ho-*rash*-o! Ck-ck-*tish*-u!)

This charbig evedig brigs to bide
  The tibe whed first we bet:
It seebs budt odly yesterday;
  I thigk I see you yet.
Oh! tell be, ab I sdill your owd?
  By hopes—oh, do dot dash theb!
(Codfoud by cold, 'tis gettig worse—
  Ck-tish-u! Ch-ck-*thrash*-eb!)

1899

TO BARY JADE

Good-by, by darlig Bary Jade!
  The bid-dight hour is dear;
Add it is hardly wise, by love,
  For be to ligger here.
The heavy dews are fallig fast:
  A fod good-dight I wish you.
(Ho-*rash*-o!—there it is agaid—
  Ck-*thrash*-ub! Ck-ck-*tish*-u!)

1900

HIS GRANDMOTHER'S WAY

BY FRANK L. STANTON

Tell you, gran'mother's a queer one, shore—
  Makes your heart go pitty-pat!
If the wind just happens to open a door,
  She'll say there's "a sign" in that!
An' if no one ain't in a rockin'-chair
An' it rocks itself, she'll say: "Oh, dear!
    Oh, dear! Oh, my!
I'm afeared 'at somebody is goin' to die!"
    An' she makes me cry—
    She makes me cry!

Once wuz a owl 'at happened to light
  On our tall chimney-top,
An' screamed an' screamed in the dead o' night,
  An' nuthin' could make it stop!
An' gran'ma—she uncovered her head
An' almos' frightened me out of the bed;
    "Oh, dear; Oh, my!
I'm certain 'at some one is goin' to die!"
    An' she made me cry—
    She made me cry!

Just let a cow lean over the gate
  An' bellow, an' gran'ma—she
Will say her prayers, if it's soon or late,
  An' shake her finger at me!

An' then, an' then you'll hear her say:
"It's a sign w'en the cattle act that way!
Oh, dear! Oh, my!
I'm certain 'at somebody's goin' to die!"
Oh, she makes me cry—
She makes me cry!

Skeeriest person you ever seen!
Always a-huntin' fer "signs";
Says it's "spirits" 'at's good, or mean,
If the wind jest shakes the vines!
I always feel skeery w'en gran'ma's aroun'—
An' think 'at I see things, an' jump at each soun':
"Oh, dear! Oh, my!
I'm certain 'at somebody's goin' to die!"
Oh, she makes me cry—
She makes me cry!

The Only True and Reliable Account of

THE GREAT PRIZE FIGHT,

For $100,000, at
Seal Rock Point, on Sunday Last,
Between His Excellency Gov. Stanford and Hon.
F. F. Low, Governor Elect of California.

REPORTED BY SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

For the past month the sporting world has been in a state of feverish excitement on account of the grand prize fight set for last Sunday between the two most distinguished citizens of California, for a purse of one hundred thousand dollars. The high social standing of the competitors, their exalted position in the arena of politics, together with the princely sum of money staked upon the issue of the combat, all conspired to render the proposed prize fight a subject of extraordinary importance, and to give it an éclat never before vouchsafed to such a circumstance since the world began. Additional lustre was shed upon the coming contest by the lofty character of the seconds or bottle-holders chosen by the two champions, these being no other than Judge Field (on the part of Gov. Low), Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Hon. Wm. M. Stewart (commonly called "Bill Stewart," or "Bullyragging Bill Stewart"), of the city of Virginia, the most popular as well as the most distinguished lawyer in Nevada Terri-

tory, member of the Constitutional Convention, and future U. S. Senator for the state of Washoe, as I hope and believe—on the part of Gov. Stanford. Principals and seconds together, it is fair to presume that such an array of talent was never entered for a combat of this description upon any previous occasion.

Stewart and Field had their men in constant training at the Mission during the six weeks preceding the contest, and such was the interest taken in the matter that thousands visited that sacred locality daily to pick up such morsels of information as they might, concerning the physical and scientific improvement being made by the gubernatorial acrobats. The anxiety manifested by the populace was intense. When it was learned that Stanford had smashed a barrel of flour to atoms with a single blow of his fist, the voice of the people was at his side. But when the news came that Low had caved in the head of a tubular boiler with one stroke of his powerful "mawley" (which term is in strict accordance with the language of the ring) the tide of opinion changed again. These changes were frequent, and they kept the minds of the public in such a state of continual vibration that I fear the habit thus acquired is confirmed, and that they will never more cease to oscillate.

The fight was to take place on last Sunday morning at ten o'clock. By nine every wheeled vehicle and every species of animal capable of bearing burthens, were in active service, and the avenues leading to the Seal Rock swarmed with them in mighty processions whose numbers no man might hope to estimate.

I determined to be upon the ground at an early hour. Now I dislike to be exploded, as it were, out of my balmy slumbers, by a sudden, stormy assault upon my door, and an imperative order to "Get up!"—wherefore I re-

quested one of the intelligent porters of the Lick House to call at my palatial apartments, and murmur gently through the key-hole the magic monosyllable "Hash!" That "fetched me."

The urbane livery-stable keeper furnished me with a solemn, short-bodied, long-legged animal—a sort of animated counting-house stool, as it were—which he called a "Morgan" horse. He told me who the brute was "sired" by, and was proceeding to tell me who he was "dammed" by, but I gave him to understand that I was competent to damn the horse myself, and should probably do it very effectually before I got to the battle-ground. I mentioned to him, however, that I was not proposing to attend a funeral; it was hardly necessary to furnish me an animal gifted with such oppressive solemnity of bearing as distinguished his "Morgan." He said in reply, that Morgan was only pensive when in the stable, but that on the road I would find him one of the liveliest horses in the world.

He enunciated the truth.

The brute "bucked" with me from the foot of Montgomery street to the Occidental Hotel. The laughter which be provoked from the crowds of citizens along the sidewalks he took for applause, and honestly made every effort in his power to deserve it, regardless of consequences.

He was very playful, but so suddenly were the creations of his fancy conceived and executed, and so much ground did he take up with them, that it was safest to behold them from a distance. In the self-same moment of time, he shot his heels through the side of a street-car, and then backed himself into Barry and Patten's and sat down on the free-lunch table.

Such was the length of this Morgan's legs.

Between the Occidental and the Lick House, having

become thoroughly interested in his work, he planned and carried out a series of the most extraordinary maneuvres ever suggested by the brain of any horse. He arched his neck and went tripping daintily across the street sideways, "rairing up" on his hind legs occasionally, in a very disagreeable way, and looking into the second-story windows. He finally waltzed into the large ice cream saloon opposite the Lick House, and—

But the memory of that perilous voyage hath caused me to digress from the proper subject of this paper, which is the great prize fight between Governors Low and Stanford. I will resume.

After an infinitude of fearful adventures, the history of which would fill many columns of this newspaper, I finally arrived at the Seal Rock Point at a quarter to ten—two hours and a half out from San Francisco, and not less gratified than surprised that I ever got there at all—and anchored my noble Morgan to a boulder on the hillside. I had to swathe his head in blankets also, because, while my back was turned for a single moment, he developed another atrocious trait of his most remarkable character. He tried to eat little Augustus Maltravers Jackson, the "humble" but interesting offspring of Hon. J. Belvidere Jackson, a wealthy barber from San Jose. It would have been a comfort to me to leave the infant to his fate, but I did not feel able to pay for him.

When I reached the battle-ground, the great champions were already stripped and prepared for the "mill." Both were in splendid condition, and displayed a redundancy of muscle about the breast and arms which was delightful to the eye of the sportive connoisseur. They were well matched. Adepts said that Stanford's "heft" and tall stature were fairly offset by Low's superior litheness and activity. From their heads to the Union colors around

their waists, their costumes were similar to that of the Greek slave; from thence down they were clad in flesh-colored tights and grenadier boots.

The ring was formed upon the beautiful level sandy beach above the Cliff House, and within twenty paces of the snowy surf of the broad Pacific Ocean, which was spotted here and there with monstrous sea-lions attracted shoreward by curiosity concerning the vast multitude of people collected in the vicinity.

At five minutes past ten, Brigadier-General Wright, the Referee, notified the seconds to bring their men "up to the scratch." They did so, amid the shouts of the populace, the noise whereof rose high above the roar of the sea.

First Round.—The pugilists advanced to the centre of the ring, shook hands, retired to their respective corners, and at the call of the time-keeper, came forward and went at it. Low dashed out handsomely with his left and gave Stanford a paster in the eye, and at the same moment his adversary mashed him in the ear. (These singular phrases are entirely proper, Mr. Editor—I find them in the copy of "Bell's Life in London" now lying before me.) After some beautiful sparring, both parties went down—that is to say, they went down to the bottle-holders, Stewart and Field, and took a drink.

Second Round.—Stanford launched out a well intended plunger, but Low parried it admirably and instantly busted him in the snoot. (Cries of "Bully for the Marysville Infant!") After some lively fibbing (both of them are used to it in political life,) the combatants went to grass. (See "Bell's Life.")

Third Round.—Both came up panting considerably. Low let go a terrific side-winder, but Stanford stopped it handsomely and replied with an earthquake on Low's

bread-basket. (Enthusiastic shouts of "Sock it to him, my Sacramento Pet!") More fibbing—both down.

Fourth Round.—The men advanced and sparred warily for a few moments, when Stanford exposed his cocoanut an instant, and Low struck out from the shoulder and split him in the mug. (Cries of "Bully for the Fat Boy!")

Fifth Round.—Stanford came up looking wicked, and let drive a heavy blow with his larboard flipper which caved in the side of his adversary's head. (Exclamations of "Hi! at him again Old Rusty!")

From this time until the end of the conflict, there was nothing regular in the proceedings. The two champions got furiously angry, and used up each other thus:

No sooner did Low realize that the side of his head was crushed in like a dent in a plug hat, than he "went after" Stanford in the most desperate manner. With one blow of his fist he mashed his nose so far into his face that a cavity was left in its place the size and shape of an ordinary soup-bowl. It is scarcely necessary to mention that in making room for so much nose, Gov. Stanford's eyes were crowded to such a degree as to cause them to "bug out" like a grasshopper's. His face was so altered that he scarcely looked like himself at all.

I never saw such a murderous expression as Stanford's countenance now assumed; you see it was so concentrated—it had such a small number of features to spread around over. He let fly one of his battering rams and caved in the other side of Low's head. Ah me, the latter was a ghastly sight to contemplate after that—one of the boys said it looked "like a beet which somebody had trod on it."

Low was "grit" though. He dashed out with his right and stove Stanford's chin clear back even with his ears. Oh, what a horrible sight he was, gasping and reaching

after his tobacco, which was away back among his under-jaw teeth.

Stanford was unsettled for a while, but he soon rallied, and watching his chance, aimed a tremendous blow at his favorite mark, which crushed in the rear of Gov. Low's head in such a way that the crown thereof projected over his spinal column like a shed.

He came up to the scratch like a man, though, and sent one of his ponderous fists crashing through his opponent's ribs and in among his vitals, and instantly afterward he hauled out poor Stanford's left lung and smacked him in the face with it.

If I ever saw an angry man in my life it was Leland Stanford. He fairly raved. He jumped at his old speciality, Gov. Low's head; he tore it loose from his body and knocked him down with it. (Sensation in the crowd.)

Staggered by his extraordinary exertion, Gov. Stanford reeled, and before he could recover himself the headless but indomitable Low sprang forward, pulled one of his legs out by the roots, and dealt him a smashing paster over the eye with the end of it. The ever watchful Bill Stewart sallied out to the assistance of his crippled principal with a pair of crutches, and the battle went on again as fiercely as ever.

At this stage of the game the battle ground was strewn with a sufficiency of human remains to furnish material for the construction of three or four men of ordinary size, and good sound brains enough to stock a whole county like the one I came from in the noble old state of Missouri. And so dyed were the combatants in their own gore that they looked like shapeless, mutilated, red-shirted firemen.

The moment a chance offered, Low grabbed Stanford by the hair of the head, swung him thrice round and

round in the air like a lasso, and then slammed him on the ground with such mighty force that he quivered all over, and squirmed painfully, like a worm; and behold, his body and such of his limbs as he had left, shortly assumed a swollen aspect like unto those of a rag doll-baby stuffed with saw-dust.

He rallied again, however, and the two desperadoes clinched and never let up until they had minced each other into such insignificant odds and ends that neither was able to distinguish his own remnants from those of his antagonist. It was awful.

Bill Stewart and Judge Field issued from their corners and gazed upon the sanguinary reminiscences in silence during several minutes. At the end of that time, having failed to discover that either champion had got the best of the fight, they threw up their sponges simultaneously, and Gen. Wright proclaimed in a loud voice that the battle was "drawn." May my ears never again be rent asunder with a burst of sound similar to that which greeted this announcement, from the multitudes. Amen.

By order of Gen. Wright, baskets were procured, and Bill Stewart and Judge Field proceeded to gather up the fragments of their late principals, while I gathered up my notes and went after my infernal horse, who had slipped his blankets and was foraging among the neighboring children. I—

P. S.—Messrs. Editors, I have been the victim of an infamous hoax. I have been imposed upon by that ponderous miscreant, Mr. Frank Lawler, of the Lick House. I left my room a moment ago, and the first man I met on the stairs was Gov. Stanford, alive and well, and as free from mutilation as you or I. I was speechless. Before I reached the street, I actually met Gov. Low also, with his own head on his own shoulders, his limbs in-

tact, his inner mechanism in its proper place, and his cheeks blooming with gorgeous robustitude. I was amazed. But a word of explanation from him convinced me that I had been swindled by Mr. Lawler with a detail account of a fight which had never occurred, and was never likely to occur; that I had believed him so implicitly as to sit down and write it out (as other reporters have done before me) in language calculated to deceive the public into the conviction that I was present at it myself, and to embellish it with a string of falsehoods intended to render that deception as plausible as possible. I ruminated upon my singular position for many minutes, arrived at no conclusion—that is to say, no satisfactory conclusion, except that Lawler was an accomplished knave and I was a consummate ass. I had suspected the first before, though, and been acquainted with the latter fact for nearly a quarter of a century.

In conclusion, permit me to apologize in the most abject manner to the present Governor of California, to Hon. Mr. Low, the Governor elect, to Judge Field and to Hon. Wm. M. Stewart, for the great wrong which my natural imbecility has impelled me to do them in penning and publishing the foregoing sanguinary absurdity. If it were to do over again, I don't really know that I would do it. It is not possible for me to say how I ever managed to believe that refined and educated gentlemen like these could stoop to engage in the loathsome and degrading pastime of prize-fighting. It was just Lawler's work, you understand—the lubberly, swelled up effigy of a nine-days drowned man! But I shall get even with him for this. The only excuse he offers is that he got the story from John B. Winters, and thought of course it must be just so—as if a future Congressman for the state of Washoe could by any possibility tell the truth! Do you

know that if either of these miserable scoundrels were to cross my path while I am in this mood I would scalp him in a minute? That's me—that's my style.

A CONCORD LOVE-SONG

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE

Shall we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
  And the Present Past?
Shall the mystic Yonder,
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
  With thee be cast?

Ah, the joyless fleeting
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
  Of the How and Why!
Ah, the Thingness flying
From the Hereness, sighing
For a love undying
  That fain would die!

Ah, the Ifness sadd'ning,
The Whichness madd'ning,
And the But ungladd'ning,
  That lie behind!
When the signless token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
  Of mind to mind!

1913

But the mind perceiveth
When the spirit grieveth,
And the heart relieveth
  Itself of woe;
And the doubt-mists lifted
From the eyes love-gifted
Are rent and rifted
  In the warmer glow.

In the inner Me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
  No Ego there.
But the Meness dead, love,
The Theeness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
  An Usness rare!

THE MEETING

BY S. E. KISER

One day, in Paradise,
  Two angels, beaming, strolled
Along the amber walk that lies
  Beside the street of gold.

At last they met and gazed
  Into each other's eyes,
Then dropped their harps, amazed,
  And stood in mute surprise.

And other angels came,
  And, as they lingered near,
Heard both at once exclaim:
  "Say, how did you get here?"

1915

"THERE'S A BOWER OF BEAN-VINES"

BY PHŒBE CARY

There's a bower of bean-vines in Benjamin's yard,
And the cabbages grow round it, planted for greens;
In the time of my childhood 'twas terribly hard
To bend down the bean-poles, and pick off the beans.

That bower and its products I never forget,
But oft, when my landlady presses me hard,
I think, are the cabbages growing there yet,
Are the bean-vines still bearing in Benjamin's yard?

No, the bean-vines soon withered that once used to wave,
But some beans had been gathered, the last that hung on;
And a soup was distilled in a kettle, that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.

Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it awfully hard;
As thus good to my taste as 'twas then to my eyes,
Is that bower of bean-vines in Benjamin's yard.

1916

THE TRIAL THAT JOB MISSED

BY KENNETT HARRIS

Job had troubles, I admit;
Clearly was his patience shown,
Yet he never had to sit
Waiting at the telephone—
Waiting, waiting to connect,
The receiver at his lobe.
That's a trial, I expect,
Would have been too much for Job!

After minutes of delay,
While the cramps attacked his knees,
Then to hear Miss Central say
Innocently: "Number, please!"
When the same he'd shouted out
Twenty times—he'd rend his robe,
Tear his hair, I've little doubt;
'Twould have been too much for Job.

Job, with all the woes he bore,
Never got the "busy" buzz
When he tempted was of yore
In the ancient land of Uz.
Satan missed it when he sought
His one tender spot to probe;
If of "central" he had thought,
She'd have been too much for Job!

1917

THE EVIDENCE IN THE CASE OF SMITH VS. JONES

BY SAMUEL L. CLEMENS

I reported this trial simply for my own amusement, one idle day last week, and without expecting to publish any portion of it—but I have seen the facts in the case so distorted and misrepresented in the daily papers that I feel it my duty to come forward and do what I can to set the plaintiff and defendant right before the public. This can best be done by submitting the plain, unembellished statements of the witnesses as given under oath before his Honor Judge Sheperd, in the Police Court, and leaving the people to form their own judgment of the matters involved, unbiased by argument or suggestion of any kind from me.

There is that nice sense of justice and that ability to discriminate between right and wrong, among the masses, which will enable them, after carefully reading the testimony I am about to set down here, to decide without hesitation which is the innocent party and which the guilty in the remarkable case of Smith vs. Jones, and I have every confidence that before this paper shall have been out of the printing-press twenty-four hours, the high court of The People, from whose decision there is no appeal, will have swept from the innocent man all taint of blame or suspicion, and cast upon the guilty one a deathless infamy.

To such as are not used to visiting the Police Court, I

will observe that there is nothing inviting about the place, there being no rich carpets, no mirrors, no pictures, no elegant sofa or arm-chairs to lounge in, no free lunch—and, in fact, nothing to make a man who has been there once desire to go again—except in cases where his bail is heavier than his fine is likely to be, under which circumstances he naturally has a tendency in that direction again, of course, in order to recover the difference.

There is a pulpit at the head of the hall, occupied by a handsome gray-haired judge, with a faculty of appearing pleasant and impartial to the disinterested spectator, and prejudiced and frosty to the last degree to the prisoner at the bar.

To the left of the pulpit is a long table for reporters; in front of the pulpit the clerks are stationed, and in the centre of the hall a nest of lawyers. On the left again are pine benches behind a railing, occupied by seedy white men, negroes, Chinamen, Kanakas—in a word, by the seedy and dejected of all nations—and in a corner is a box where more can be had when they are wanted.

On the right are more pine benches, for the use of prisoners, and their friends and witnesses.

An officer, in a gray uniform, and with a star upon his breast, guards the door.

A holy calm pervades the scene.

The case of Smith vs. Jones being called, each of these parties (stepping out from among the other seedy ones) gave the court a particular and circumstantial account of how the whole thing occurred, and then sat down.

The two narratives differed from each other.

In reality, I was half persuaded that these men were talking about two separate and distinct affairs altogether, inasmuch as no single circumstance mentioned by one was even remotely hinted at by the other.

Mr. Alfred Sowerby was then called to the witness-stand, and testified as follows:

"I was in the saloon at the time, your Honor, and I see this man Smith come up all of a sudden to Jones, who warn't saying a word, and split him in the snoot—"

LAWYER.—"Did what, sir?"

WITNESS.—"Busted him in the snoot."

LAWYER.—"What do you mean by such language as that? When you say that the plaintiff suddenly approached the defendant, who was silent at the time, and 'busted him in the snoot,' do you mean that the plaintiff struck the defendant?"

WITNESS.—"That's me—I'm swearing to that very circumstance—yes, your Honor, that was just the way of it. Now, for instance, as if you was Jones and I was Smith. Well, I comes up all of a sudden and says I to your Honor, says I, 'D—n your old tripe—' "

(Suppressed laughter in the lobbies.)

THE COURT.—"Order in the court! Witness, you will confine yourself to a plain statement of the facts in this case, and refrain from the embellishments of metaphor and allegory as far as possible."

WITNESS.—(Considerably subdued.)—"I beg your Honor's pardon—I didn't mean to be so brash. Well, Smith comes up to Jones all of a sudden and mashed him in the bugle—"

LAWYER.—"Stop! Witness, this kind of language will not do. I will ask you a plain question, and I require you to answer it simply, yes or no. Did—the—plaintiff—strike—the defendant? Did he strike him?"

WITNESS.—"You bet your sweet life he did. Gad! he gave him a paster in the trumpet—"

LAWYER.—"Take the witness! take the witness! take the witness! I have no further use for him."

The lawyer on the other side said he would endeavor to worry along without more assistance from Mr. Sowerby, and the witness retired to a neighboring bench.

Mr. McWilliamson was next called, and deposed as follows:

"I was a-standing as close to Mr. Smith as I am to this pulpit, a-chaffing with one of the lager beer girls—Sophronia by name, being from summers in Germany, so she says, but as to that, I—"

LAWYER.—"Well, now, never mind the nativity of the lager beer girl, but state, as concisely as possible, what you know of the assault and battery."

WITNESS.—"Certainly—certainly. Well, German or no German,—which I'll take my oath I don't believe she is, being of a red-headed disposition, with long, bony fingers, and no more hankering after Limberger cheese than—"

LAWYER.—"Stop that driveling nonsense and stick to the assault and battery. Go on with your story."

WITNESS.—"Well, sir, she—that is, Jones—he sidled up and drawed his revolver and tried to shoot the top of Smith's head off, and Smith run, and Sophronia she walloped herself down in the saw-dust and screamed twice, just as loud as she could yell. I never see a poor creature in such distress—and then she sung out: 'O, H—ll's fire! What are they up to now? Ah, my poor dear mother, I shall never see you more!'—saying which, she jerked another yell and fainted away as dead as a wax figger. Thinks I to myself, I'll be danged if this ain't gettin' rather dusty, and I'll—"

THE COURT.—"We have no desire to know what you thought; we only wish to know what you saw. Are you sure Mr. Jones endeavored to shoot the top of Mr. Smith's head off?"

WITNESS.—"Yes, your Honor."

THE COURT.—"How many times did he shoot?"

WITNESS.—"Well, sir, I couldn't say exactly as to the number—but I should think—well, say seven or eight times—as many as that, anyway."

THE COURT.—"Be careful now, and remember you are under oath. What kind of a pistol was it?"

WITNESS.—"It was a Durringer, your Honor."

THE COURT.—"A derringer! You must not trifle here, sir. A derringer only shoots once—how then could Jones have fired seven or eight times?" (The witness is evidently as stunned by that last proposition as if a brick had struck him.)

WITNESS.—"Well, your Honor—he—that is, she—Jones, I mean—Soph—"

THE COURT.—"Are you sure he fired more than one shot? Are you sure he fired at all?"

WITNESS.—"I—I well, perhaps he didn't—and—and your Honor may be right. But you see, that girl, with her dratted yowling—altogether, it might be that he did only shoot once."

LAWYER.—"And about his attempting to shoot the top of Smith's head off—didn't he aim at his body, or his legs? Come now."

WITNESS.—(Entirely confused)—"Yes, sir—I think he did—I—I'm pretty certain of it. Yes, sir, he must a fired at his legs."

(Nothing was elicited on the cross-examination, except that the weapon used by Mr. Jones was a bowie knife instead of a derringer, and that he made a number of desperate attempts to scalp the plaintiff instead of trying to shoot him. It also came out that Sophronia, of doubtful nativity, did not faint, and was not present dur-

ing the affray, she having been discharged from her situation on the previous evening.)

Washington Billings, sworn, said: "I see the row, and it warn't in no saloon—it was in the street. Both of 'em was drunk, and one was a comin' up the street, and t'other was a goin' down. Both of 'em was close to the houses when they fust see each other, and both of 'em made their calculations to miss each other, but the second time they tacked across the pavement—driftin'-like, diagonal—they come together, down by curb—al-mighty soggy, they did—which staggered 'em a moment, and then, over they went, into the gutter. Smith was up fust, and he made a dive for a cobble and fell on Jones; Jones dug out and made a dive for a cobble, and slipped his hold and jammed his head into Smith's stomach. They each done that over again, twice more, just the same way. After that, neither of 'em could get up any more, and so they just laid there in the slush and clawed mud and cussed each other."

(On the cross-examination, the witness could not say whether the parties continued the fight afterward in the saloon or not—he only knew they began it in the gutter, and to the best of his knowledge and belief they were too drunk to get into a saloon, and too drunk to stay in it after they got there if there were any orifice about it that they could fall out again. As to weapons, he saw none used except the cobble-stones, and to the best of his knowledge and belief they missed fire every time while he was present.)

Jeremiah Driscoll came forward, was sworn, and testified as follows:—"I saw the fight, your Honor, and it wasn't in a saloon, nor in the street, nor in a hotel, nor in—"

THE COURT.—"Was it in the city and county of San Francisco?"

WITNESS.—"Yes, your Honor, I—I think it was."

THE COURT.—"Well, then, go on."

WITNESS.—"It was up in the Square. Jones meets Smith, and they both go at it—that is, blackguarding each other. One called the other a thief, and the other said he was a liar, and then they got to swearing backwards and forwards pretty generally, as you might say, and finally one struck the other over the head with a cane, and then they closed and fell, and after that they made such a dust and the gravel flew so thick that I couldn't rightly tell which was getting the best of it. When it cleared away, one of them was after the other with a pine bench, and the other was prospecting for rocks, and—"

LAWYER.—"There, there, there—that will do—that—will—do! How in the world is any one to make head or tail out of such a string of nonsense as that? Who struck the first blow?"

WITNESS.—"I can not rightly say, sir, but I think—"

LAWYER.—"You think!—don't you know?"

WITNESS.—"No, sir, it was all so sudden, and—"

LAWYER.—"Well, then, state, if you can, who struck the last."

WITNESS.—"I can't, sir, because—"

LAWYER.—"Because what?"

WITNESS.—"Because, sir, you see toward the last they clinched and went down, and got to kicking up the gravel again, and—"

LAWYER.—(Resignedly)—"Take the witness—take the witness."

(The testimony on the cross-examination went to show that during the fight, one of the parties drew a slung-shot and cocked it, but to the best of the witness' knowledge

and belief, he did not fire; and at the same time, the other discharged a hand-grenade at his antagonist, which missed him and did no damage, except blowing up a bonnet store on the other side of the street, and creating a momentary diversion among the milliners. He could not say, however, which drew the slung-shot or which threw the grenade. (It was generally remarked by those in the court room, that the evidence of the witness was obscure and unsatisfactory. Upon questioning him further, and confronting him with the parties to the case before the court, it transpired that the faces of Jones and Smith were unknown to him, and that he had been talking about an entirely different fight all the time.)

Other witnesses were examined, some of whom swore that Smith was the aggressor, and others that Jones began the row; some said they fought with their fists, others that they fought with knives, others tomahawks, others revolvers, others clubs, others axes, others beer mugs and chairs, and others swore there had been no fight at all. However, fight or no fight, the testimony was straightforward and uniform on one point, at any rate, and that was, that the fuss was about two dollars and forty cents, which one party owed the other, but after all, it was impossible to find out which was the debtor and which the creditor.

After the witnesses had all been heard, his Honor, Judge Sheperd, observed that the evidence in this case resembled, in a great many points, the evidence before him in some thirty-five cases every day, on an average. He then said he would continue the case, to afford the parties an opportunity of procuring more testimony.

(I have been keeping an eye on the Police Court for the last few days. Two friends of mine had business there, on account of assault and battery concerning

Washoe stocks, and I felt interested, of course. I never knew their names were James Johnson and John Ward, though, until I heard them answer to them in that court. When James Johnson was called, one of these young men said to the other: "That's you, my boy." "No," was the reply, "it's you—my name's John Ward—see, I've got it written here on a card." Consequently, the first speaker sung out, "Here!" and it was all right. As I was saying, I have been keeping an eye on that court, and I have arrived at the conclusion that the office of Police Judge is a profitable and a comfortable thing to have, but then, as the English hunter said about fighting tigers in India under a shortness of ammunition, "It has its little drawbacks." Hearing testimony must be worrying to a Police Judge sometimes, when he is in his right mind. I would rather be secretary to a wealthy mining company, and have nothing to do but advertise the assessments and collect them in carefully, and go along quiet and upright, and be one of the noblest works of God, and never gobble a dollar that didn't belong to me—all just as those fellows do, you know. (Oh, I have no talent for sarcasm, it isn't likely.) But I trespass.

Now, with every confidence in the instinctive candor and fair dealing of my race, I submit the testimony in the case of Smith vs. Jones to the people, without comment or argument, well satisfied that after a perusal of it, their judgment will be as righteous as it is final and impartial, and that whether Smith be cast out and Jones exalted, or Jones cast out and Smith exalted, the decision will be a holy and a just one.

I leave the accused and the accuser before the bar of the world—let their fate be pronounced.

A DOUBLE-DYED DECEIVER

BY O. HENRY

I

The trouble began in Laredo. It was the Llano Kid's fault, for he should have confined his habit of manslaughter to Mexicans. But the Kid was past twenty; and to have only Mexicans to one's credit at twenty is to blush unseen on the Rio Grande border.

It happened in old Justo Valdos's gambling house. There was a poker game at which sat players who were not all friends, as happens often where men ride in from afar to shoot Folly as she gallops. There was a row over so small a matter as a pair of queens; and when the smoke had cleared away it was found that the Kid had committed an indiscretion, and his adversary had been guilty of a blunder. For, the unfortunate combatant, instead of being a Greaser, was a high-blooded youth from the cow ranches, of about the Kid's own age and possessed of friends and champions. His blunder in missing the Kid's right ear only a sixteenth of an inch when he pulled his gun did not lessen the indiscretion of the better marksman.

The Kid, not being equipped with a retinue, nor bountifully supplied with personal admirers and supporters—on account of a rather umbrageous reputation even for the border—considered it not incompatible with his indisputable gameness to perform that judicious tractional act known as "pulling his freight."

Quickly the avengers gathered and sought him. Three of them overtook him within a rod of the station. The Kid turned and showed his teeth in that brilliant but mirthless smile that usually preceded his deeds of insolence and violence, and his pursuers fell back without making it necessary for him even to reach for his weapon.

But in this affair the Kid had not felt the grim thirst for encounter that usually urged him on to battle. It had been a purely chance row, born of the cards and certain epithets impossible for a gentleman to brook, that had passed between the two. The Kid had rather liked the slim, haughty, brown-faced young chap whom his bullet had cut off in the first pride of manhood. And now he wanted no more blood. He wanted to get away and have a good long sleep somewhere in the sun on the mesquit grass with his handkerchief over his face. Even a Mexican might have crossed his path in safety while he was in this mood.

The Kid openly boarded the north-bound passenger-train that departed five minutes later. But at Webb, a few miles out, where it was flagged to take on a traveler, he abandoned that manner of escape. There were telegraph stations ahead; and the Kid looked askance at electricity and steam. Saddle and spur were his rocks of safety.

The man whom he had shot was a stranger to him. But the Kid knew that he was of the Corralitos outfit from Hidalgo; and that the punchers from that ranch were more relentless and vengeful than Kentucky feudists when wrong or harm was done to one of them. So, with the wisdom that has characterized many great fighters, the Kid decided to pile up as many leagues as possible of chaparral and pear between himself and the retaliation of the Corralitos bunch.

Near the station was a store; and near the store, scattered among the mesquits and elms, stood the saddled horses of the customers. Most of them waited, half asleep, with sagging limbs and drooping heads. But one, a long-legged roan with a curved neck, snorted and pawed the turf. Him the Kid mounted, gripped with his knees, and slapped gently with the owner's own quirt.

If the slaying of the temerarious card-player had cast a cloud over the Kid's standing as a good and true citizen, this last act of his veiled his figure in the darkest shadows of disrepute. On the Rio Grande border, if you take a man's life you sometimes take trash; but if you take his horse, you take a thing the loss of which renders him poor, indeed, and which enriches you not—if you are caught. For the Kid there was no turning back now.

With the springing roan under him he felt little care or uneasiness. After a five-mile gallop he drew in to the plainsman's jogging trot, and rode northeastward toward the Nueces River bottoms. He knew the country well—its most tortuous and obscure trails through the great wilderness of brush and pear, and its camps and lonesome ranches where one might find safe entertainment. Always he bore to the east; for the Kid had never seen the ocean, and he had a fancy to lay his hand upon the mane of the great Gulf, the gamesome colt of the greater waters.

So after three days he stood on the shore at Corpus Christi, and looked out across the gentle ripples of a quiet sea.

Captain Boone, of the schooner Flyaway, stood near his skiff, which one of his crew was guarding in the surf. When ready to sail he had discovered that one of the necessaries of life, in the parallelogrammatic shape of plug tobacco, had been forgotten. A sailor had been de-

spatched for the missing cargo. Meanwhile the captain paced the sands, chewing profanely at his pocket store.

A slim, wiry youth in high-heeled boots came down to the water's edge. His face was boyish but with a premature severity that hinted at a man's experience. His complexion was naturally dark; and the sun and wind of an outdoor life had burned it to a coffee brown. His hair was as black and straight as an Indian's; his face had not yet been upturned to the humiliation of a razor; his eyes were a cold and steady blue. He carried his left arm somewhat away from his body, for pearl-handled .45s are frowned upon by town marshals, and are a little bulky when packed in the left armhole of one's vest. He looked beyond Captain Boone at the gulf with the impersonal and expressionless dignity of a Chinese emperor.

"Thinkin' of buyin' that 'ar gulf, buddy?" asked the captain, made sarcastic by his narrow escape from a tobaccoless voyage.

"Why, no," said the Kid gently, "I reckon not. I never saw it before. I was just looking at it. Not thinking of selling it, are you?"

"Not this trip," said the captain. "I'll send it to you C. O. D. when I get back to Buenas Tierras. Here comes that capstan-footed lubber with the chewin'. I ought to've weighed anchor an hour ago."

"Is that your ship out there?" asked the Kid.

"Why, yes," answered the captain, "if you want to call a schooner a ship, and I don't mind lyin'. But you better say Miller and Gonzales, owners, and ordinary, plain, Billy-be-damned old Samuel K. Boone, skipper."

"Where are you going to?" asked the refugee.

"Buenas Tierras, coast of South America—I forget what they called the country the last time I was there. Cargo—lumber, corrugated iron, and machetes."

"What kind of a country is it?" asked the Kid—"hot or cold?"

"Warmish, buddy," said the captain. "But a regular Paradise Lost for elegance of scenery and be-yooty of geography. Ye're wakened every morning by the sweet singin' of red birds with seven purple tails, and the sighin' of breezes in the posies and roses. And the inhabitants never work, for they can reach out and pick steamer baskets of the choicest hothouse fruit without gettin' out of bed. And there's no Sunday and no ice and no rent and no troubles and no use and no nothin'. It's a great country for a man to go to sleep with, and wait for somethin' to turn up. The bananys and oranges and hurricanes and pineapples that ye eat comes from there."

"That sounds to me!" said the Kid, at last betraying interest. "What'll the expressage be to take me out there with you?"

"Twenty-four dollars," said Captain Boone; "grub and transportation. Second cabin. I haven't got a first cabin."

"You've got my company," said the Kid, pulling out a buckskin bag.

With three hundred dollars he had gone to Laredo for his regular "blowout." The duel in Valdo's had cut short his season of hilarity, but it had left him with nearly $200 for aid in the flight that it had made necessary.

"All right, buddy," said the captain. "I hope your ma won't blame me for this little childish escapade of yours." He beckoned to one of the boat's crew. "Let Sanchez lift you out to the skiff so you won't get your feet wet."

II

Thacker, the United States consul at Buenas Tierras, was not yet drunk. It was only eleven o'clock; and he

never arrived at his desired state of beatitude—a state wherein he sang ancient maudlin vaudeville songs and pelted his screaming parrot with banana peels—until the middle of the afternoon. So, when he looked up from his hammock at the sound of a slight cough, and saw the Kid standing in the door of the consulate, he was still in a condition to extend the hospitality and courtesy due from the representative of a great nation.

"Don't disturb yourself," said the Kid easily. "I just dropped in. They told me it was customary to light at your camp before starting in to round up the town. I just came in on a ship from Texas."

"Glad to see you, Mr. ——," said the consul.

The Kid laughed.

"Sprague Dalton," he said. "It sounds funny to me to hear it. I'm called the Llano Kid in the Rio Grande country."

"I'm Thacker," said the consul. "Take that cane-bottom chair. Now if you've come to invest, you want somebody to advise you. These dingies will cheat you out of the gold in your teeth if you don't understand their ways. Try a cigar?"

"Much obliged," said the Kid, "but if it wasn't for my corn shucks and the little bag in my back pocket, I couldn't live a minute." He took out his "makings," and rolled a cigarette.

"They speak Spanish here," said the consul. "You'll need an interpreter. If there's anything I can do, why, I'd be delighted. If you're buying fruit lands or looking for a concession of any sort, you'll want somebody who knows the ropes to look out for you."

"I speak Spanish," said the Kid, "about nine times better than I do English. Everybody speaks it on the

range where I come from. And I'm not in the market for anything."

"You speak Spanish?" said Thacker thoughtfully. He regarded the Kid absorbedly.

"You look like a Spaniard, too," he continued. "And you're from Texas. And you can't be more than twenty or twenty-one. I wonder if you've got any nerve."

"You got a deal of some kind to put through?" asked the Texan, with unexpected shrewdness.

"Are you open to a proposition?" said Thacker.

"What's the use to deny it?" said the Kid. "I got into a little gun frolic down in Laredo and plugged a white man. There wasn't any Mexican handy. And I come down to your parrot-and-monkey range just for to smell the morning-glories and marigolds. Now, do you *sabe?*"

Thacker got up and closed the door.

"Let me see your hand," he said.

He took the Kid's left hand, and examined the back of it closely.

"I can do it," he said excitedly. "Your flesh is as hard as wood and as healthy as a baby's. It will heal in a week."

"If it's a fist fight you want to back me for," said the Kid, "don't put your money up yet. Make it gun work, and I'll keep you company. But no barehanded scrapping, like ladies at a tea-party, for me."

"It's easier than that," said Thacker. "Just step here, will you?"

Through the window he pointed to a two-story white-stuccoed house with wide galleries rising amid the deep green tropical foliage on a wooded hill that sloped gently from the sea.

"In that house," said Thacker, "a fine old Castilian gentleman and his wife are yearning to gather you into their

arms and fill your pockets with money. Old Santos Urique lives there. He owns half the gold-mines in the country."

"You haven't been eating loco weed, have you?" asked the Kid.

"Sit down again," said Thacker, "and I'll tell you. Twelve years ago they lost a kid. No, he didn't die—although most of 'em here do from drinking the surface water. He was a wild little devil, even if he wasn't but eight years old. Everybody knows about it. Some Americans who were through here prospecting for gold had letters to Señor Urique, and the boy was a favorite with them. They filled his head with big stories about the States; and about a month after they left, the kid disappeared, too. He was supposed to have stowed himself away among the banana bunches on a fruit steamer, and gone to New Orleans. He was seen once afterward in Texas, it was thought, but they never heard anything more of him. Old Urique has spent thousands of dollars having him looked for. The madam was broken up worst of all. The kid was her life. She wears mourning yet. But they say she believes he'll come back to her some day, and never gives up hope. On the back of the boy's left hand was tattooed a flying eagle carrying a spear in his claws. That's old Urique's coat of arms or something that he inherited in Spain."

The Kid raised his left hand slowly and gazed at it curiously.

"That's it," said Thacker, reaching behind the official desk for his bottle of smuggled brandy. "You're not so slow. I can do it. What was I consul at Sandakan for? I never knew till now. In a week I'll have the eagle bird with the frog-sticker blended in so you'd think you were

born with it. I brought a set of the needles and ink just because I was sure you'd drop in some day, Mr. Dalton."

"Oh, hell," said the Kid. "I thought I told you."

"All right, 'Kid,' then. It won't be that long. How does Señorito Urique sound, for a change?"

"I never played son any that I remember of," said the Kid. "If I had any parents to mention they went over the divide about the time I gave my first bleat. What is the plan of your round-up?"

Thacker leaned back against the wall and held his glass up to the light.

"We've come now," said he, "to the question of how far you're willing to go in a little matter of the sort."

"I told you why I came down here," said the Kid simply.

"A good answer," said the consul. "But you won't have to go that far. Here's the scheme. After I get the trade-mark tattooed on your hand I'll notify old Urique. In the meantime I'll furnish you with all of the family history I can find out, so you can be studying up points to talk about. You've got the looks, you speak the Spanish, you know the facts, you can tell about Texas, you've got the tattoo mark. When I notify them that the rightful heir has returned and is waiting to know whether he will be received and pardoned, what will happen? They'll simply rush down here and fall on your neck, and the curtain goes down for refreshments and a stroll in the lobby."

"I'm waiting," said the Kid. "I haven't had my saddle off in your camp long, pardner, and I never met you before; but if you intend to let it go at a parental blessing, why, I'm mistaken in my man, that's all."

"Thanks," said the consul. "I haven't met anybody in a long time that keeps up with an argument as well as you do. The rest of it is simple. If they take you in only

for a while it's long enough. Don't give 'em time to hunt up the strawberry mark on your left shoulder. Old Urique keeps anywhere from $50,000 to $100,000 in his house all the time in a little safe that you could open with a shoe buttoner. Get it. My skill as a tattooer is worth half the boodle. We go halves and catch a tramp steamer for Rio Janeiro. Let the United States go to pieces if it can't get along without my services. *Que dice, señor?"*

"It sounds to me!" said the Kid, nodding his head. "I'm out for the dust."

"All right, then," said Thacker. "You'll have to keep close until we get the bird on you. You can live in the back room here. I do my own cooking, and I'll make you as comfortable as a parsimonious Government will allow me."

Thacker had set the time at a week, but it was two weeks before the design that he patiently tattooed upon the Kid's hand was to his notion. And then Thacker called a *muchacho,* and despatched this note to the intended victim:

El Senor Don Santos Urique,
La Casa Blanca.

My Dear Sir: I beg permission to inform you that there is in my house as a temporary guest a young man who arrived in Buenas Tierras from the United States some days ago. Without wishing to excite any hopes that may not be realized, I think there is a possibility of his being your long-absent son. It might be well for you to call and see him. If he is, it is my opinion that his intention was to return to his home, but upon arriving here, his courage failed him from doubts as to how he would be received. Your true servant,

Thompson Thacker.

Half an hour afterward—quick time for Buenas Tierras—Señor Urique's ancient landau drove to the consul's door, with the barefooted coachman beating and shouting at the team of fat, awkward horses.

A tall man with a white mustache alighted, and assisted to the ground a lady who was dressed and veiled in unrelieved black.

The two hastened inside, and were met by Thacker with his best diplomatic bow. By his desk stood a slender young man with clear-cut, sun-browned features and smoothly brushed black hair.

Señora Urique threw back her heavy veil with a quick gesture. She was past middle age, and her hair was beginning to silver, but her full, proud figure and clear olive skin retained traces of the beauty peculiar to the Basque province. But, once you had seen her eyes, and comprehended the great sadness that was revealed in their deep shadows and hopeless expression, you saw that the woman lived only in some memory.

She bent upon the young man a long look of the most agonized questioning. Then her great black eyes turned, and her gaze rested upon his left hand. And then with a sob, not loud, but seeming to shake the room, she cried *"Hijo mio!"* and caught the Llano Kid to her heart.

III

A month afterward the Kid came to the consulate in response to a message sent by Thacker.

He looked the young Spanish *caballero*. His clothes were imported, and the wiles of the jewelers had not been spent upon him in vain. A more than respectable diamond shone on his finger as he rolled a shuck cigarette.

"What's doing?" asked Thacker.

"Nothing much," said the Kid calmly. "I eat my first iguana steak to-day. They're them big lizards, you *sabe?* I reckon, though, that frijoles and side bacon would do me about as well. Do you care for iguanas, Thacker?"

"No, nor for some other kinds of reptiles," said Thacker.

It was three in the afternoon, and in another hour he would be in his state of beatitude.

"It's time you were making good, sonny," he went on, with an ugly look on his reddened face. "You're not playing up to me square. You've been the prodigal son for four weeks now, and you could have had veal for every meal on a gold dish if you'd wanted it. Now, Mr. Kid, do you think it's right to leave me out so long on a husk diet? What's the trouble? Don't you get your filial eyes on anything that looks like cash in the Casa Blanca? Don't tell me you don't. Everybody knows where old Urique keeps his stuff. It's U. S. currency, too; he don't accept anything else. What's doing? Don't say 'nothing' this time."

"Why, sure," said the Kid, admiring his diamond, "there's plenty of money up there. I'm no judge of collateral in bunches, but I will undertake for to say that I've seen the rise of $50,000 at a time in that tin grub box that my adopted father calls his safe. And he lets me carry the key sometimes just to show me that he knows I'm the real little Francisco that strayed from the herd a long time ago."

"Well, what are you waiting for?" asked Thacker angrily. "Don't you forget that I can upset your apple cart any day I want to. If old Urique knew you were an impostor, what sort of things would happen to you? Oh, you don't know this country, Mr. Texas Kid. The laws here have got mustard spread between 'em. These people

here'd stretch you out like a frog that had been stepped on, and give you about fifty sticks at every corner of the plaza. And they'd wear every stick out, too. What was left of you they'd feed to alligators."

"I might as well tell you now, pardner," said the Kid, sliding down low on his steamer chair, "that things are going to stay just as they are. They're about right now."

"What do you mean?" asked Thacker, rattling the bottom of his glass on his desk.

"The scheme's off," said the Kid. "And whenever you have the pleasure of speaking to me address me as Don Francisco Urique. I'll guarantee I'll answer to it. We'll let Colonel Urique keep his money. His little tin safe is as good as the time-locker in the First National Bank of Laredo as far as you and me are concerned."

"You're going to throw me down, then, are you?" said the consul.

"Sure," said the Kid cheerfully. "Throw you down. That's it. And now I'll tell you why. The first night I was up at the colonel's house they introduced me to a bedroom. No blankets on the floor—a real room, with a bed and things in it. And before I was asleep, in comes this artificial mother of mine and tucks in the covers. 'Panchito,' she says, 'my little lost one, God has brought you back to me. I bless his name forever.' It was that, or some truck like that, she said. And down comes a drop or two of rain and hits me on the nose. And all that stuck by me, Mr. Thacker. And it's been that way ever since. And it's got to stay that way. Don't you think that it's for what's in it for me, either, that I say so. If you have any such ideas, keep 'em to yourself. I haven't had much truck with women in my life, and no mothers to speak of, but here's a lady that we've got to keep fooled. Once she stood it; twice she won't. I'm a low-down wolf, and the

devil may have sent me on this trail instead of God, but I'll travel it to the end. And now, don't forget that I'm Don Francisco Urique whenever you happen to mention my name."

"I'll expose you to-day, you—you double-dyed traitor," stammered Thacker.

The Kid arose and, without violence, took Thacker by the throat with a hand of steel, and shoved him slowly into a corner. Then he drew from under his left arm his pearl-handled .45 and poked the cold muzzle of it against the consul's mouth.

"I told you why I come here," he said, with his old freezing smile. "If I leave here, you'll be the reason. Never forget it, pardner. Now, what is my name?"

"Er—Don Francisco Urique," gasped Thacker.

From outside came a sound of wheels, and the shouting of some one, and the sharp thwacks of a wooden whipstock upon the backs of fat horses.

The Kid put up his gun, and walked toward the door. But he turned again and came back to the trembling Thacker, and help up his left hand with its back toward the consul.

"There's one more reason," he said slowly, "why things have got to stand as they are. The fellow I killed in Laredo had one of them same pictures on his left hand."

Outside, the ancient landau of Don Santos Urique rattled to the door. The coachman ceased his bellowing. Señora Urique, in a voluminous gay gown of white lace and flying ribbons, leaned forward with a happy look in her great soft eyes.

"Are you within, dear son?" she called, in the rippling Castilian.

"*Madre mio, yo vengo* [mother, I come]," answered the young Don Francisco Urique.

AN OLD-TIME SINGER

BY FRANK L. STANTON

I don't want any hymnbook when the Methodists is nigh,
A-linin' out the ol' ones that went thrillin' to the sky
In the ol' campmeetin' seasons, when 'twuz "Glory hallelu!"
An' "Brother, rise an' tell us what the Lord has done fer you!"

Fer I know them songs so perfect that when I git the swing
O' the tune they want to go to I kin shet my eyes an' sing!
"On Jordan's stormy banks," an' ol' "Amazin' Grace"—they seem
So nat'ral, I'm like some one that's singin' in a dream!

Oh, when it comes to them ol' songs I allus does my part;
An' I've got the ol'-time Bible down, as you might say, "by heart!"
When the preacher says the fust word in the givin' of his text
I smile with satisfaction, kaze I know what's comin' next!

The wife says: "That's amazin'!" an' the preacher says —says he,
With lots o' meanin' in his voice, an' lookin' queer at me—

"Sence you know more o' the Bible than the best o' us kin
teach,
Don't you think you orter practice what you're payin' us
to preach?"

Well, *that* gits me in a *corner*—an' I sorter raise my eyes
An' the tune about them titles to the "mansions in the
skies"!
I want the benediction then—I'm ready to depart!
But when it comes to singin'—well, I've got the hymns
by heart!

BREITMANN IN POLITICS

Showing How Mr. Hiram Twine "Played Off" on Smith

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

Vide licet: Dere vas a fillage
Whose vode alone vouldt pe
Apout enoof to elegdt a man,
Und gife a mayority;
So de von who couldt scoop dis seddlement
Vould make a pully hit;
Boot dough dey vere Deutschers, von und all,
Dey all go von on Schmit.

Now it happenet to gome to bass
Dat in dis liddle town
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin
Dat Mishder Schmit coom down,
His brinciples to fore-setzen
Und his ideés to deach,
(Dat is, fix oop de brifate pargains)
Und telifer a pooblic sbeech.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss,
Ash blainly ish peen shown,
Und vas alfays an out-findin
Votefer might pe known;
Und mit some of his circumswindles
He fix de matter so
Dat he'd pe himself at dis meetin
And see how dings vas go.

Oh shtrangely in dis leben
De dings kits vorked apout!
Oh voonderly Fortuna
Makes toorn us insite out!
Oh sinkular de luck-wheel rolls!
Dis liddle meeding dere
Fixt Twine *ad perpendiculum*—
Shoost suit him to a hair!

Now it hoppenit on dis efenin
De Deutschers, von und all,
Vere avaitin mit impatience
De openin of de ball;
Und de shates of nite vere fallin
Und de shdars begin to plink,
Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoorry,
For 'dvas dime to dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a-dramplin,
Und dey saw, und dinked dey knowed,
Der bretty greature coomin,
On his horse along de road;
Und ash he ride town in-ward
De likeness vas so plain
Dey donnered out, "Hooray for Schmit!"
Enough to make it rain.

Der Twine vas shtart like plazes;
Boot oopshtarted too his wit,
Und he dinks, "Great Turnips! what if I
Could bass for Colonel Schmit?
Gaul dern my heels! *I'll do it,*
Und go the total swine!
Oh, Soap-balls! what a chance!" said dis
Dissembulatin Twine.

1944

Den 'twas "Willkomm! willkomm, Mishder
Schmit!"
Ringsroom on efery site;
Und "First-rate! How dy-do yourself?"
Der Hiram Twine replied.
Dey ashk him, "Come und dake a trink?"
But dey find it mighdy queer
Ven Twine informs dem none boot hogs
Vould trink dat shtinkin bier;

Dat all lager vas nodings boot boison;
Und ash for Sherman wein,
He dinks it vas erfounden
Exshbressly for Sherman schwein;
Dat he himself vas a demperanceler—
Dat he gloria in de name;
Und atfise dem all, for tecency's sake,
To go und do de same.

Dese bemarks among de Deutschers
Vere apout ash vell receife
Ash a cats in a game of den-bins,
Ash you may of coorse peliefe:
De heat of de reception
Vent down a dootzen tegrees,
Und in place of hurraws dere vas only heardt
De rooslin of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille
Dey scorched him to de hall,
Vhere he maket de oradion
Vitch vas so moosh to blease dem all;
Und dis vay he pegin it:
"Pefore I furder go,
I vish dat my obinions
You puddin-het Dootch should know.

"Und ere I norate to you,
I think it only fair
We should oonderstand each other
Prezactly, chunk and square.
Dere are boints on vhich ve tisagree,
And I will plank de facts—
I don't go round slanganderin
My friendts pehind deir packs.

"So I beg you dake it easy
If on de raw I touch,
Vhen I say I can't apide de sound
Of your groontin, shi-shing Dutch.
Should I in the Legisladure
As your slumgullion shtand,
I'll have a bill forbidding Dutch
Troo all dis 'versal land.

"Should a husband talk it to his frau,
To deat' he should pe led;
If a mutter breat' it to her shild,
I'd bunch her in de head;
Und I'm sure dat none vill atfocate
Ids use in public schools,
Oonless dey're peastly, nashdy, prutal,
Sauerkraut-eaten vools."

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat,
Shoost make a liddle pause,
Und see sechs hundert gapin eyes,
Sechs hundert shdarin chaws,
Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen;
Von faindly dried to hiss;
Und von set: "Ish it shleeps I'm treamin?
Gottausend! vat ish dis?"

1946

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow,
Boot poldly went ahet:
"Of your oder shtinkin hobits
No vordt needt hier pe set.
Shtop goozlin bier—shtop shmokin bipes—
Shtop rootin in de mire;
Und shoost *un-Dutchify* yourselfs:
Dat's all dat I require."

Und *denn* dere coomed a shindy,
Ash if de shky hat trop:
"Trow him mit ecks, py doonder!
Go shlog him on de kop!
Hei! Shoot him mit a powie-knifes;
Go for him, ganz and gar!
Shoost tar him mit some fedders!
Led's fedder him mit tar!"

Sooch a teufel's row of furie
Vas nefer oop-kickt before:
Soom roosh to on-climb de blatform—
Soom hoory to fasten te toor:
Von veller vired his refolfer,
Boot de pullet missed her mark:
She coot de cort of de shandelier:
It vell, und de hall vas tark!

Oh, vell was it for Hiram Twine
Dat nimply he couldt shoomp;
Und vell dat he light on a misthauf,
Und nefer feel de boomp;
Und vell for him dat his goot cray horse
Shtood sattled shoost outside;
Und vell dat in an augenblick
He vas off on a teufel's ride.

Bang! bang! de sharp pistolen shots
  Vent pipin py his ear,
Boot he tortled oop de barrick road
  Like any mountain deer:
Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins,
  But dey only could be-mark
Von climpse of his vhite obercoadt,
  Und a clotterin in de tark.

So dey all versembled togeder,
  Ein ander to sprechen mit,
Und allow dat sooch a rede
  Dey nefer exshpegd from Schmit—
Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard,
  And so pig a Lump ash ran;
So, *nemine contradicente,*
  Dey vented for Breitmann.

Und 'twas annerthalb yar dereafter
  Before der Schmit vas know
Vot maket dis rural fillage
  Go pack oopon him so;
Und he schvored at de Dootch more schlimmer
  Ash Hiram Twine had tone.
Nota bene: He tid it in earnesht,
  Vhile der Hiram's vas pusiness fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heard de shdory,
  How de fillage hat peen dricked,
He shvore bei Leib und Leben
  He'd rader hafe been licked
Dan be helped bei sooch shumgoozlin;
  Und 'twas petter to pe a schwein
Dan a schwindlin honeyfooglin shnake,
  Like dat lyin Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heafy disgoosted
  Mit de boledicks of dis land,
Dat his friendts couldn't barely keep him
  From trowin oop his hand,
Vhen he helt shtraidt flush, mit an ace in his
    poot;
  Vich phrase ish all de same,
In de science of de pokerology,
  Ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegtet,
  Py vollowin de vay
Dey manage de elegdions
  Unto dis fery day;
Vitch shows de Deutsch *Dummehrlichkeit,*
  Also de Yankee "wit":
Das ist Abenteuer
  How Breitmann lick der Schmit.

LOVE SONG

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND

Overe mine lofe a sugar-powl,
De fery shmallest loomp
Vouldt shveet de seas from bole to bole,
Und make de shildren shoomp.
Und if she vere a clofer-fieldt,
I'd bet mine only pence,
It vouldn't pe no dime at all
Pefore I'd shoomp de fence.

Her heafenly foice it drill me so,
It really seems to hoort;
She ish de holiest anamile
Dat roons oopon de dirt.
De re'nbow rises ven she sings,
De sonn shine ven she dalk,
De angels crow und flop deir vings
Ven she goes out to valk.

So livin vhite—so carnadine—
Mine lofe's gomblexion glow;
It's shoost like abendcarmosine
Rich gleamin on de shnow.
Her soul makes plooshes in her sheek,
As sommer reds de wein,
Or sonlight sends a fire-life troo
An blank karfunkelstein.

De ueberschwengliche idées
  Dis lofe put in my mind,
Vould make a foostrate philosoph
  Of any human kind.
'Tis shuderned sweet on eart' to meet
  An himmlisch-hoellisch qual,
Und treat mit whiles to kümmel schnapps
  De Shœnheitsideál.

CONTENTMENT

"Man wants but little here below"

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brownstone will do,)
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!
I always thought cold victual nice;—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share,—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,
And titles are but empty names;
I would, *perhaps,* be Plenipo,—
But only near St. James;
I'm very sure I should not care
To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are bawbles; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, *not so large,* in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me;—I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;)—
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere,—
Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait—two, forty-five—
Suits me; I do not care;—
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt,*
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four,—
I love so much their style and tone,—
One Turner, and no more,
(A landscape,—foreground golden dirt,—
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few,—some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear;
The rest upon an upper floor;—
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam,
And vellum rich as country cream.

CONTENTMENT

Busts, cameos, gems,—such things as these,
  Which others often show for pride,
I value for their power to please,
  And selfish churls deride;—
One Stradivarius, I confess,
Two Meerschaums, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn
  Nor ape the glittering upstart fool;—
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,
  But *all* must be of buhl?
Give grasping pomp its double share,—
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,
  Nor long for Midas' golden touch;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
  I shall not miss them *much*,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content!

TOM'S MONEY

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

Mrs. Laughton had found what she had been looking for all her life—the man under her bed.

Every night of her nearly thirty years of existence this pretty little person had stooped on her knees, before saying her prayers, and had investigated the space beneath her bed, a light brass affair, hung with a chintz valance; had then peered beneath the dark recess of the dressing-case, and having looked in the deep drawer of the bureau and into the closet, she fastened her door and felt as secure as a snail in a shell. As she never, in this particular business, seemed to have any confidence in Mr. Laughton, in spite of the fact that she admired him and adored him, neither his presence nor his absence ever made any variation in the performance. She had gone through the motions, however, for so long a time that they had come to be in a manner perfunctory, and the start she received on this night of which I speak made her prayers quite impossible.

What was she to do? She, a coward *par eminence,* known to be the most timorous of the whole family; her tremors at all sorts of imagined dangers affording laughter to the flock of sisters and brothers. Should she stay on her knees after having seen that dark shape, as if going on with her prayers, while revolving some plan of procedure? That was out of the question. Scream? She couldn't have screamed to save her life. Run? She could no more have set one foot before the other, than if her

body had melted from the waist down. She was deadly faint and cold and shaking, and all in a second, in the fraction of a second, before she had risen from her stooping posture.

Oh, why wasn't it Virginia instead? Virginia had always had such heroic plans of making the man come out of his hiding-place at the point of her pistol; and Virginia could cock a pistol and wasn't covered with cold shivers at the sight of one, as she was. If it had only been Francie, whose shrill voice could have been heard over the side of the earth, or Juliet, whose long legs would have left burglar, and house, too, in the background between the opening and slamming of a door. Either of them was so much more fit than she, the chicken-hearted one of the family, to cope with this creature. And they were all gone to the wedding with Fred, and would not be at home till to-morrow; and Tom had just returned from the town and handed her his roll of bills, and told her to take care of it till he came back from galloping down to the works with Jules; and she had tucked it into her belt, and had asked him, a little quakingly, what if any of the men of the Dead Line that they had heard of or Red Dan or an Apache came along; and he had laughed, and said she had better ask them in and reproach them for making such strangers of themselves as not to have called in the two years she had been in this part of the country; and she had the two maids with her, and he should be back directly. And she had looked out after him a moment over the wide prairie to the hills, all bathed in moonlight, and felt as if she were a spirit alone in a dead world. And here she was now, the two maids away in the little wing, locked out by the main house, alone with a burglar, and not another being nearer than the works, a half-mile off.

How did this man know that she was without any help here? How did he know that Tom was coming back with the money to pay the men that night? How did he happen to be aware that Tom's money was all in the house? Evidently he was one of the men. No one else could have known anything about it. If that money was taken, nobody would believe the story; Tom would be cashiered; he never could live through the disgrace; he would die of a broken heart, and she of another. They had come out to this remote and lonesome country to build up a home and a fortune; and so many people would be stricken with them! What a mischance for her to be left with the whole thing in her hands, her little, weak, trembling hands—Tom's honor, his good name and his success, their fortune, the welfare of the whole family, the livelihood of all the men, the safety of the enterprise! What made Tom risk things so! How could he put her in such jeopardy? To be sure, he thought the dogs would be safeguard enough, but they had gone scouring after him. And if they hadn't, how could dogs help her with a man under the bed?

It was worse than any loss of money to have such a wretch as this so near one, so shudderingly, so awfully near, to be so close as this to the bottomless pit itself! What was she to do? Escape? The possibility did not cross her mind. Not once did she think of letting Tom's money go. All but annihilated by terror in that heartbeat, she herself was the last thing she thought of.

Light and electricity are swift, but thought is swifter. As I said, this was all in the fraction of a second. Then Mrs. Laughton was on her feet again and before a pendulum could have more than swung backward. The man must know she saw him. She took the light brass bedstead and sent it rolling away from her with all her might

and main leaving the creature uncovered. He lay easily on one side, a stout little club like a policeman's billy in his hand, some weapons gleaming in his belt, putting up the other hand to grasp the bedstead as it rolled away.

"You look pretty, don't you?" said she.

Perhaps this was as much of a shock to the man as his appearance had been to her. He was not acquainted with the saying that it is only the unexpected that happens.

"Get up," said she. "I'd *be* a man if I *was* a man. Get up. I'm not going to hurt you."

If the intruder had any sense of humor, this might have touched it; the idea of this little fairy-queen of a woman, almost small enough to have stepped out of a rain-lily, hurting him! But it was so different from what he had been awaiting that it startled him; and then, perhaps, he had some of the superstition that usually haunts the evil and ignorant, and felt that such small women were uncanny. He was on his feet now, towering over her.

"No," said he, gruffly; "I don't suppose you're going to hurt me. And I'm not going to hurt you, if you hand over that money."

"What money?" opening her eyes with a wide sort of astonishment.

"Come! None of your lip. I want that money!"

"Why, I haven't any money! Oh, yes, I have, to be sure, but—"

"I thought you'd remember it," said the man, with a grin.

"But I want it!" she exclaimed.

"I want it, too!" said he.

"Oh, it wouldn't do you any good," she reasoned. "Fifteen dollars. And it's all the money I've got in the world!"

"I don't want no fifteen dollars," said the man; "and I don't want none of your chinning. I want the money your husband's going to pay off with—"

"Oh, Tom's money!" in quite a tone of relief. "Oh! I haven't anything to do with Tom's money. If you can get any money out of Tom it's more than *I* can do. And I wouldn't advise you to try, either; for he always carries a pistol in the same pocket with it, and he's covered all over with knives and derringers and bull-dogs, so that sometimes *I* don't like to go near him till he's unloaded. You have to, in this country of desperadoes. You see—"

"Yes, I see, you little hen-sparrer," his eyes coming back to her from a survey of the room, "that you've got Tom's money in the house here, and would like to throw me off the scent!"

"If I had," said she, "you'd only get it across my dead body! Hadn't you better look for it, and have me tell you when you're hot and when you're cold?"

"Come!" said he, again; "I've had enough of your slack—"

"You're not very polite," she said, with something like a pout.

"People in my line ain't," he answered, grimly. "I want that money! and I want it now! I've no time to lose. I'd rather come by it peaceable," he growled, "but if—"

"Well, you can take it; of course, you're the stronger. But I told you before, it's all I have, and I've very particular use for it. You just sit down!" she cried, indicating a chair, with the air of really having been alone so long in these desolate regions as to be glad of having some one to talk to, and throwing herself into the big one opposite, because in truth she could not stand up another moment. And perhaps feeling as if a wren were

expostulating with him about robbing her nest, the man dropped the angry arm with which he had threatened her, and leaned over the back of the chair.

"There it is," said she, "right under your hand all the time. You won't have to rip up the mattress for it, or rummage the clothes-press, or hunt through the broken crockery on the top shelves of the kitchen cupboard," she ran on, as if she were delighted to hear the sound of her own voice, and couldn't talk fast enough. "I always leave my purse on the dressing-case, though Tom has told me, time and again, it wasn't safe. But out here—"

"Stop!" thundered the man. "If you know enough to stop. Stop! or I'll cut your cursed tongue out and make you stop. And then, I suppose, you'd gurgle. That's not what I want—though I'll take it. I've told *you,* time and again, that I want the paymaster's money. That isn't right under my hand—and where is it? I'll put daylight through that little false heart of yours if you don't give it to me without five more words—"

"And I've told you just as often that I've nothing to do with the paymaster's money, and I wish you would put daylight *anywhere,* for then my husband would come home and make an end of you!" And with the great limpid tears overflowing her blue eyes, Rose Laughton knew that the face she turned up at him was enough to melt the sternest heart going.

"Do you mean to tell me—" said he, evidently wavering, and possibly inclining to doubt if, after all, she were not telling the truth, as no man in his senses would leave such a sum of money in the keeping of such a simpleton.

"I don't mean to tell you anything!" she cried. "You won't believe a word I say, and I never had any one doubt my word before. I *hate* to have you take that fifteen dollars, though. You never would in the world, if

you knew how much self-denial it stands for. Every time I think I would like an ice-cream, out in this wilderness, where you might as well ask for an iceberg, I've made Tom give me the *price* of one. You won't find anything but ribbons *there.* And when I've felt as if I should go wild if I couldn't have a box of Huyler's candy, I've made Tom give me the price of *that.* There's only powder and tweezers and frizzes in those boxes," as he went over the top of the dressing-case, still keeping a lookout on her. "And when we were all out of lager and apollinaris, and Tom couldn't—that's my laces, and I wish you wouldn't finger them; I don't believe your hands are clean—and Tom couldn't get anything to drink, I've made him put in the price of a drink, and lots of ten-cent pieces came that way, and—But I don't imagine you care to hear about all that. What makes you look at me so?" For the man had left his search again, and his glance was piercing her through and through. "Oh, your eyes are like augers turning to live coals!" she cried. "Is that the way you look at your wife? Do you look at your children the same way?"

"That lay won't work," said he, with another grin. "I ain't got no feelings to work on. I ain't got no wife or kids."

"I'm sure that's fortunate," said Mrs. Laughton. "A family wouldn't have any peace of their lives with you following such a dangerous business. And they couldn't see much of you either. I must say I think you'd be a great deal happier if you reformed—I mean—well, if you left this business, and took up a quarter-section, and had a wife and—"

"Look here!" cried the man, his patience gone. "Are you a fool, or are you bluffing me? I've half a mind to

knock your head in," he cried, "and hunt the house over for myself! I would, if there was time."

"You wouldn't find anything if you did," she returned, leaning back in her chair. "I've looked often enough, when I thought Tom had some money. I never found any. What are you going to do now?" with a cry of alarm at his movement.

"I'm going to tie you hand and foot first—"

"Oh, I wouldn't! I'd rather you wouldn't—really! I promise you I won't leave this chair—"

"I don't mean you shall."

"Oh, how can you treat me so!" she exclaimed, lifting up her streaming face. "You don't look like a person to treat a woman so. I don't like to be tied; it makes me feel so helpless."

"What kind of a dumb fool be you, anyway?" said the man, stopping a moment to stare at her. And he made a step then toward the high chest of drawers, half bureau, half writing-desk, for a ball of tape he saw lying there.

"Oh!" she cried, remembering the tar-baby. "Don't! Don't go there! For mercy's sake, don't go there!" raising her voice till it was like the wind in the chimney. "Oh, please don't go there!" At which, as if feeling morally, or rather immorally, sure that what he had come for was in that spot, he seized the handles of the drawer, and down fell the lid upon his head with a whack that jammed his hat over his eyes and blinded him with pain and fury for an instant. And in that instant she had whipped the roll of money from her belt, and had dropped it underneath her chair. "I knew it!" she cried. "I knew it would! It always does. I told you not to go."

"You shet your mouth quick!" roared the man, with a splutter of oaths between each word.

"That's right," she said, leaning over the arm of the

chair, her face like a pitying saint's. "Don't mind me, I always tell Tom to swear, when he jams his thumb. I know how it is myself when I'm driving a nail. It's a great relief. I'd put some cold water on your head, but I promised you I wouldn't stir out of the chair—"

The man went and sat down in the chair on whose back he had been leaning.

"I swear, I don't know what to make of you," said he, rubbing his head ruefully.

"You can make friends with me," said she. "That's what you can do. I'm sure I've shown you that I'm friendly enough. I never believe any harm of any one till I see it myself. I don't blame you for wanting the money. I'm always in want of money. I've told you you might take mine, though I don't want you to. But I shouldn't give you Tom's money, even if I knew where it was. Tom would kill me if I did, and I might as well be killed by you as by Tom—and better. You can make friends with me, and be some protection to me till my husband comes. I'm expecting him and Jules every moment."

The man started to his feet.

"Do you see that?" he cried, holding his revolver under her nose. "Look right into that gun! We'll have no more fooling. It'll be your last look if you don't tell me where that money is before I count three."

She put out her hand and calmly moved it aside.

"I've looked into those things ever since I've lived on the prairie," said she. "And I dare say it won't go off—mine won't. Besides, I know very well you wouldn't shoot a woman, and you can't make bricks without straw; and then I've told you I don't know anything about that money."

"You are a game one," said he.

"No, I'm not," she replied. "I'm the most tremendous coward. I've come out here in this wild country to live, and I'm alone a great deal, and I quake at every sound, every creak of a timber, every rustle of the grass. And you don't know anything about what it is to have your heart stand still with horror of a wild beast or a wild Indian or a deserter—a deserting soldier. There's a great Apache down there now, stretched out in his blanket on the floor, before the fire in the kitchen. And I came up here as quick as I could, to lock the door behind us and sit up till Tom came home, and I declare, I never was so thankful in all my life as I was just now to see a white face when I looked at you!"

"Well, I'll be—! Apache!" cried the visitor. "See here, little one, you've saved your husband's money for him. You're a double-handful of pluck. I haven't any idea but you know where it's hid—but I've got to be making tracks. If it wasn't for waking that Apache I'd leave Red Dan's handwriting on the wall."

And almost while he was speaking he had swung himself out of the window to the roof of the porch and had dropped to the ground and made off.

Mrs. Laughton waited till she thought he must be out of hearing, leaning out as if she were gazing at the moon. Then she softly shut and fastened the sash, and crept with shaking limbs to the door and unlocked it, and fell in a dead faint across the threshold. And there, when he returned some three-quarters of an hour later, Tom found her.

"Oh, Tom!" she sobbed, when she became conscious that she was lying in his arms, his heart beating like a trip-hammer, his voice hoarse with fright as he implored her to open her eyes; "*is* there an Apache in the kitchen?"

RUBAIYAT OF MATHIEU LETTELLIER

BY WALLACE BRUCE AMSBARY

Dere's six chil*dren* in our fam'lee,
Dey's mos'ly girls an' boys;
'Toinette an' me wos t'ankful sure
For all de happy joys;
Dere's Pierre, an' little Rosalie,
Antoine, Marie an' Jeanne,
An' Paul he's com' now soon twelf year,
Mos' close to be a man.

I's lof' all of *la petite femme,*
De garçon mak' me proud,
I haf' gr'ad aspiratione
For all dat little crowd;
My Pierre shall be wan doctor mans,
Rosalie will teach school,
Antoine an' Jeanne shall rone de farm,
Marie som' man will rule.

An' Paul shall be a *curé* sure,
I'll haf' heem educate',
I work it all out on my head,
Oh, I am moch elate;
Dis all of course w'en dey grow op;
But I t'ink 'bout it now;
So w'en de tam' was com' for ac',
I'll know de way an' how.

Long tam' ago, w'en Paul firs' com',
He mak' a lot of noise;
He's keep me trot, bot' day an' night,
He was wan naughty boys;
At wan o'clock, at two o'clock,
An*nee* ol' tam' suit heem,
He's mak' us geeve de gran' parade
Jus' as he tak' de w'im.

Sooding molass' an' peragork,
On heem ve pour it down,
An' soon he let his music op,
An' don' ac' more lak' clown,
An' den *ma femme* an' me lay down
To get a little doze,
For w'en you are wan fam'lee man
You don' gat moch repose.

But w'at's de use to mak' de kick,
Dees fellows boss de place;
I'd radder hear de healt'y lung
An' see de ruddy face
Dan run a gr'ad big doctor's bill,
An' geeve de ol' sex*tone*
De job, for bury all my kids,
An' leave me all alone.

An' so our hands is quite ver' full,
Will be, for som' tam' long,
But ven old age is dreeft our vay
An' rest is our belong,
It's den ve'll miss de gran' rac*quette,*—
May want again de noise
Of six more little children
An' mos'ly girls and boys.

1966

BIGGS' BAR

BY HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND

'Twas a sultry afternoon, about the middle of July,
And the men who loafed in Dawson were feeling very dry.
Of liquor there had long been none except a barrel or two,
And that was kept by Major Walsh for himself and a lucky few.

Now, the men who loaf in Dawson are loafers to the bone,
And take it easy in a way peculiarly their own;
They sit upon the sidewalks and smoke and spit and chew,
And watch the other loafers, and wonder who is who.

They only work in winter, when the days are short and cold,
And then they heat their cabins, and talk and talk of gold;
They talk about provisions, and sometimes take a walk,
But then they hurry back again and talk, and talk, and talk.

And the men who loaf in Dawson are superior to style,
For the man who wears a coat *and* vest is apt to cause a smile;

While he who sports suspenders or a belt would be a butt,
And cause ironic comment, and end by being cut.

The afternoon was sultry, as I said some time before;
'Twas fully ninety in the shade (in the sun a darn sight more),
And the men who sat on the sidewalks were, one and all, so dry
That only one perspired, though every one did try.

Six men were sitting in a line and praying God for air;
They were Joaquin Miller and "Lumber" Lynch and "Stogey" Jack Ver Mehr,
"Swift-water" Bill and "Caribou" Bill and a sick man from the hills,
Who came to town to swap his dust for a box of liver pills.

I said they prayed for air, and yet perhaps I tell a lie,
For none of them are holy men, and all of them were dry;
And so I guess 'tis best for me to say just what I think—
They prayed the Lord to pity them and send them all a drink.

Then up spoke Joaquin Miller, as he shook his golden locks,
And picked the Dawson splinters from his moccasins and socks
(The others paid attention, for when times are out of joint
What Joaquin Miller utters is always to the point):

"A foot-sore, weary traveler," the Poet then began,
"Did tell me many moons ago,—and oh! I loved the man,—
That Biggs who owns the claim next mine had started up a bar.
Let's wander there and quench our thirst." All answered, "Right you are."

Now, Biggs is on Bonanza Creek, claim ninety-six, below;
There may be millions in it, and there may not; none will know
Until he gets to bedrock or till bedrock comes to him—
For Arthur takes it easy and is strictly in the swim.

It is true, behind his cabin he has sunk a mighty shaft
(When the husky miners saw it they turned aside and laughed);
But Biggs enjoys his bacon, and smokes his pipe and sings,
Content to be enrolled among the great Bonanza Kings.

'Tis full three miles from Dawson town to Biggs' little claim;
The miners' curses on the trail would make you blush with shame
The while they slip, or stub their toes against the roots, or sink
Twelve inches in the mud and slime before their eyes can wink.

But little cared our gallant six for roots, or slime, or mud,
For they were out for liquor as a soldier is for blood;

They hustled through the forest, nor stopped until they saw
Biggs, wrapt in contemplation, beside his cabin door.

He rose to greet his visitors, and ask them for the news,
And said he was so lonesome that he always had the blues;
He hadn't seen a paper for eighteen months, he said,
And that had been in Japanese—a language worse than dead.

They satisfied his thirst for news, then thought they of their own,
And Miller looked him in the eye and gave a little groan,
And all six men across their mouths did pass a sun-burnt hand
In a manner most deliberate, which all can understand.

"We heard you keep a bar, good Biggs," the gentle Poet said!
"And so we thought we'd hold you up, and we are almost dead!"
He said no more. Biggs understood, and thusly spoke to them
In accents somewhat British and prefixed with a "Hem!"

"The bar you'll find a few yards hence as up that trail you go;
I never keep my liquor in the blooming 'ouse, you know.
Just mush along and take a drink, and when you are content
Come back and tell me, if you can, who now is President."

They mushed along, those weary men, nor looked to left
or right,
But thought of how each cooling drink would trickle out
of sight;
And very soon they found the goal they came for from
afar—
A keg, half full of water, in a good old gravel bar!

THE BACKSLIDING BROTHER

BY FRANK L. STANTON

De screech owl screech f'um de ol' barn lof';
"You drinked yo' dram sence you done swear off;
En you gwine de way
Whar' de sinners stay,
En Satan gwine ter roas' you at de Jedgmint Day!"

Den de ol' ha'nt say, f'um de ol' chu'ch wall:
"You des so triflin' dat you *had* ter fall!
En you gwine de way
Whar' de brimstone stay,
En Satan gwine ter roas' you at de Jedgmint Day!"

Den I shake en shiver,
En I hunt fer kiver,
En I cry ter de good Lawd, "Please deliver!"
I tell 'im plain
Dat my hopes is vain,
En I drinked my dram fer ter ease my pain!

Den de screech owl screech f'um de north ter south
"You drinked yo' dram, en you *smacked* yo' *mouth!*
En you gwine de way
Whar' de brimstone stay,
En Satan gwine ter roas' you at de Jedgmint Day!"

YE LEGEND OF SIR YRONCLADDE

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

Now, whenne ye goode knyghte Yroncladde
  Hadde dwelte in Paradyse
A matter of a thousand yeares,
  He syghed some grievous syghes,
And went unto the entrance gate
  To speake hym in thys wyse:

"Beholde, I do not wysh to make
  A rackette, nor a fuss,
And yet I fayne wolde hie awaye
  And cease from livyng thus;
For it is moste too peaceful here,
  And sore monotonous."

"Oh, verie welle," ye keeper sayde,
  "You shall have your desyre:
Go downe uponne ye earth agayne
  To see whatte you admyre—
But take goode heede that you shall keepe
  Your trolley on ye wyre."

Ryghte gladde was goode Sir Yroncladde
  To see ye gates unsealed.
He toke a jumpe strayghte through ye cloudes
  To what was there revealed,
And strayghtwaye lit uponne ye grounde
  Whych was a footeball field!

"Gadzookes!" he sayde; "now, here is sporte!
Thys is a goodlie syghte.
For joustynges soche as here abound
I have an appetyte;
So I will amble to ye scrappe,
For that is my delyghte."

He strode into ye hurtlynge mass,
Whence rose a thrillynge sounde
Of class yelles, sygnalles, breakynge bones,
And moanynges all arounde;
And thenne ye footeballe menne tooke hym
And pushed hym in ye grounde!

They brake hys breastplayte into bits,
And shattered all hys greaves;
They fractured bothe hys myghtie armes
Withynne hys chaynemayle sleeves,
And wounde hys massyve legges ynto
Some oryentalle weaves.

Uppe rose ye brave Sir Yroncladde
And groaned, "I hadde no wrong!
I'll hustle back to Paradyse,
And ryng ye entraunce gong;
For thys new croppe of earthlie knyghtes
At joustynge is too strong;
And henceforth thys is my resolve:
To staye where I belong!"

WINTER DUSK

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK

The prospect is bare and white,
  And the air is crisp and chill;
While the ebon wings of night
  Are spread on the distant hill.

The roar of the stormy sea
  Seem the dirges shrill and sharp
That winter plays on the tree—
  His wild Æolian harp.

In the pool that darkly creeps
  In ripples before the gale,
A star like a lily sleeps
  And wiggles its silver tail.

A MOTHER OF FOUR

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

"You are fortunate to find us alone, Mrs. Merritt. With four girls, it is simply terrible—callers underfoot wherever you stir. You must know something about it, with two daughters; so you can fancy it multiplied by two. Really, sometimes I get out of all patience—I haven't a corner of my house to myself on Sundays! But I realize it is the penalty for having four lively daughters, and I have to put up with it."

Mrs. Merritt, the visitor, had a gently worried air as she glanced from the twins, thin and big-boned, reading by the fire, to pretty, affected Amélie at the tea-table, and the apathetic Enid furtively watching the front steps from the bay window. Something in her expression seemed to imply a humble wonder as to what might constitute the elements of high popularity, since her two dear girls—

"Of course, mine have their friends," she asserted; it was an admission that perhaps the door-bell was not overworked. "I enjoy young life," she added.

"Oh, yes, in moderation!" Mrs. Baldwin laughed from the depths of the complacent prosperity that irradiated her handsome white hair and active brown eyes, her pleasant rosiness, and even her compact stoutness, suggesting strength rather than weight. "But since Enid became engaged, that means Harry all the time—there's my library gone; and with the other three filling both drawing-rooms

and the reception-room, I have to take to the dining-room, myself! There they begin," she added, as Enid left the window and slipped out into the hall, closing the door after her. "Now we shall have no peace until Monday morning. You know how it is!"

Mrs. Merritt seemed depressed, and soon took her leave.

The twins, when they were left alone in the drawing-room, lifted their heads and exchanged long and solemn looks; then returned to their reading in silence. When it grew too dark by the fire, they carried their books to the bay window, but drew back as they saw a pale and puny youth with a retreating chin coming up the front steps.

"The rush has begun," murmured Cora.

"Amélie can have him," Dora returned. "Let's fly."

They retreated up-stairs and read peacefully until tea-time. The bell did not ring again. When they came down, Mrs. Baldwin eyed them irritably.

"Why don't you ask the Carryl boys in to Sunday tea some time? They will think you have forgotten them. And Mr. White and that nice Mr. Morton who lives with him—I am afraid you have offended them in some way. They used to be here all the time."

"They only came twice, and those were party calls," said Dora bluntly.

"My dear, you have forgotten," was the firm answer. "They were here constantly. I shall send them a line; I don't like to have them think we have gone back on them."

"Oh, I—I wouldn't," began Cora, but was put down with decision:

"When I need your advice, Cora, I will ask for it. Amélie, dear, you look tired; I am afraid you have had too much gaiety this afternoon."

"Oh, I love it! It's the breath of life to me," said

Amélie rapturously. The twins again exchanged solemn looks and sat down to their tea in silence. Mrs. Baldwin attacked them peevishly at intervals; she was cross at Enid also, who had not kept Harry to supper, and preserved an indifferent silence under questioning. "When I was your age—!" was the burden of her speech.

"I must give a dance for you young people," she decided. "You need livening up."

"Oh, lovely!" exclaimed Amélie.

"We have not had one this winter—I don't know what I have been thinking about," Mrs. Baldwin went on with returning cheerfulness. "We won't ask more than a hundred. You must have a new frock, Amélie. Enid, how is your blue one?"

"Oh, all right," said Enid indifferently. Mrs. Baldwin turned to the twins, and found them looking frankly dismayed.

"Well, what is it now?" she exclaimed. "I am sure I try to give you as good times as any girls in town; not many mothers on my income would do half so much. And you sit looking as if you were going to execution!"

"We—we do appreciate it, mother," urged Cora, unhappily.

"But we aren't howling successes at parties," Dora added.

"Nonsense! You have partners to spare." Mrs. Baldwin was plainly angry. "No child of mine was ever a wallflower, nor ever will be. Never let me hear you say such a thing again. You would have twice the attention if you weren't always poking off by yourselves; and as it is, you have more than most girls. You frighten the men —they think you are proud. Show a little interest in them and see how pleased they will be!"

The twins looked dubious, and seized the first chance

to escape. In their own room they confronted each other dismally.

"Of course they will ask us, in our own house; we won't have to sit and sit," said Cora with a sigh.

"But it's almost worse when they ask you for that reason," objected Dora.

"I know! I feel so sorry for them, and so apologetic. If mother would *only* let us go and teach at Miss Browne's; then we could show we were really good for something. We shouldn't have to shine at parties."

"We shouldn't have to go to them! Come on, let's do some Latin. I want to forget the hateful thing."

Cora got down the books and drew their chairs up to the student-lamp. "I know I shouldn't be such a stick if I didn't have to wear low neck," she said. "I am always thinking about those awful collar-bones, and trying to hold my shoulders so as not to make them worse."

"Oh, don't I know!" Dora had slipped on a soft red wrapper, and threw a blue one to her sister. When they were curled up in their big, cushioned chairs, they smiled appreciatively at each other.

"Isn't this nicer than any party ever invented?" they exclaimed. Dora opened her books with energy, but Cora sat musing.

"I dare say that somewhere there are parties for our kind," she said, finally. "Not with silly little chinless boys or popular men who are always trying to get away, but men who study and care about things—who go to Greece and dig ruins, for instance, or study sociology, and think more about one's mind than one's collar-bones."

Dora shook her head. "But they don't go to parties!"

"Both Mr. Morton and Mr. White do, sometimes," Cora suggested. "They aren't like the rest. I thought that

tenement-house work they told us about was most interesting. But they would call if they wanted to," she added.

The twins in wrappers, bending over their books, had a certain comeliness. There was even an austere beauty in their wide, high foreheads, their fine, straight dark hair, their serious gray eyes and sensitive mouths, pensive but not without humor and sweetness. But the twins in evening dress, their unwilling hair flower-crowned and bolstered into pompadours, their big-boned thinness contrasted with Amélie's plump curves, their elbows betraying the red disks of serious application, were quite another matter, and they knew it. The night of the dance they came down-stairs with solemn, dutiful faces, and lifted submissive eyes to their mother for judgment. She was looking charmingly pretty herself, carrying her thick white hair with a humorous boldness, and her smiling brown eyes were younger than their gray ones.

"Very well, twinnies! Now you look something like human girls," she said gaily. "Run and have a beautiful time. Ah, Amélie, you little fairy! They will all be on their knees to you to-night. Where is Enid?"

"Nowhere near dressed, and she won't hurry," Amélie explained. "Oh, I am so excited, I shall die! What if no one asks me to dance!"

"Silly!" Mrs. Baldwin laughed. "I am only afraid of your dancing yourself to death. Ah, Mrs. Merritt, how good of you to come with your dear girls! And Mr. Merritt—this is better than I dared hope."

The rooms filled rapidly. Enid, after one languid waltz, disappeared with Harry and was not seen again till supper. Amélie flew from partner to partner, pouring streams of vivacious talk into patient masculine ears. The twins were dutifully taken out in turn and unfailingly brought back. Both Mr. White and Mr. Morton came,

serious young men who danced little, and looked on more as if the affair were a problem in sociology than an entertainment. There were plenty of men, for Mrs. Baldwin's entertainments had a reputation in the matter of supper, music, and floors.

"After you've worked through the family, you can have a ripping old time," Cora heard one youth explain to another; a moment later he stood in front of her, begging the honor of a waltz. She felt no resentment; her sympathies were all with him. She looked up with gentle seriousness.

"You needn't, you know," she said. "Dora and I don't really expect it—we understand." He looked so puzzled that she added: "I overheard you just now, about 'working through the family.'"

He grew distressfully red and stammered wildly. Cora came at once to his rescue.

"Really, it's all right. We don't like parties, ourselves; only it is hard on mother to have such sticks of daughters, so we do our best. But we never mind when people don't ask us. Sometimes we almost wish they wouldn't."

The youth was trying desperately to collect himself. "What *do* you like, then?" he managed to ask.

"Oh, books, and the country, and not having to be introduced to people." She was trying to put him at his ease. "We really do like dancing: we do it better than you'd think, for mother made us keep at it. If only we didn't have to have partners and think of things to say to them!" She held out her hand. "Thank you ever so much for asking me, but I'd truly rather not." He wrung her hand, muttered something about "later, then," and fled, still red about the ears. Cora returned to her mother.

"Well, my dear, you seemed to be having a tremendous flirtation with that youth," laughed Mrs. Baldwin. "Such

a hand-clasp at parting! Don't dance too hard, child." She turned to the half-dozen parents supporting her. "These crazy girls of mine will dance themselves to death if I don't keep an eye on them," she explained. "Amélie says, 'Mother, how can I help splitting my dances, when they beg me to?' I am always relieved when the dance is over and they are safe in bed—then I know they aren't killing themselves. The men have no mercy—they never let them rest an instant."

"I don't see Miss Enid about," suggested Mr. Merritt. "I suppose she and her Harry—!"

"Oh, I suppose so!" Mrs. Baldwin shook her head resignedly. "The bad child insists on being married in the spring, but I simply can not face the idea. What can I do to prevent it, Mrs. Merritt?"

"I am afraid you can't," smiled Mrs. Merritt. "We mothers all have to face that."

"Ah, but not so soon! It is dreadful to have one's girls taken away. I watch the others like a hawk; the instant a man looks too serious—pouf!—I whisk him away!"

Cora stood looking down, with set lips; a flush had risen in her usually pale cheeks. Dora, setting free an impatient partner, joined her and they drew aside.

"It does make me so ashamed!" said Cora, impulsively.

"I think mother really makes herself believe it," said Dora, with instant understanding.

They watched Amélie flutter up to their mother to have a bow retied, and stand radiant under the raillery, though she made a decent pretense of pouting. Her partner vanished, and Mrs. Baldwin insisted on her resting "for one minute," which ended when another partner appeared.

"Amélie is asked much more than we are, always," Cora suggested. Dora nodded at the implication.

"I know. I wonder why it never seems quite real. Perhaps because the devoted ones are such silly little men."

"Or seem to us so," Cora amended conscientiously. "Don't you wish we might creep up-stairs? Oh, me, here comes a man, just hating it! Which do you suppose he will—Oh, thank you, with pleasure, Mr. Dorr!" Cora was led away, and Dora slipped into the next room, that her mother might not be vexed at her partnerless state.

Mrs. Baldwin saw to it that the twins had partners for supper, and seated them at a table with half a dozen lively spirits, where they ate in submissive silence while the talk flowed over and about them. No one seemed to remember that they were there, yet they felt big and awkward, conspicuous with neglect, thoroughly forlorn. When they rose, the others moved off in a group, leaving them stranded. Mrs. Baldwin beckoned them to her table with her fan.

"Well, twinnies, yours was the noisiest table in the room," she laughed. "I was quite ashamed of you! When these quiet girls get going—!" she added expressively to her group. The twins flushed, standing with shamed eyes averted. In the rooms above the music had started, and the bright procession moved up the stairs with laughter and the shine of lights on white shoulders; they all seemed to belong together, to be glad of one another. "Well, run along and dance your little feet off," said Mrs. Baldwin gaily.

They hurried away, and without a word mounted by the back stairs to their own room. When their eyes met, a flash of anger kindled, grew to a blaze.

"Oh, I won't stand it, I won't!" exclaimed Dora, jerking the wreath of forget-me-nots out of her hair and throwing it on the dressing-table. "We have been humil-

iated long enough. Cora, we're twenty-four; it is time we had our own way."

Cora was breathing hard. "Dora, I will never go to another party as long as I live," she said.

"Nor I," declared Dora.

They sat down side by side on the couch to discuss ways and means. A weight seemed to be lifted off their lives. In the midst of their eager planning the door opened and Mrs. Baldwin looked in at them with a displeased frown.

"Girls, what does this mean?" she exclaimed. "Come down at once. What are you thinking of, to leave your guests like this!"

The twins felt that the moment had come, and instinctively clasped hands as they rose to meet it.

"Mother," said Dora firmly, "we have done with parties forever and ever. No one likes us nor wants to dance with us, and we can't stand it any more."

"Miss Browne still wants us to come there and teach," Cora added, her voice husky but her eyes bright. "So we can be self-supporting, if—if you don't approve. We are twenty-four, and we have to live our own lives."

They stood bravely for annihilation. Mrs. Baldwin laughed.

"You foolish twinnies! I know—some one has been hurting your feelings. Believe me, my dears, even I did not always get just the partner my heart was set on! And I cried over it in secret, just like any other little girl. That is life, you know—we can't give up before it. Now smooth yourselves and come down, for some of them are leaving."

She blew them a kiss and went off smiling. After a dejected silence Dora took up the forget-me-not wreath and replaced it.

"I suppose we might as well finish out this evening," she said. "But the revolution has begun, Cora!"

"The revolution has begun," Cora echoed.

In the drawing-room they found Mrs. Baldwin talking with Mr. Morton and Mr. White. They were evidently trying to say good night, but she was holding them as inexorably as if she had laid hands on their coats; or so it seemed to the troubled twins. She summoned her daughters with her bright, amused glance.

"My dears," she said, "these two good friends were going to run away just because they do not dance the cotillion. We can't allow that. Suppose you take them to the library and make them wholly comfortable. Indeed, they have danced enough, Mr. White; I am thankful to have them stop. I will take the blame if their partners are angry."

She nodded a smiling dismissal. Disconcerted, wholly ill at ease, the four went obediently to the library, deserted now that the cotillion was beginning. The two men struggled valiantly with the conversation, but the twins sat stricken to shamed dumbness: no topic could thrive in the face of their mute rigidity. Silences stalked the failing efforts. Mr. White's eyes clung to the clock while his throat dilated with secret yawns; Mr. Morton twisted restlessly and finally let a nervous sigh escape. Dora suddenly clasped her hands tightly together.

"We hate it just as much as you do," she said distinctly.

They turned startled faces toward her. Cora paled, but flew to her sister's aid.

"We knew you didn't want to come," she added with tremulous frankness. "We would have let you off if we could. If you want to go now, we won't be—hurt."

They rose, and so did the bewildered visitors.

"I am afraid you have—misunderstood," began Mr. White.

"No; we have always understood—everybody," said Dora, "but we pretended not to, because mother— But now we have done with society. It is a revolution, and this is our last party. Good night." She held out her hand.

"Good night," repeated Cora, offering hers. The guests took them with the air of culprits; relief was evidently drowned in astonishment.

"Well, good night—if we must," they said awkwardly.

Mrs. Baldwin, looking into the library half an hour later, found the twins sitting there alone.

"Where are your cavaliers?" she demanded.

"They left long ago," Dora explained sleepily. "Mayn't we go to bed?"

"Oh, for pity's sake—go!" was the exasperated answer.

In the morning the twins appeared braced for revolution. When a reception for that afternoon was mentioned, they announced firmly that they were not going.

"I think you are wise," said Mrs. Baldwin amiably. "You both look tired."

They were conscious of disappointment as well as relief; it was the establishment of a principle they wanted, not coddling. Three weeks went by in the same debilitating peace. The twins were smiled on and left wholly free. They had almost come to believe in a bloodless victory, when Mrs. Baldwin struck—a masterly attack where they were weakest. Her weapon was—not welcome temper, but restrained pathos.

"A mere fourteen at dinner and a few coming in to

dance afterward, and I do want you twinnies to be there. Now I have not asked one thing of you for three weeks; don't you think you owe Mother some little return?"

"But—!" began the twins, with a rush of the well-known arguments. Mrs. Baldwin would not combat.

"I ask it as a favor, dear girls," she said gently. They clung to their refusal, but were obviously weakening when she rose to her climax: "Mr. White and Mr. Morton have accepted!" She left them with that, confident and humming to herself.

The twins stared at each other in open misery. Reappear now, after the solemn declaration they had made to those two! Their cheeks burned at the thought. They mounted to their room to formulate their resistance, and found two exquisite new gowns, suitable for fairy princesses, spread out like snares. "To please Mother" seemed to be written on every artful fold. And Mrs. Baldwin was not a rich woman, for her way of life; such gowns meant self-denial somewhere. The twins had tears in their eyes.

"But if we give in now, we're lost!" they cried.

Nothing more was said about the dinner, Mrs. Baldwin gaily assuming success, but avoiding the topic. The twins wore a depressed and furtive air. On the fatal day they had a long interview with Miss Browne, of the Browne School, and came away solemn with excitement, to shut themselves in their room for the rest of the afternoon.

A few minutes before the dinner-hour Mrs. Baldwin, triumphant in satin and lace, paused at their door.

"Ready, twinnies?" she began, then stared as though disbelieving her eyes. In the glow of the student-lamp sat the twins, books in their hands and piled high on the table beside them; their smooth, dark hair was unpom-

padoured, their shoulders were lost in the dark blouses of every day.

"What does this mean?" Mrs. Baldwin asked shortly, fire in her eyes.

"Mother, we told you we could not go to any more parties, and why," Cora answered, a note of pleading in her voice.

"We begin teaching on Monday in Miss Browne's school," added Dora more stoutly. "We have tried your way for years and years, mother. Now we have to try ours."

Mrs. Baldwin's lace bertha rose and fell sharply.

"Indeed. I am sorry to disappoint you, but so long as you live under my roof, you will have to conform to the ways of my household."

"Then, mother, we can not stay under your roof."

"As you please! I leave the choice entirely to you." She swept out, leaving them breathless but resolute.

"I am glad of it!" said Dora with trembling lips.

In explaining their absence at dinner, Mrs. Baldwin was lightly humorous about the twins' devotion: one could not weather a headache without the other. Mr. White and Mr. Morton exchanged glances, and showed interest in the topic, as if they were on the track of some new sociological fact.

Later in the evening, the twins, their spirits restored, stole to the top of the stairs and peered down at the whirling couples, exultant not to be among them. Mr. White was standing just below, and he glanced up, as if he might have been listening. His face brightened.

"May I come up?" he signaled, and mounted two steps at a time, keen interest in his thin, intellectual face.

"Is it really headache, or is it revolution?" he asked

without preface. "Morton and I have been longing to know, all the evening."

"Revolution," said the twins.

"How very interesting! Do you know, we came to-night just to see if you would be there. You—you staggered us, the other evening. We were glad when you didn't appear—if you won't misunderstand. It is so unexpected, in this environment. I shall be curious to see how far you can carry it out." He was leaning against the banister, looking at them as if they were abstract propositions rather than young girls, and they felt unwontedly at ease.

"To the very end," Dora asserted. "We begin teaching Monday, and—and we have to find a place to board." Her color rose a little, but she smiled.

"That *is* plucky," he commented. "We can help you there; I know a number of places. When do you want to move?"

"To-morrow," they answered in unison.

He consulted an engagement-book, reflected a few moments, then made a note.

"Morton or I will call for you to-morrow at three," he announced with business-like brevity. "I think I know just the place, but we will give you a choice. If you really wish to move in at once, you could have your things packed, ready to be sent for."

"Oh, we do!" said Cora. He glanced meditatively at their fine and glowing faces.

"Of course you won't be comfortable, luxurious, as you are here," he warned them, with a nod toward the great paneled hall. Mrs. Baldwin passed the drawing-room door below with the stately tread of a reviewing officer.

"Oh, we don't care!" they exclaimed eagerly.

The next day their mother treated the twins as if they were not. She spoke no word to them and did not seem to hear their husky little efforts at reconciliation. They found it hard to remember persistently that they were revolutionists rather than children in disgrace. She was unapproachable in her own room when Mr. White and Mr. Morton came for them.

"Well, we can't help it," they said sadly as they locked their two trunks and went down the stairs.

Three hours later the twins had entered a new world and were rapturously making an omelet in a kitchen that had begun life as a closet, while Mr. Morton put up shelves and hooks and Mr. White tacked green burlap over gloomy wall-paper. Groceries and kitchen utensils and amusing make-shift furniture kept arriving in exciting profusion. They had not dreamed that there was such happiness in the world.

"If only mother will forgive us, it will be simply perfect!" they told each other when they settled down for the night in their hard little cots. They said that many times in the days that followed. The utter joy of work and freedom and simplicity had no other blemish.

For five weeks Mrs. Baldwin remained obdurate. Then, one Sunday afternoon, she appeared, cold, critical, resentful still; lifted her eyebrows at the devices of their light housekeeping; looked disgusted when they pointed out from the window the little café where they sometimes dined; and offered to consent to their social retirement if they would give up the teaching and come home. The twins were troubled and apologetic, but inflexible. They had found the life they were meant for; they could not give it up. If she knew how happy they were!

"How, with your bringing up, you can enjoy this!" she marveled. "It isn't respectable—eating in nasty little holes alone at night!"

"But it is a nice, clean place, and Mr. White and Mr. Morton are nearly always with us," Dora began, then broke off at an expression of pleased enlightenment that flashed across her mother's face. "They are just very good friends," she explained gravely; "they don't take us as girls at all—that is why we have such nice times with them. We are simply comrades, and interested in the same books and problems."

"And they bother about us chiefly because we are a sort of sociological demonstration to them," Cora added. "They like experiments of every kind."

"Ah, yes, I understand," assented Mrs. Baldwin. "Well, you certainly are fixed up very nicely here. If you want anything from home, let me know. After all, it is a piquant little adventure. If you are happy in it, I suppose I ought not to complain."

She was all complacence and compliment the rest of her visit. When she went away, the girls glanced uneasily at each other.

"She took a wrong idea in her head," said Dora. "I do hope we undeceived her. It would be hard for her to understand how wholly mental and impersonal our friendship is with those two."

"Well, she will see in time, when nothing comes of it," said Cora confidently. "That's their ring, now. Oh, Dora, isn't our life nice!"

Mrs. Baldwin, passing down the shabby front steps, might have seen the two men approaching, one with an armful of books and the other with a potted plant; but she apparently did not recognize them, for she stepped into her carriage without a sign. The visit seemed to have left a pleasant memory with her, however; her bland serenity, as she drove away, was not unlike that of the cat which has just swallowed the canary.

FALL STYLES IN FACES*

BY WALLACE IRWIN

Faces this Fall will lead the styles
  More than in former years
With something very neat in smiles
  Well trimmed with eyes and ears.
The Gayer Set, so rumor hints,
  Will have their noses made
In all the famous Highball Tints—
  A bright carnation shade.

For morning wear in club and lobby,
The Dark Brown Taste will be the hobby.

In Wall Street they will wear a gaze
  To match the paving-stones.
(This kind, Miss Ida Tarbell says,
  John Rockefeller owns.)
Loud mouths, sharp glances, furtive looks
  Will be displayed upon
The faces of the best-groomed crooks
  Convened in Washington.

Among the Saints of doubtful morals
Some will wear halos, others laurels.

* From "At the Sign of the Dollar," by Wallace Irwin. Copyright, 1905, by Fox, Duffield & Co.

Checkered careers will be displayed
On faces neatly lined,
And vanity will still parade
In smirks—the cheaper kind.
Chins will appear in Utah's zone
Adorned with lace-like frizzes,
And something striking will be shown
In union-labor phizzes.

The gentry who have done the races
Show something new in Poker Faces.

Cheek will supplant Stiff Upper Lips
And take the place of Chin;
The waiters will wear ostrich tips
When tipping days begin.
The Wilhelm Moustache, curled with scorn,
Will show the jaw beneath,
And the Roosevelt Smile will still be worn
Cut wide around the teeth.

If Frenzied Finance waxes stronger
Stocks will be "short" and faces longer.

But if you have a well-made face
That's durable and firm,
Its features you need not replace—
'Twill wear another term.
Two eyes, a nose, a pair of ears,
A chin that's clean and strong
Will serve their owner many years
And never go far wrong.

But if your face is shoddy, Brother,
Run to the store and buy another!

HAD A SET OF DOUBLE TEETH

BY HOLMAN F. DAY

Oh, listen while I tell you a truthful little tale
Of a man whose teeth were double all the solid way around;
He could jest as slick as preachin' bite in two a shingle-nail,
Or squonch a molded bullet, sah, and ev'ry tooth was sound.

I've seen him lift a keg of pork, a-bitin' on the chine,
And he 'd clench a rope and hang there like a puppy to a root;
And a feller he could pull and twitch and yank up on the line,
But he could n't do no business with that double-toothed galoot.

He was luggin' up some shingles,—bunch, sah, underneath each arm,—
The time that he was shinglin' of the Baptist meetin'-house;
The ladder cracked and buckled, but he did n't think no harm,
When all at once she busted, and he started down kersouse.

His head, sah, when she busted, it was jest abreast the eaves;
And he nipped, sah, quicker 'n lightnin', and he gripped there with his teeth,
And he never dropped the shingles, but he hung to both the sheaves,
Though the solid ground was suttenly more 'n thirty feet beneath.

He held there and he kicked there and he squirmed, but no one come;
He was workin' on the roof alone—there war'n't no folks around—
He hung like death to niggers till his jaw was set and numb,
And he reely thought he 'd have to drop them shingles on the ground.

But all at once old Skillins come a-toddlin' down the street;
Old Skil is sort of hump-backed, and he allus looks straight down;
So he never seed the motions of them number 'leven feet,
And he went a-amblin' by him—the goramded blind old clown!

Now this ere part is truthful—ain't a-stretchin' it a mite,—
When the feller seed that Skillins was a-walkin' past the place,
Let go his teeth and hollered, but he grabbed back quick and tight,
'Fore he had a chance to tumble, and he hung there by the face.

And he never dropped the shingles, and he never missed his grip,
And he stepped out on the ladder when they raised it underneath;
And up he went a-flukin' with them shingles on his hip,
And there's the satisfaction of a havin' double teeth.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES

BY BRET HARTE

Which I wish to remark—
  And my language is plain —
That for ways that are dark,
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
  Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
  And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
  What that name might imply;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
  As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third,
  And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
  That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
  And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
  And Ah Sin took a hand;
It was euchre—the same
  He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat at the table
  With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve,
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made
Were quite frightful to see,
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor;"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark—
  And my language is plain—
That for ways that are dark,
  And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
  Which the same I am free to maintain.

POSSESSION

BY WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

Oh, give me whatever I do not possess,
No matter whatever it be;
So long as I haven't it that is enough,
I fancy, to satisfy me.

No matter whatever I happen to have,
I have it; and what I have not
Seems all that is good of the good things of earth
To lighten the lack of my lot.

No covetous spirit incites the desire
To have what I haven't, I'm sure;
Because when I have what I haven't, I want
What I haven't, the same as before.

So, give me whatever I do not possess,
No matter whatever it be;
And yet—
To have what I haven't is having, and that
Destroys all the pleasure for me.

HER BROTHER: ENFANT TERRIBLE*

BY EDWIN L. SABIN

This is Her brother; angel-faced,—
  Barring freckles and turned-up nose,—
Demon-minded—a word well based,
  As nearer acquaintance will disclose.
From outward guise the most sage of men
  Would never guess what within lies hid!
If years we reckon, in age scant ten;
  If cunning, old as a pyramid.

This is Her brother, who sticks and sticks
  Tighter than even a brother should;
Brimming over with teasing tricks,
  Hardened to bribe and "*please* be good";
And who, when at last afar we deem,
  In some sly recess but lurks in wait
To note the progress of love's young dream—
  And we learn of his presence too late, too late!

This is Her brother, with watchful eyes,
  Piercing, shameless, and indiscreet,
With ears wide open for soft replies
  And sounds that are sibilant and sweet!
With light approach (not a lynx so still),
  With figure meanly invisible,
With threatening voice and iron will,
  And shrill demands or he'll "go and tell!"

*Lippincott's Magazine.

HER BROTHER: ENFANT TERRIBLE

This is Her brother—and I submit
To paying out quarters and sundry dimes;
This is Her brother—whose urchin wit
Moves me to wrath a thousand times;
This is Her brother—and hence I smile
And jest and cringe at his tyranny,
And call him "smart"! But just wait a while
Till he's *my* brother—and then we'll see!

THE JACKPOT

BY IRONQUILL

I sauntered down through Europe,
  I wandered up the Nile,
I sought the mausoleums where the mummied Pharaohs lay;
I found the sculptured tunnel
  Where quietly in style
Imperial sarcophagi concealed the royal clay.
Above the vault was graven deep the motto of the crown:
"Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."

It's strange what deep impressions
  Are made by little things.
Within the granite tunneling I saw a dingy cleft;
It was a cryptic chamber.
  I drew, and got four kings.
But on a brief comparison I laid them down and left,
Because upon the granite stood that sentence bold and brown:
"Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."

I make this observation:
  A man with such a hand
Has psychologic feelings that perhaps he should not feel,
But I was somewhat rattled
  And in a foreign land,

And had some dim suspicions, as I had not watched the deal.
And there was that inscription, too, in words that seemed to frown:
"Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."

These letters were not graven
In Anglo-Saxon tongue;
Perhaps if you had seen them you had idly passed them by.
I studied erudition
When I was somewhat young;
I recognized the language when it struck my classic eye;
I saw a maxim suitable for monarch or for clown:
"Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."

Detesting metaphysics,
I can not help but put
A philosophic moral where I think it ought to hang;
I've seen a "boom" for office
Grow feeble at the root,
Then change into a boomlet—then to a boomerang.
In caucus or convention, in village or in town:
"Who openeth a jackpot may not always rake it down."

DUM VIVIMUS VIGILAMUS

BY JOHN PAUL

Turn out more ale, turn up the light;
I will not go to bed to-night.
Of all the foes that man should dread
The first and worst one is a bed.
Friends I have had both old and young,
And ale we drank and songs we sung:
Enough you know when this is said,
That, one and all,—they died in bed.
  In bed they died and I'll not go
  Where all my friends have perished so.
  Go you who glad would buried be,
  But not to-night a bed for me.

For me to-night no bed prepare,
But set me out my oaken chair.
And bid no other guests beside
The ghosts that shall around me glide;
In curling smoke-wreaths I shall see
A fair and gentle company.
Though silent all, rare revelers they,
Who leave you not till break of day.
  Go you who would not daylight see,
  But not to-night a bed for me:
  For I've been born and I've been wed—
  All of man's peril comes of bed.

And I'll not seek—whate'er befall—
Him who unbidden comes to all.
A grewsome guest, a lean-jawed wight—
God send he do not come to-night!
But if he do, to claim his own,
He shall not find me lying prone;
But blithely, bravely, sitting up,
And raising high the stirrup-cup.
Then if you find a pipe unfilled,
An empty chair, the brown ale spilled;
Well may you know, though naught be said,
That I've been borne away to bed.

AT AUNTY'S HOUSE

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

One time, when we'z at Aunty's house—
  'Way in the country!—where
They's ist but woods—an' pigs, an' cows—
  An' all's out-doors an' air!—
An' orchurd-swing; an' churry-trees—
An' *churries* in 'em!—Yes, an' these-
Here red-head birds steals all they please,
  An' tetch 'em ef you dare!—
W'y, wunst, one time, when we wuz there,
  We et out on the porch!

Wite where the cellar-door wuz shut
  The table wuz; an' I
Let Aunty set by me an' cut
  My vittuls up—an' pie.
'Tuz awful funny!—I could see
The red-heads in the churry-tree;
An' bee-hives, where you got to be
  So keerful, goin' by;—
An' "Comp'ny" there an' all!—an' we—
  We et out on the porch!

An' I ist et *p'surves* an' things
  'At Ma don't 'low me to—
An' *chickun-gizzurds*—(don't like *wings*
  Like *Parunts* does! do *you?*)

An' all the time, the wind blowed there,
An' I could feel it in my hair,
An' ist smell clover *ever*'where!—
  An' a' old red-head flew
Purt' nigh wite over my high-chair,
  When we et on the porch!

WILLY AND THE LADY

BY GELETT BURGESS

Leave the lady, Willy, let the racket rip,
She is going to fool you, you have lost your grip,
Your brain is in a muddle and your heart is in a whirl,
Come along with me, Willy, never mind the girl!

Come and have a man-talk;
Come with those who *can* talk;
Light your pipe and listen, and the boys will see you through;
Love is only chatter,
Friends are all that matter;
Come and talk the man-talk; that's the cure for you!

Leave the lady, Willy, let her letter wait,
You'll forget your troubles when you get it straight,
The world is full of women, and the women full of wile;
Come along with me, Willy, we can make you smile!

Come and have a man-talk,
A rousing black-and-tan talk,
There are plenty there to teach you; there's a lot for you to do;
Your head must stop its whirling
Before you go a-girling;
Come and talk the man-talk; that's the cure for you!

WILLY AND THE LADY

Leave the lady, Willy, the night is good and long,
Time for beer and 'baccy, time to have a song;
Where the smoke is swirling, sorrow if you can—
Come along with me, Willy, come and be a man!

Come and have a man-talk,
Come with those who *can* talk,
Light your pipe and listen, and the boys will see you through;
Love is only chatter,
Friends are all that matter;
Come and talk the man-talk; that's the cure for you!

Leave the lady, Willy, you are rather young;
When the tales are over, when the songs are sung,
When the men have made you, try the girl again;
Come along with me, Willy, you'll be better then!

Come and have a man-talk,
Forget your girl-divan talk;
You've got to get acquainted with another point of view!
Girls will only fool you;
We're the ones to school you;
Come and talk the man-talk; that's the cure for you!

A NEW YEAR IDYL

BY EUGENE FIELD

Upon this happy New Year night,
  A roach crawls up my pot of paste,
  And begs me for a tiny taste.
Aye, eat thy fill, for it is right
That while the rest of earth is glad,
  And bells are ringing wild and free,
  Thou shouldst not, gentle roachling, be
Forlorn and gaunt and weak and sad.

This paste to-night especially
  For thee and all thy kind I fixed,
  You'll find some whiskey in it mixed,
For which you have to thank but me.
So freely of the banquet take,
  And if you chance to find a drop
  Of liquor, prithee do not stop
But quaff it for thy stomach's sake.

Why dost thou stand upon thy head,
  All etiquette requirements scorning,
  And sing "You won't go home till morning"
And "Put me in my little bed"?
Your tongue, fair roach, is very thick,
  Your eyes are red, your cheeks are pale,
  Your underpinning seems to fail,
You are, I wot, full as a tick.

ENVOI

I think I see that roach's home,
That roach's wife, with broom in hand,
That roach come staggering homeward and
Then all is glum and gloom and gloam.

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

BY THOMAS YBARRA

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
  He erat, was, you bettum;
He ran his automobilis
  And smoked his cigarettum;
He wore a diamond studibus,
  An elegant cravattum,
A maxima cum laude shirt,
  And *such* a stylish hattum!

He loved the luscious hic-hæc-hock,
  And bet on games and equi;
At times he won; at others, though,
  He got it in the nequi;
He winked (quo usque tandem?)
  At puellas on the Forum,
And sometimes even made
  Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen
  At combats gladiatorial,
And ate enough to feed
  Ten boarders at Memorial;
He often went on sprees
  And said, on starting homus,
"Hic labor—opus est,
Oh, where's my hic—hic—domus?"

A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

Although he lived in Rome—
  Of all the arts the middle—
He was (excuse the phrase)
  A horrid individ'l;
Ah! what a diff'rent thing
  Was the homo (dative, hominy)
Of far-away B. C.
  From us of Anno Domini.

LITTLE BOPEEP AND LITTLE BOY BLUE

BY SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

It happened one morning that Little Bopeep,
While watching her frolicsome, mischievous sheep
Out in the meadow, fell fast asleep.

By her wind-blown tresses and rose-leaf pout,
And her dimpling smile, you'd have guessed, no doubt,
'Twas love, love, love she was dreaming about.

As she lay there asleep, came little Boy Blue,
Right over the stile where the daisies grew;
Entranced by the picture, he stopped in the dew.

So wildly bewitching that beautiful morn
Was Little Bopeep that he dropped his horn
And thought no more of the cows in the corn.

Our sorrows are many, our pleasures are few;
O moment propitious! What could a man do?
He kissed the wee lassie, that Little Boy Blue!

At the smack the woolies stood all in a row,
And whispered each other, "We're clearly *de trop;*
Such conduct is perfectly shocking—let's go!"

"FESTINA LENTE"

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Blessings on thee, little man,
Hasten slowly as you can;
Loiter nimbly on your tramp
With the ten-cent speedy stamp.
Thou art "boss"; the business man
Postals writes for thee to scan;
And the man who writes, "With speed,"
Gets it—in his mind—indeed.

Lo, the man who penned the note
Wasted ten cents when he wrote;
And the maid for it will wait
At the window, by the gate,
In the doorway, down the street,
List'ning for thy footsteps fleet.
But her cheek will flush and pale,
Till it comes next day by mail,
With thine own indorsement neat—
"No such number on the street."
Oh, if words could but destroy,
Thou wouldst perish, truthful boy!

Oh, for boyhood's easy way—
Messenger who sleeps all day,
Or, from rise to set of sun,
Reads "The Terror" on the run.

For your sport, the band goes by;
For your perch, the lamp post high;
For your pleasure, on the street
Dogs are fighting, drums are beat;
For your sake, the boyish fray,
Organ grinder, run-away;
Trucks for your convenience are;
For your ease, the bob-tail car;
Every time and everywhere
You're not wanted, you are there.
Dawdling, whistling, loit'ring scamp,
Seest thou this ten-cent stamp?
Stay thou not for book or toy—
Vamos! Fly! Skedaddle, boy!

THE GENIAL IDIOT DISCUSSES LEAP YEAR

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

"If I were a woman," said the Idiot, "I think that unless I had an affidavit from the man, sworn to before a notary and duly signed and sealed, stating that he did the proposing, I should decline to marry, or announce my engagement to be married in Leap Year. It is one of the drawbacks which the special privilege of Leap Year confers upon women that it puts them under suspicion of having done the courting if the thing comes out during the year."

"Don't you worry about that," laughed Mrs. Pedagog. "You can go through this country with a fine tooth comb and I'll wager you you won't find a woman anywhere who avails herself of the privilege who wouldn't have done the same thing in any old year if she wanted to. Of all the funny old superstitions, the quaintest of the lot is that Leap Year proposal business."

"How you talk," cried the Idiot. "Such iconoclasm. I had always supposed that Leap Year was a sort of matrimonial safety valve for old maids, and here in a trice you overthrow all the cherished notions of a lifetime. Why, Mrs. Pedagog, I know men who take to the woods every Leap Year just to escape the possibilities."

"Courageous souls," said the landlady. "Facing the unknown perils of the forest, rather than manfully meeting a proposal of marriage."

"It is hard to say no to a woman," said the Idiot. "I'd

hate like time to have one of 'em come to me and ask me to be hers. Just imagine it. Some dainty little damsel of a soulful nature, with deep blue eyes, and golden curls, and pearly teeth, and cherry lips, a cheek like the soft and ripening peach and a smile that would bewitch even a Saint Anthony, getting down on her knees and saying, 'O Idiot—dearest Idiot—be mine—I love you, devotedly, tenderly, all through the Roget's Thesaurusly, and have from the moment I first saw you. With you to share it my lot in life will be heaven itself. Without you a Saharan waste of Arctic frigidity. Wilt thou?' I think I'd wilt. I couldn't bring myself to say 'No, Ethelinda, I can not be yours because my heart is set on a strengthful damsel with raven locks and eyes of coal, with lips a shade less cherry than thine, and a cheek more like the apple than the peach, who can go out on the links and play golf with me. But if you ever need a brother in your business I am the floor-walker that will direct you to the bargain-counter where you'll find the latest thing in brothers at cost.' I'd simply cave in on the instant and say, 'All right, Ethelinda, call a cab and we'll trot around to the Little Church Around the Corner and tie the knot; that is, my love, if you think you can support me in the style to which I am accustomed."

Mr. Brief laughed. "I wouldn't bother if I were you, Mr. Idiot," said he. "Women don't tie up very strongly to Idiots."

"Oh don't they," retorted the Idiot. "Well, do you know I had a sort of notion that they did. The men that some of the nice girls I have known in my day have tied up to have somehow or other given me the impression that a woman has a special leaning toward Idiots. There was my old sweetheart, Sallie Wiggins, for instance—that wasn't her real name, of course, but she was

one of the finest girls that ever attended a bargain sale. She had a mind far above the ordinary. She could read Schopenhauer at sight; understand Browning in a minute; her soul was as big as her heart and her heart was two and a half sizes larger than the universe. She was so strong-minded that although she could write poetry she wouldn't, and in the last year of her single blessedness she was the Queen-pin among the girls of her set. What she said was law, and emancipation of her sex was her only vice. Well, what do you think happened to Sallie Wiggins? After refusing every fine man in town, including myself,—I must say I only asked her five times; no telling what a sixth would have brought forth—she succumbed to the blandishments of the first sapheaded young Lochinvar that came out of the west, married him, and is now the smiling mother of nine children, does all the family sewing, makes her own parlor bric-a-brac out of the discarded utensils of the kitchen, dresses herself on ninety dollars a decade, and is happy."

"But if she loved him—" began the Lawyer.

"Impossible," said the Idiot. "She pitied him. She knew that if she didn't marry him, and take charge of him, another woman would, and that the chances were ten to one that the other woman wouldn't do the thing right and that Saphead's life would be ruined forever."

"But you say she is happy," persisted the Lawyer.

"Certainly she is," said the Idiot. "Because her life is an eternal sacrifice to Saphead's needs, and if there is a luxury in this mundane sphere that woman essentially craves it is the luxury of sacrifice. There is something fanatic about it. Sallie Wiggins voluntarily turned her back on seven men that I know of, one of whom is a Governor of his state; two of whom are now in Congress; one of whom is a judge of a state court; two of

whom have become millionaire merchants; and the seventh of whom is to-day, probably, the most brilliant ornament of the penitentiary. Everyone of 'em turned down for Saphead, a man who parted his hair in the middle, couldn't earn seven dollars a century on his wits, is destined to remain hopelessly nothing, keeps her busy sewing buttons on his clothes, and to save his life couldn't tell the difference between Matthew Arnold and an automobile, and yet you tell me that women don't care for idiots."

"Miss Wiggins—or Mrs. Saphead, to be more precise," said Mr. Brief, "is only one instance."

"Well—there was Margaret Perkins—same town—same experience," said the Idiot. "Lovely girl—sought after by everybody—proposed to her myself five times—President of the Mental Culture Society of Baggville—graduate of Smythe—woman-member of Board of Education—Director of Young Girls' Institute—danced like a dream—had a sense of humor—laughed at my jokes—and married—what?"

"Well, what?" demanded the Lawyer.

"Prof. Omega Nit Zero, teacher of Cingalese in the University of Oklawaha, founded by a millionaire from Geneseo, New Jersey, who owned a hotel on the Oklawaha River that didn't pay, and hoped to brace up a bad investment by the establishment in the vicinity of a centre of culture. Prof. Zero receives ten dollars a week, and with his wife and three pupils constitutes the whole faculty, board of trustees, janitor, and student body of the University," said the Idiot. "Mrs. Zero dresses on nothing a year; cares for her five children on the same basis, and is happy. They are the principal patrons of the Oklawaha Hotel."

"Well—if she is happy?" said the Bibliomaniac.

"What business is it of anybody else? I think if Prof. Zero makes her happy he's the right kind of a man."

"You couldn't make Zero the right kind of a man," said the Idiot. "He isn't built that way. He wears men's clothes and he has sweet manners, and a dulcet voice, and the learning of the serpent; but when it comes to manhood he has the initiative of the turtle, lacking the cash value of the terrapin, or the turtle's mock brother; he wears a beard, but it is the beard of the bearded lady who up-to-date appears to be a useless appanage of the strenuous life; and when you try to get at his Americanism, if he has any, he flies off into stilted periods having to do with the superior virtues of the Cingalese. And Margaret Perkins that was hangs on his utterances as though he were a very archangel."

"Good," ejaculated Mr. Brief. "I am glad to hear that she is happy."

"So am I," said the Idiot. "But such happiness."

"Well, what's it all got to do with Leap Year, anyhow?" asked the Bibliomaniac.

"Nothing at all, except that it proves that girls aren't fitted really to choose their own husbands, and that therefore the special privilege conferred upon them by the recurrence of Leap Year should be rescinded by law," said the Idiot. "That privilege, owing to woman's incapacity to choose correctly, and man's weakness in the use of negatives, is a standing menace to the future happiness of the people."

"Hoity-toity," cried Mrs. Pedagog. "What a proposition. Tell me, Mr. Idiot, if a woman is not capable of selecting her own husband, who on earth is? Man himself—that embodiment of all the wisdom and all the sagacity of the ages?"

"I didn't say so," said the Idiot. "And I don't really

think so," he added. "The whole institution of getting engaged to be married should be regulated by the public authorities. Every county should have its Matrimonial Bureau, whose duty it should be to pair off all the eligible candidates in the matrimonial market, and in pairing them off it should be done on a basis of mutual fitness. Bachelors and old maids should be legislated out of existence, and nobody should be allowed to marry a second time until everybody else had been provided for. It is perfectly scandalous to me to read in the newspapers that a prominent widow in a certain town has married her third husband, when it is known that that same city contains 25,000 old maids who haven't the ghost of a show unless the State steps in and helps them out. What business has any woman to work up a corner in husbands, with so many of her sisters absolutely starving matrimonially?"

"And the young people are to have nothing to say about it, eh?" asked Mr. Brief.

"Oh yes—they can put in an application to the Bureau stating that they want to wed, and the Board of Managers can consider the desirability of issuing a permit," said the Idiot. "And they should be compelled to show cause why they should not be restrained from getting married. It is only in such a way that the state can reasonably guarantee the permanence of a contract to which it is in a sense a party. The State, by the establishment of certain laws, demands that the marriage contract shall practically be a life affair. It should therefore take it upon itself to see to it that there is a tolerable prospect at least that the contract is a just one. Many a poor woman has been bound to a life-long obligation of misery in which no consideration whatever has been paid by the party of

the second part. If a contract without consideration will not stand in commerce, why should it in matrimony?"

"What you ought to go in for is Mormonism," snapped Mrs. Pedagog. "Keep on getting married until you've found just the right one and then get rid of all the others."

"That is a pleasing alternative," said the Idiot. "But expensive. I'd hate to pay a milliner's bill for a Mormon household—but anyhow we needn't grow acrimonious over the subject, for whatever I may think of matrimony as she exists to-day, all the injustices, inequalities, miseries of it, and all that, I prefer it to acrimony, and I haven't the slightest idea that my dream of perfect conditions will ever be realized. Only, Mary—"

"Yessir?" said the Maid.

"If between this and the first of January, 1905, any young ladies, or old ones either, call here and ask for me—"

"Yessir," said the Maid.

"Tell 'em I've gone to Nidjni-Novgorod and am not expected back for eleven years," said the Idiot. "I'm not going to take any chances."

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